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QUINTUS QUOZZLE'S CATASTROPHE.—*Book* II, *page* 121.

NEAL'S

CHARCOAL SKETCHES.

THREE BOOKS COMPLETE IN ONE.

"But good listeners, as there has been unhappily too much occasion to show, are rarities."—*Book* III, *page* 91.

PHILADELPHIA:

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,

306 Chestnut Street.

NEAL'S

CHARCOAL SKETCHES.

THREE BOOKS COMPLETE IN ONE.

CONTAINING THE WHOLE OF HIS FAMOUS

Charcoal Sketches; Peter Faber's Misfortunes; Peter Ploddy's Dream;

AS WELL AS HIS ORIGINAL PAPERS OF THE

LIONS OF SOCIETY; OLYMPUS PUMP; AND MUSIC MAD.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

FORTY-ONE OTHER SKETCHES BY JOSEPH C. NEAL.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

HIS OWN OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCE.

BEING

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NEAL'S CHARCOAL SKETCHES.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHARCOAL SKETCHES.

OLYMPUS PUMP;

OR, THE POETIC TEMPERAMENT.

It is said that poetry is on the decline, and that as man surrounds himself with artificial comforts, and devotes his energies to purposes of practical utility, the sphere of imagination becomes circumscribed, and the worship of the Muses is neglected. We are somewhat disposed to assent to this conclusion; the more from having remarked the fact that the true poetic temperament is not so frequently met with as it was a few years since, and that the outward marks of genius daily become more rare. Where the indications no longer exist, or where they gradually disappear, it is but fair to conclude that the thing itself is perishing. There are, it is true, many delightful versifiers at the present moment, but we fear that though they display partial evidences of inspiration upon paper, the scintillations are deceptive. Their conduct seldom exhibits sufficient proof that they are touched with the celestial fire, to justify the public in regarding them as the genuine article. Judging from the rules formerly considered absolute upon this point, it is altogether preposterous for your happy, well-behaved, well-dressed, smoothly-shaved gentleman, who pays his debts,

and submits quietly to the laws framed for the government of the uninspired part of society, to arrogate to himself a place in the first rank of the sons of genius, whatever may be his merits with the gray goose quill. There is something defective about him. The divine *afflatus* has been denied, and though he may flap his wings, and soar as high as the house-tops, no one can think him capable of cleaving the clouds, and of playing hide and seek among the stars. Even if he were to do so, the spectator would either believe that his eyes deceived him, or that the successful flight was accidental, and owing rather to a temporary density of the atmosphere than to a strength of pinion.

The true poetic temperament of the old school is a gift as fatal, as that of being able to sing a good song is to a youth with whom the exercise of the vocal organ is not a profession. It was—and to a certain extent is—an axiom, that an analogy almost perfect exists between the poet and the dolphin. To exhibit their beautiful hues they must both be on the broad road to destruction. We are fully aware that it has been supposed by sceptical spirits that there is some confusion of cause and effect in arriving at this conclusion,—that there is no sufficient reason that genius should be a bad citizen. The existence of an irresistible impulse to break the shackles of conventionalism has been doubted by the heterodox. They declare that a disposition to do so is felt by most men, and that aberrations are indulged in, partly from a principle of imitation, because certain shining lights have thought proper to render themselves as conspicuous for their eccentricities as for their genius, and chiefly from a belief that society expects such wanderings, and regards them with lenity. But analysis is not our forte, even if we were disposed to cavil at such convenient things as

lumping generalities. Your inquiring philosophers are troublesome fellows, and while we content ourselves with the bare fact, let them seek *rerum cognoscere causas.*

It is, however, a satisfaction to know that the full-blooded merino is not yet quite extinct. Olympus Pump is the personification of the temperament of which we speak. Had there been a little less of the divine essence of poesy mingled with the clay of which he is composed, it would have been better for him. The crockery of his moral constitution would have been the more adapted to the household uses of this kitchen world. But Pump delights in being the pure porcelain, and would scorn the admixture of that base alloy, which, while it might render him more useful, would diminish his ornamental qualities. He proudly feels that he was intended to be a mantel embellishment to bear bouquets, not a mere utensil for the scullery; and that he is not now fulfilling his destiny, arises solely from the envy and uncharitableness of those gross and malignant spirits with which the world abounds. Occupied continually in his mental laboratory, fabricating articles which he finds unsaleable, and sometimes stimulating his faculties with draughts of Scheidam, the "true Hippocrene," he slips from station to station, like a child tumbling down stairs; and now, having arrived at the lowest round of fortune's ladder, he believes it was envy that tugged at his coat tails, and caused his descent, and that the human race are a vast band of conspirators. There are no Mæcenases in these modern times to help those who will not help themselves; no, not even a Capel Lofft, to cheer the Pumps of the nineteenth century. No kindly arm toils at the handle: and if he flows, each Pump must pump for himself. Such, at least, is the conclusion at which Olym

pus has arrived, and he has melancholy reasons for believing that in his instance he is correct. Thus, while his mind is clothing its varied fancies in rich attire, and his exulting spirit is gambolling and luxuriating in the clover and timothy of imagination's wide domain, or drinking fairy Champagne and eating canvass-back ducks in air-drawn palaces, his outward man is too frequently enduring the sad reverse of these unreal delights. He may often be seen, when the weather is cold, leaning his back against a post on the sunny side of the street; his hands, for lack of coin, filling his roomy pockets; his curious toes peeping out at crannies to see the world; an indulgence extended to them by few but the Pump family; and his elbows and knees following the example of his lower extremities. Distress, deep thought, or some other potent cause has transplanted the roses from the garden of his cheek to that no longer sterile promontory his nose, while his chin shows just such a stubble as would be invaluable for the polishing brush of a boot-black.

But luckily the poetic temperament has its compensations. When not too much depressed, Olympus Pump has a world of his own within his cranium; a world which should be a model for that without,—a world in which there is nothing to do, and every thing to get for the asking. If in his periods of intellectual abstraction, the external atmosphere should nip his frame, the high price of coal affects him not. In the palace of the mind, fuel costs nothing, and he can there toast himself brown free of expense. Does he desire a tea-party?—the guests are in his noddle at his call, willing to stay, or ready to depart, at his command, without "standing on the order of their going;" and the imagined tables groan with viands which wealth might exhaust itself to procure.

Does he require sweet music?—the poetic fancy can perform an opera, or manufacture hosts of Frank Johnsons in the twinkling of an eye; and the celestial creatures, who waltz and *galope* in the spacious *salons* of his brain-pan, are endowed with loveliness which reality can never parallel.

With such advantages, Pump, much as he grumbles, would not exchange the coruscations of his genius, which flicker and flare like the aurora borealis, for a "whole wilderness" of comfort, if it were necessary that he should entertain dull, plodding thoughts, and make himself "generally useful." Can he not, while he warms his fingers at the fire of imagination, darn his stockings and patch his clothes with the needle of his wit; wash his linen and his countenance in the waters of Helicon; and, sitting on the peak of Parnassus, devour imaginary fried oysters with Apollo and the Muses?

But either "wool gathering" is not very profitable, or else the envy of which Pump complains is stronger than ever; for not long since, after much poetic idleness, and a protracted frolic, he was seen, in the witching time of night, sitting on a stall in the new market house, for the very sufficient reason that he did not exactly know where else lodging proportioned to the state of his fiscal department could be found. He spoke:

"How blue! how darkly, deeply, beautifully blue!—not me myself, but the expanse of ether. The stars wink through the curtain of the air, like a fond mother to her drowsy child, as much as to say hush-a-by-baby to a wearied world. In the moon's mild rays even the crags of care like sweet rock-candy shine. Night is a Carthagenian Hannibal to sorrow, melting its Alpine steeps, whilst buried hope pops up revived and cracks its rosy shins. Day may serve to light sordid man to

his labours; it may be serviceable to let calabashes and squashes see how to grow; but the poetic soul sparkles beneath the stars. Genius never feels its oats until after sunset; twilight applies the spanner to the fireplug of fancy to give its bubbling fountains way; and midnight lifts the sluices for the cataracts of the heart, and cries, 'Pass on the water!' Yes, and economically considered, night is this world's Spanish cloak; for no matter how dilapidated or festooned one's apparel may be, the loops and windows cannot be discovered, and we look as elegant and as beautiful as get out. Ah!" continued Pump, as he gracefully reclined upon the stall, "it's really astonishing how rich I am in the idea line to-night. But it's no use. I've got no pencil—not even a piece of chalk to write 'em on my hat for my next poem. It's a great pity ideas are so much of the soap-bubble order, that you can't tie 'em up in a pocket handkerchief, like a half peck of potatoes, or string 'em on a stick like catfish. I often have the most beautiful notions scampering through my head with the grace, but alas! the swiftness too, of kittens—especially just before I get asleep—but they're all lost for the want of a trap; an intellectual figgery four. I wish we could find out the way of sprinkling salt on their tails, and make 'em wait till we want to use 'em. Why can't some of the meaner souls invent an idea catcher for the use of genius? I'm sure they'd find it profitable, for I wouldn't mind owing a man twenty dollars for one myself. Oh, for an idea catcher!"

Owen Glendower failed in calling up spirits, but the eloquence of Pump was more efficacious. In the heavy shadow of a neighbouring pile of goods a dark mass appeared to detach itself, as if a portion of the gloom had suddenly become animated. It stepped forth in the

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likeness of a man, mysteriously wrapped up, whose eyes glared fiercely, and with a sinister aspect, as he advanced towards the poet. Pump stared in silence—he felt like an idea, and as if the catcher were close at hand, ready to pounce upon it. "Catching the idea" for once seemed a disagreeable operation. The parties confronted each other for a time without saying a word. A cloud hurrying across the moon lent additional terror to the scene, and the unknown, to Pump's astonished vision, appeared to swell to a supernatural size. The stranger, at last, waved his arm, hemmed thrice, and in the deep, decisive tones of one used to command, said:

"It's not a new case—it's been decided frequent. It's clearly agin the ordination made and provided, and it's likewise agin the act"—

"Ah me! what act?" ejaculated the astonished Pump.

"To fetch yourself to anchor on the stalls. It isn't what the law considers pooty behaviour, and no gemman would be cotched at it. To put the case, now, would it be genteel for a man to set on the table at dinner-time? Loafing on the stalls is jist as bad as rolling among the dishes."

"Oh, is that all? I'm immersed in poetic conceptions; I'm holding sweet communion with my own desolate affections. Leave me, leave me to the luxuriance of imagination; suffer me, as it were, to stray through the glittering realms of fancy."

"What! on a mutton butcher's shambles? Bless you, I can't think of it for a moment. My notions is rigid, and if I was to find my own daddy here, I'd rouse him out. You must tortle off, as fast as you kin. If your tongue wasn't so thick, I'd say you must mosey; but moseying is only to be done when a gemman's half shot;

when they're gone cases, we don't expect 'em to do more nor tortle."

"Excuse me—I don't see that it makes much difference to you whether I am qualified to mosey, or am only capable of the more dignified method of locomotion, which you call to tortle. But don't disturb me. The moon has resuscitated my fancy, and I feel as if I would shortly compose an ode to Nox and Erebus."

"Compose what's owed to Messrs. Nox and Erebus! Yes, I thought you were one of that sort what makes compositions when they owe any thing. Precious little Nox and Erebus will get out of you. But come, hop the twig!" So saying, the relentless guardian of the night seized the hapless Pump by the collar, and began to remove him.

"Now, don't—don't be gross and muscular. I'm an oppressed man, with no friend but my coat, and both my coat and myself are remarkable for fragility of constitution. We are free souls, vibrating on the breath of the circumambient atmosphere, and by long companionship, our sympathies are so perfect, that if you pull hard you'll produce a pair of catastrophes; while you tear the one, you'll discombobberate the nerves of the other."

"Well, I'm be blamed!" said the watch, recoiling, "did you ever hear the likes of that? Why, aunty, ain't you a noncompusser?"

"I'm a poet, and it's my fate not to be understood either by the world in general, or by Charleys in particular. The one knocks us down, and the others take us up. Between the two, we are knocked about like a ball, until we become unravelled, and perish."

"I don't want to play shinney with you, no how—why don't you go home?"

"The bottle is empty; the bill unpaid; landlords are

vulgar realities—mere matters of fact—and very apt to vituperate."

"Well, it's easy enough to work, get money, fill the bottle, and pay the gemman what you owes him."

"I tell you again you can't understand the poetic soul. It cannot endure the scorn and contumelies of the earthly. It cannot submit to toil under a taskmaster, and when weaving silver tissues of romance, be told to jump about spry and 'tend the shop. Nor, when it meets congenial spirits, can it leave the festive board, because the door is to be locked at ten o'clock, and there isn't any dead latch to it. The delicate excesses into which it leads us, to repair the exhaustion of hard thought, compel us to sojourn long in bed, and even that is registered by fip-and-levy boobies as a sin. At the present moment, I am falling a victim to these manifold oppressions of the unintellectual."

"Under the circumstances, then, what do you say to being tuck up?"

"Is it optional?"

"I don't know; but it's fineable, and that's as good."

"Then I decline the honour."

"No, you don't. I only axed out of manners. You must rise up, William Riley, and come along with me, as the song says."

"I suppose I must, whether I like the figure or not. Alack, and alas for the poetic temperament! Must the Æolian harp of genius be so rudely swept by a Charley—must that harp, as I may say, play mere banjo jigs, when it should only respond in Lydian measures to the southern breezes of palpitating imagination? To what base uses"—

"Hurrah! Keep a toddling—pull foot and away!"

Olympus obeyed; for who can control his fate?

'TIS ONLY MY HUSBAND.*

"Goodness, Mrs. Pumpilion, it's a gentleman's voice, and me such a figure!" exclaimed Miss Amanda Corntop, who had just arrived in town to visit her friend, Mrs. Pumpilion, whom she had not seen since her marriage.

"Don't disturb yourself, dear," said Mrs. Pumpilion, quietly, "it's nobody—'tis only my husband. He'll not come in; but if he does, 'tis only my husband."

So Miss Amanda Corntop was comforted, and her agitated arrangements before the glass being more coolly completed, she resumed her seat and the interrupted conversation. Although, as a spinster, she had a laudable and natural unwillingness to be seen by any of the masculine gender in that condition so graphically described as "such a figure," yet there are degrees in this unwillingness. It is by no means so painful to be caught a figure by a married man as it is to be surprised by a youthful bachelor; and, if the former be of that peculiar class known as "only my husband," his unexpected arrival is of very little consequence. He can never more, "like an eagle in a dove cote, flutter the Volsces"

* It may not be amiss to state that the mere conclusion of the above sketch, hastily thrown off by the same pen, appeared in one of our periodicals a few years ago, and, much mutilated and disfigured, has since been republished in the newspapers, with an erroneous credit, and under a different name.

It is, therefore, evident that there exists a material difference between "my husband" and "only my husband;" a difference not easily expressed, though perfectly understood; and it was that understanding which restored Miss Amanda Corntop to her pristine tranquillity.

"Oh!" said Miss Corntop, when she heard that the voice in question was that of Mr. Pumpilion. "Ah!' added Miss Corntop, intelligently and composedly, when she understood that Pumpilion was "only my husband." She had not paid much attention to philology but she was perfectly aware of the value of that diminutive prefix "only."

"I told you he would not come in, for he knew there was some one here," continued Mrs. Pumpilion, as the spiritless footsteps of "only my husband" passed the door, and slowly plodded up stairs. He neither came in, nor did he hum, whistle, or bound three steps at a time; "only my husband" never does. He is simply a transportation line; he conveys himself from place to place according to order, and indulges not in episodes and embellishments.

Poor Pedrigo Pumpilion! Have all thy glories shrunk to this little measure? Only my husband! Does that appellation circumscribe him who once found three chairs barely sufficient to accommodate his frame, and who, in promenading, never skulked to the curb or hugged the wall, but, like a man who justly appreciated himself, took the very middle of the *trottoir*, and kept it?

The amiable, but now defunct, Mrs. Anguish was never sure that she was perfectly well, until she had shaken her pretty head to ascertain if some disorder were not lying in ambush, and to discover whether a headache were not latent there, which, if not nipped in the bud, might be suddenly and inconveniently brought into

action. It is not too much to infer that the same reasoning, which applies to headaches and to the physical constitution, may be of equal force in reference to the moral organization. Headaches being latent, it is natural to suppose that the disposition to be "only my husband" may likewise be latent, even in him who is now as fierce and as uncontrollable as a volcano; while the desire to be "head of the bureau" may slumber in the mildest of the fair. It is by circumstance alone that talent is developed; the razor itself requires extraneous aid to bring it to an edge; and the tact to give direction, as well as the facility to obey, wait to be elicited by events. Both greymareism and Jerry-Sneakery are sometimes latent, and like the derangements of Mrs. Anguish's caput, only want shaking to manifest themselves. If some are born to command, others must certainly have a genius for submission—we term it a genius, submission being in many cases rather a difficult thing.

That this division of qualities is full of wisdom, none can deny. It requires both flint and steel to produce a spark; both powder and ball to do execution; and, though the Chinese contrive to gobble an infinity of rice with chopsticks, yet the twofold operation of knife and fork conduces much more to the comfort of a dinner. Authority and obedience are the knife and fork of this extensive banquet, the world; they are the true *divide et impera;* that which is sliced off by the one is harpooned by the other.

In this distribution, however, nature, when the "latents" are made apparent, very frequently seems to act with caprice. It is by no means rare to find in the form of a man, a timid, retiring, feminine disposition, which, in the rough encounters of existence, gives way at once, as if like woman, "born to be controlled." The propor-

tions of a Hercules, valenced with the whiskers of a tiger, often cover a heart with no more of energy and boldness in its pulsations than the little palpitating affair which throbs in the bosom of a maiden of bashful fifteen; while many a lady fair, before marriage—the latent condition—all softness and graceful humility, bears within her breast the fiery resolution and the indomitable will of an Alexander, a Hannibal, or a Doctor Francia. The temperament which, had she been a man, would, in an extended field, have made her a conqueror of nations, or, in a more contracted one, a distinguished thief-catching police officer, by being lodged in a female frame renders her a Xantippe—a Napoleon of the fireside, and pens her hapless mate, like a conquered king, a spiritless captive in his own chimney corner.

But it is plain to be seen that this apparent confusion lies only in the distribution. There are souls enough of all kinds in the world, but they do not always seem properly fitted with bodies; and thus a corporal construction may run the course of life actuated by a spirit in every respect opposed to its capabilities; as at the breaking up of a crowded *soirée*, a little head waggles home with an immense castor, while a pumpkin pate sallies forth surmounted by a thimble; which, we take it, is the only philosophical theory which at all accounts for the frequent acting out of character with which society is replete.

Hence arises the situation of affairs with the Pumpilions. Pedrigo Pumpilion has the soul which legitimately appertains to his beloved Seraphina Serena, while Seraphina Serena Pumpilion has that which should animate her Pedrigo. But, not being profound in their researches, they are probably not aware of the fact, and

perhaps would not know their own souls if they were to meet them in the street; although, in all likelihood, it was a mysterious sympathy—a yearning of each physical individuality to be near so important a part of itself, which brought this worthy pair together.

Be that, however, as it may, it is an incontrovertible fact that, before they did come together, Pedrigo Pumpilion thought himself quite a model of humanity; and piqued himself upon possessing much more of the *fortiter in re* than of the *suaviter in modo*—a mistake, the latter quality being latent, but abundant. He dreamed that he was brimming with valour, and fit, not only to lead squadrons to the field, but likewise to remain with them when they were there. At the sound of drums and trumpets, he perked up his chin, stuck out his breast, straightened his vertebral column, and believed that he, Pedrigo, was precisely the individual to storm a fortress at the head of a forlorn hope—a greater mistake. But the greatest error of the whole troop of blunders was his making a Pumpilion of Miss Seraphina Serena Dolce, with the decided impression that he was, while sharing his kingdom, to remain supreme in authority. Knowing nothing of the theory already broached, he took her for a feminine feminality, and yielded himself a victim to sympathy and the general welfare. Now, in this, strictly considered, Pedrigo had none but himself to blame; he had seen manifestations of her spirit; the latent energy had peeped out more than once; he had entered unexpectedly, before being installed as "only my husband," and found Miss Seraphina dancing the grand rigadoon on a luckless bonnet which did not suit her fancy,—a species of exercise whereat he marvelled, and he had likewise witnessed her performance of the remarkable feat of whirling a cat which had scratched her hand, across the

room by the tail, whereby the mirror was infinitesimally divided into homœopathic doses, and whereby pussy, the patient, was most allopathically phlebotomised and scarified. He likewise knew that her musical education terminated in an operatic crash, the lady having in a fit of impatience demolished the guitar over the head of her teacher; but, in this instance, the mitigating plea must be allowed that it was done because the instrument "wouldn't play good," a perversity to which instruments, like lessons "which won't learn," are lamentably liable.

These little escapades, however, did not deter Pumpilion. Confiding in his own talent for governing, he liked his Seraphina none the less for her accidental displays of energy, and smiled to think how, under his administration, his reproving frown would cast oil upon the waves, and how, as he repressed her irritability, he would develope her affections, results which would both save the crockery and increase his comforts.

Of the Pumpilion *tactique* in courtship some idea may be formed from the following conversation. Pedrigo had an intimate associate, some years his senior,—Mr. Michael Mitts, a spare and emaciated bachelor, whose hawk nose, crookedly set on, well represented the eccentricity of his conclusions, while the whistling pucker in which he generally wore his mouth betokened acidity of mind rendered sourer by indecision. Mitts was addicted to observation, and, engaged in the drawing of inferences and in generalizing from individual instances, he had, like many others, while trimming the safety lamp of experience, suffered the time of action to pass by unimproved. His cautiousness was so great as to trammel up his "motive power," and, though long intending to marry, the best part of his life had evaporated

in the unproductive employment of "looking about." His experience, therefore, had stored him with that species of wisdom which one meets with in theoretical wooers, and he had many learned saws at the service of those who were bolder than himself, and were determined to enter the pale through which he peeped.

As every one in love must have a confidant, Pedrigo had selected Mitts for that office, knowing his peculiar talent for giving advice, and laying down rules for others to act upon.

"Pedrigo," said Mitts, as he flexed his nose still further from the right line of conformity to the usages of the world, and slacked the drawing strings of his mouth to get it out of pucker; "Pedrigo, if you are resolved upon marrying this identical individual—I don't see the use, for my part, of being in a hurry—better look about a while. plenty more of 'em—but if you are resolved, the first thing to be done is to make sure of her. That's undeniable. The only difference of opinion, if you won't wait and study character—character's a noble study—is as to the *modus operandi.* Now, the lady's not sure because she's committed; just the contrary,—that's the very reason she's not sure. My experience shows me that when it's not so easy to retract, the attention, especially that of young women, is drawn to retraction. Somebody tells of a bird in a cage that grumbled about being cooped up. It's clear to me that the bird did not complain so much because it was in the cage, as it did because it couldn't get out—that's bird nature, and it's human nature too."

"Ah, indeed!" responded Pumpilion, with a smile of confidence in his own attractions, mingled, however, with a look which spoke that the philosophy of Mitts,

having for its object to render "assurance double sure, did not pass altogether unheeded.

"It's a fact," added Mitts; "don't be too secure Be as assiduous and as mellifluous as you please before your divinity owns the soft impeachment; but afterwards comes the second stage, and policy commands that it should be one rather of anxiety to her. You must every now and then play Captain Grand, or else she may perform the part herself. Take offence frequently; vary your Romeo scenes with an occasional touch of the snow storm, and afterwards excuse yourself on the score of jealous affection; that excuse always answers. Nothing sharpens love like a smart tiff by way of embellishment. The sun itself would not look so bright if it were not for the intervention of night; and these little agitations keep her mind tremulous, but intent upon yourself. Don't mothers always love the naughtiest boys best? haven't the worst men always the best wives? That exemplifies the principle; there's nothing like a little judicious bother. Miss Seraphina Serena will never change her mind if bothered scientifically."

"Perhaps so; but may it not be rather dangerous?"

"Dangerous! not at all; it's regular practice, I tell you. A few cases may terminate unluckily; but that must be charged to a bungle in the doctor. Why, properly managed, a courtship may be continued, like a nervous disease, or a suit at law, for twenty years, and be as good at the close as it was at the beginning. In nine cases out of ten, you must either perplex or be perplexed; so you had better take the sure course, and play the game yourself. Them's my sentiments, Mr. Speaker," and Michael Mitts caused his lithe proboscis to oscillate like a rudder, as he concluded his oracular speech, and puckered his mouth to the whistling place to show that

he had "shut up" for the present. He then walked slowly away, leaving Pumpilion with a "new wrinkle."

Seraphina Serena, being both fiery and coquettish withal, Pumpilion, under the direction of his preceptor, tried the "Mitts system of wooing," and although it gave rise to frequent explosions, yet the quarrels, whether owing to the correctness of the system or not, were productive of no lasting evil. Michael Mitts twirled his nose and twisted his mouth in triumph at the wedding, and set it down as an axiom that there is nothing like a little insecurity for rendering parties firm in completing a bargain; that, had it not been for practising the system, Pumpilion might have become alarmed at the indications of the "latent spirit;" and that, had it not been for the practice of the system, Seraphina's fancy might have strayed.

"I'm an experimenter in mental operations, and there's no lack of subjects," said Mitts to himself; "one fact being established, the Pumpilions now present a new aspect."

There is, however, all the difference in the world between carrying on warfare where you may advance and retire at pleasure, and in prosecuting it in situations which admit of no retreat. Partisan hostilities are one thing, and regular warfare is another. Pumpilion was very well as a guerilla, but his genius in that respect was unavailing when the nature of the campaign did not admit of his making an occasional demonstration, and of evading the immediate consequences by a retreat. In a very few weeks, he was reduced to the ranks as "only my husband," and, although no direct order of the day was read to that effect, he was "respected accordingly." Before that retrograde promotion took place, Pedrigo

Pumpilion cultivated his hair, and encouraged its sneaking inclination to curl until it woollied up quite fiercely; but afterwards his locks became broken-heartedly pendent, and straight with the weight of care, while his whiskers hung back as if asking counsel and comfort from his ears. He twiddled his thumbs with a slow rotary motion as he sat, and he carried his hands clasped behind him as he walked, thus intimating that he couldn't help it, and that he didn't mean to try. For the same reason, he never buttoned his coat, and wore no straps to the feet of his trousers; both of which seemed too energetically resolute for "only my husband.' Even his hat, as it sat on the back part of his head, looked as if Mrs. Pumpilion had put it on for him, (no one but the wearer can put on a hat so that it will sit naturally,) and as if he had not nerve enough even to shake it down to its characteristic place and physiognomical expression. His *personnel* loudly proclaimed that the Mitts method in matrimony had been a failure, and that the Queen had given the King a check-mate. Mrs. Pumpilion had been triumphant in acting upon the advice of her friend, the widow, who, having the advantage of Mitts in combining experience with theory, understood the art of breaking husbands *à merveille.*

"My dear madam," said Mrs. Margery Daw, "you have plenty of spirit; but spirit is nothing without steadiness and perseverance. In the establishment of authority and in the assertion of one's rights, any intermission before success is complete requires us to begin again. If your talent leads you to the weeping method of softening your husband's heart, you will find that if you give him a shower now and a shower then, he will harden in the intervals between the rain; while a good sullen cry of twenty-four hours' length may prevent any necessity

for another. If, on the contrary, you have genius for the tempestuous, continued thunder and lightning for the same length of time is irresistible. Gentlemen are great swaggerers, if not impressively dealt with and early taught to know their places. They are much like Frisk," continued the widow, addressing her lap-dog. "If they bark, and you draw back frightened, they are sure to bite; stamp your foot, and they soon learn to run into a corner. Don't they, Frisky dear?"

"Ya-p!" responded the dog: and Mrs. Pumpilion, tired of control, took the concurrent advice.

* * * * *

"To-morrow," said Pumpilion, carelessly and with an of-course-ish air, as he returned to tea from a stroll with his friend Michael Mitts, who had just been urging upon him the propriety of continuing the Mitts method after marriage, "to-morrow, my love, I leave town for a week to try a little trout fishing in the mountains."

"Mr. Pumpilion!" ejaculated the lady, in an awful tone, as she suddenly faced him. "Fishing?"

"Y-e-e-yes," replied Pumpilion, somewhat discomposed.

"Then I shall go with you, Mr. Pumpilion," said the lady, as she emphatically split a muffin.

"Quite *on*possible," returned Pumpilion, with decisive stress upon the first syllable; "it's a buck party, if I may use the expression—a buck party entirely;—there's Mike Mitts, funny Joe Mungoozle—son of old Mungoozle's,—Tommy Titcomb, and myself. We intend having a rough and tumble among the hills to beneficialise our wholesomes, as funny Joe Mungoozle has it."

"Funny Joe Mungoozle is not a fit companion for any married man, Mr. Pumpilion; and it's easy to see, by your sliding back among the dissolute friends and disso-

lute practices of your bachelorship, Mr. Pumpilion—by your wish to associate with sneering and depraved Mungoozles, Mitts's, and Titcombs, Mr. Pumpilion, that the society of your poor wife is losing its attractions," and Mrs. Pumpilion sobbed convulsively at the thought.

"I have given my word to go a fishing," replied Pedrigo, rather ruefully, "and a fishing I must go. What would Mungoozle say?—why, he would have a song about it, and sing it at the 'free and easies.'"

"What matter? let him say—let him sing. But it's not my observations—it's those of funny Joe Mungoozle that you care for—the affections of the 'free and easy' carousers that you are afraid of losing."

"Mungoozle is a very particular friend of mine, Seraphina," replied Pedrigo, rather nettled. "We're going a fishing—that's flat!"

"Without me?"

"Without you,—it being a buck party, without exception."

Mrs. Pumpilion gave a shriek, and falling back, threw out her arms *fitfully*—the tea-pot went by the board, as she made the tragic movement.

"Wretched, unhappy woman!" gasped Mrs. Pumpilion, speaking of herself.

Pedrigo did not respond to the declaration, but alternately eyed the fragments of the tea-pot and the untouched muffin which remained on his plate. The *coup* had not been without its effect; but still he faintly whispered, "Funny Joe Mungoozle, and going a fishing."

"It's clear you wish to kill me—to break my heart,' muttered the lady in a spasmodic manner.

"'Pon my soul, I don't—I'm only going a fishing."

"I shall go distracted!" screamed Mrs. Pumpilion, suiting the action to the word, and springing to her feet

in such a way as to upset the table, and roll its contents into Pedrigo's lap, who scrambled from the *debris*, as his wife, with the air of the Pythoness, swept rapidly round the room, whirling the ornaments to the floor, and indulging in the grand rigadoon upon their sad remains.

"You no longer love me, Pedrigo; and without your love what is life? What is this, or this, or this," continued she, a crash following every word, "without mutual affection?—Going a fishing!"

"I don't know that I am," whined Pumpilion. "Perhaps it will rain to-morrow."

Now it so happened that there were no clouds visible on the occasion, except in the domestic atmosphere; but, the rain was adroitly thrown in as a white flag, indicative of a wish to open a negotiation and come to terms. Mrs. Pumpilion, however, understood the art of war better than to treat with rebels with arms in their hands. Her military genius, no longer "latent," whispered her to persevere until she obtained a surrender at discretion.

"Ah, Pedrigo, you only say that to deceive your heart-broken wife. You intend to slip away—you and your Mungoozles—to pass your hours in roaring iniquity, instead of enjoying the calm sunshine of domestic peace, and the gentle delights of fireside felicity. They are too tame, too flat, too insipid for a depraved taste. That I should ever live to see the day!" and she relapsed into the intense style by way of a specimen of calm delight.

Mr. and Mrs. Pumpilion retired for the night at an early hour; but until the dawn of day, the words of reproach, now passionate, now pathetic, ceased not; and in the very gray of the morning, Mrs. P. marched down stairs *en dishabille*, still repeating ejaculations about the Mungoozle fishing party. What happened below is not

precisely ascertained; but there was a terrible turmoil in the kitchen, it being perfectly clear a whole "kettle of fish" was in preparation, that Pedrigo might not have the trouble of going to the mountains on a piscatorial expedition.

He remained seated on the side of the bed, like Marius upon the ruins of Carthage, meditating upon the situation of affairs, and balancing between a surrender to petticoat government and his dread of Mongoozle's song at the "free and easies." At length he slipped down. Mrs. Pumpilion sat glooming at the parlour window. Pedrigo tried to read the "Saturday News" upside down.

"Good morning, Mr. Pumpilion! Going a fishing, Mr. Pumpilion! Mike Mitts, funny Joe Mungoozle, and Tommy Titcomb must be waiting for you—you know,' continued she with a mocking smile, "you're to go this morning to the mountains on a rough and tumble for the benefit of your wholesomes. The elegance of the phraseology is quite in character with the whole affair."

Pedrigo was tired out; Mrs. Margery Daw's perseverance prescription had been too much for the Mitts method; the widow had overmatched the bachelor.

"No, Seraphina my dearest, I'm not going a fishing, if you don't desire it, and I see you don't."

Not a word about its being likely to rain—the surrender was unconditional.

"But," added Pedrigo, "I should like to have a little breakfast."

Mrs. Pumpilion was determined to clinch the nail.

"There's to be no breakfast here—I've been talking to Sally and Tommy in the kitchen, and I verily believe the whole world's in a plot against me. They're gone Mr. Pumpilion—gone a fishing, perhaps."

The battle was over—the victory was won—the nail was clinched. Tealess, sleepless, breakfastless, what could Pedrigo do but sue for mercy, and abandon a contest waged against such hopeless odds? The supplies being cut off, the siege-worn garrison must surrender. After hours of solicitation, the kiss of amity was reluctantly accorded; on condition, however, that "funny Joe Mungoozle" and the rest of the fishing party should be given up, and that he, Pedrigo, for the future should refrain from associating with bachelors and widowers, both of whom she *tabooed*, and consort with none but staid married men.

From this moment the individuality of that once free agent, Pedrigo Pumpilion, was sunk into "only my husband"—the humblest of all humble animals. He fetches and carries, goes errands, and lugs band-boxes and bundles; he walks the little Pumpilions up and down the room when they squall o' nights, and he never comes in when any of his wife's distinguished friends call to visit her. In truth, Pedrigo is not always in a presentable condition; for as Mrs. Pumpilion is *de facto* treasurer, he is kept upon rather short allowance, her wants being paramount and proportioned to the dignity of head of the family. But, although he is now dutiful enough, he at first ventured once or twice to be refractory. These symptoms of insubordination, however, were soon quelled—for Mrs. Pumpilion, with a significant glance, inquired,—

"*Are you going a fishing again, my dear?*"

ORSON DABBS, THE HITTITE

It has been said, and truly, that it takes all sorts of people to make a world. He who complains of the lights and shades of character which are eternally flitting before him, and of the diversity of opposing interests which at times cross his path, has but an illiberal, contracted view of the subject; and though the Emperor Charles the Fifth, in his retirement at Estremadura, had some reason for being a little annoyed when he could not cause two or three score of watches to go together, yet he was wrong in sighing over his previous ineffectual efforts to make men think alike. It is, to speak figuratively, the clashing which constitutes the music. The harmony of the whole movement is produced by the fusion into each other of an infinite variety of petty discords; as a glass of punch depends for its excellence upon the skilful commingling of opposing flavours and antagonising materials. Were the passengers in a wherry to be of one mind, they would probably all sit upon the same side, and hence, naturally, pay a visit to the Davy Jones of the river; and if all the men of a nation thought alike, it is perfectly evident that the ship of state must lose her trim. The system of checks and balances pervades both the moral and the physical world, and without it, affairs would soon hasten to their end. It is, therefore, clear that we must have all sorts of people,—some to prevent stagnation, and others to act as ballast to an excess

of animation. The steam engines of humanity must have their breaks and their safety valves, and the dead weights of society require the whip and the spur.

Orson Dabbs certainly is entitled to a place among tne stimulants of the world, and it is probable that in exercising his impulses, he produces beneficial effects. But it would puzzle a philosopher to designate the wholesome results which follow from his turbulent movements, or to show, either by synthesis or analysis, wherein he is a good. At all events, Orson Dabbs has the reputation of being a troublesome fellow in the circles upon which he inflicts himself; and, judging from the evidence elicited upon the subject, there is little reason to doubt the fact. He is dogmatical, and to a certain extent fond of argument; but when a few sharp words will not make converts, he abandons those windy weapons with contempt, and has recourse to more forcible persuaders—a pair of fists, each of which looks like a shoulder of mutton.

"If people are so obstinate that they won't, or so stupid that they can't understand you," observed Dabbs, in one of his confidential moments—for Orson Dabbs will sometimes unbend, and suffer those abstruse maxims which govern his conduct to escape—"if either for one reason or the other," continued he, with that impressive iteration which at once gives time to collect and marshai one's thoughts, and lets the listener know that something of moment is coming—"if they won't be convinced—easily and genteelly convinced—you must knock it into 'em short hand; if they can't comprehend, neither by due course of mail, nor yet by express, you must make 'em understand by telegraph. That's the way I learnt ciphering at school, and manners and genteel behaviour at home. All I know was walloped into me. I took

larnin' through the skin, and sometimes they made a good many holes to get it in."

"And," timidly interjected an humble admirer of this great man, hazarding a joke, with an insinuating smile; "and I s'pose you're so wise now because the hide growed over it, and the larnin' couldn't get out, like Ingey ink in a sailor's arm."

"Jeames," replied Orson Dabbs, relaxing into a grim smile, like that of the griffin face of a knocker, and shaking his "bunch of fives" sportively, as one snaps an unloaded gun—Napoleon tweaked the ears of his courtiers—why should not Dabbs shake his fist at his satellites?—"Jeames, if you don't bequit poking fun at me, I'll break your mouth, Jeames, as sure as you sit there. But, to talk sensible, walloping is the only way—it's a panacea for differences of opinion. You'll find it in history books, that one nation teaches another what it didn t know before by walloping it; that's the method of civilizing savages—the Romans put the whole world to rights that way; and what's right on the big figger must be right on the small scale. In short, there's nothing like walloping for taking the conceit out of fellows who think they know more than their betters. Put it to 'em strong, and make 'em see out of their eyes."

Orson Dabbs acts up to these golden maxims. Seeing that, from disputes between dogs up to quarrels between nations, fighting is the grand umpire and regulator, he resolves all power into that of the fist,—treating bribery, reason, and persuasion as the means only of those unfortunate individuals to whom nature has denied the stronger attributes of humanity. Nay, he even turns up his nose at betting as a means of discovering truth. Instead of stumping an antagonist by launching out his cash, Dabbs shakes a portentous fist under his nose, and

the affair is settled; the recusant must either knock under or be knocked down, which, according to our hero, is all the same in Dutch. In this way, when politics ran high, he used to decide who was to be elected to any specified office; and he has often boasted that he once, in less than five minutes too, scared a man into giving the Dabbs candidate a large majority, when the unfortunate stranger did not at first believe that the said candidate would be elected at all.

Some people believe that the fist is the poorest of arguments, and that it, therefore, should be the last. Here they are completely at issue with Dabbs, and it is well that they do not fall in his way, or he would soon show them the difference. With him it is what action was to the ancient orator, the first, the middle, and the last. Being himself, in a great measure, fist proof, he is very successful in the good work of proselytism, and has quite a reputation as a straightforward reasoner and a forcible dialectitian.

Misfortunes, however, will sometimes happen to the most successful. The loftiest nose may be brought to the grindstone, and the most scornful dog may be obliged to lunch upon dirty pudding. Who can control his fate? One night Mr. Dabbs came home from his "loafing" place—for he "loafs" of an evening, like the generality of people—that being the most popular and the cheapest amusement extant; and, from the way he blurted open the door of the Goose and Gridiron, where he resides, and from the more unequivocal manner in which he slammed it after him, no doubt existed in the minds of his fellow boarders that the well of his good spirits had been "riled;" or, in more familiar phrase, that he was "spotty on the back." His hat was pitched forward, with a bloodthirsty, piratical rakishness, and almost

covered his eyes, which gleamed like ignited charcoal under a jeweller's blowpipe. His cheeks were flushed with an angry spot, and his nose—always a quarrelsome pug—curled more fiercely upward, as if the demon wrath had turned archer, and was using it for a bow to draw an arrow to its head. His mouth had set in opposition to his nasal promontory, and savagely curved downward, like a half-moon battery. Dabbs was decidedly out of sorts—perhaps beery, as well as wolfy; in short, in that unenviable state in which a man feels disposed to divide himself, and go to buffets—to kick himself with his own foot—to beat himself with his own fist, and to throw his own dinner out of the window.

The company were assembled round the fire to discuss politics, literature, men, and things. Dabbs looked not at them, but, slinging Tommy Timid's bull terrier Oseola out of the arm-chair in the corner, by the small stump of a tail which fashion and the hatchet had left the animal, he sat himself moodily down, with a force that made the timbers creak. The conversation was turning upon a recent brilliant display of the *aurora borealis*, which the more philosophical of the party supposed to arise from the north pole having become red-hot for want of grease; while they all joined in deriding the popular fallacy that it was caused by the high price of flour.

"Humph!" said Dabbs, with a grunt, "any fool might know that it was a sign of war."

"War!" ejaculated the party; "oh, your granny!"

"Yes, war!" roared Dabbs, kicking the bull terrier Oseola in the ribs, and striking the table a tremendous blow with his fist, as, with clenched teeth and out-poked head, he repeated, "War! war! war!"

Now the Goose and Gridiron fraternity set up for knowing geniuses, and will not publicly acknowledge

faith in the doctrines on meteorology broached by their grandmothers, whatever they may think in private. So they quietly remarked, confiding in their numbers against the Orson Dabbs method of conversion, that the aurora was not a sign of war, but an evidence of friction and of no grease on the axle of the world.

"That's a lie!" shouted Dabbs; "my story's the true one, for I read it in an almanac; and to prove it true, I'll lick anybody here that don't believe it, in two cracks of a cow's thumb. Yes," added he, in reply to the looks bent upon him; "I'll not only wallop them that don't believe it, but I'll wallop you all, whether you do or not!"

This, however, was a stretch of benevolence to which the company were not prepared to submit. As Dabbs squared off to proceed *secundum artem*, according to the approved method of the schools, the watchful astrologer might have seen his star grow pale. He had reached his Waterloo—that winter night was his 18th of June. He fell, as many have fallen before him, by that implicit reliance on his own powers which made him forgetful of the risk of encountering the long odds. The threat was too comprehensive, and the attempt at execution was a failure. The company cuffed him heartily, and in the fray the bull terrier Oseola vented its cherished wrath by biting a piece out of the fleshiest portion of his frame. Dabbs was ousted by a summary process, but his heart did not fail him. He thundered at the door, sometimes with his fists, and again with whatever missiles were within reach. The barking of the dog and the laughter from within, as was once remarked of certain military heroes, did not "intimate him in the least, it only estimated him."

The noise at last became so great that a watchman

finally summoned up resolution enough to come near, and to take Dabbs by the arm.

"Let go, watchy!—let go, my cauliflower! Your cocoa is very near a sledge-hammer. If it isn't hard, it may get cracked."

"Pooh! pooh! don't be onasy, my darlint—my cocoa is a corporation cocoa—it belongs to the city, and they'll get me a new one. Besides, my jewel, there's two cocoas standing here, you know. Don't be onasy—it mayn't be mine that will get cracked."

"I ain't onasy," said Dabbs, bitterly, as he turned fiercely round. "I ain't onasy. I only want to caution you, or I'll upset your apple cart, and spill your peaches."

"I'm not in the wegetable way, my own-self, Mr Horse-radish. You must make less noise."

"Now, look here—look at me well," said Dabbs, striking his fist hard upon his own bosom; "I'm a real nine foot breast of a fellow—stub twisted and made of horse-shoe nails—the rest of me is cast iron with steel springs. I'll stave my fist right through you, and carry you on my elbow, as easily as if you were an empty market basket—I will—bile me up for soap if I don't!"

"Ah, indeed! why, you must be a real Calcutta-from-Canting, warranted not to cut in the eye. Snakes is no touch to you; but I'm sorry to say you must knuckle down close. You must surrender; there's no help for it—none in the world."

"Square yourself then, for I'm coming! Don't you hear the clockvorks!" exclaimed Dabbs, as he shook off the grip of the officer, and struck an attitude.

He stood beautifully; feet well set; guard well up, admirable science, yet fearful to look upon. Like the Adriatic, Dabbs was "lovelily dreadful" on this exciting occasion. But when "Greek meets Greek," fierce looks

and appalling circumstances amount to nothing. The opponent of our hero, after regarding him coolly for a moment, whistled with great contempt, and with provoking composure, beat down his guard with a smart blow from a heavy mace, saying,—

"'Taint no use, no how—you're all used up for bait."

"Ouch!" shrieked Dabbs; "my eye, how it hurts! Don't hit me again. Ah, good man, but you're a bruiser. One, two, three, from you would make a person believe any thing, even if he was sure it wasn't true."

"Very well," remarked the *macerator*, "all I want of you is to behave nice and genteel, and believe you're going to the watch'us, for it's true; and if you don't believe it yet, why (shaking his mace) I shall feel obligated to conwince you again."

As this was arguing with him after his own method. and as Dabbs had distinct impressions of the force of the reasoning, he shrugged his shoulders, and then rubbing his arms, muttered, "Enough said."

He trotted off quietly for the first time in his life. Since the affair and its consequences have passed away, he has been somewhat chary of entering into the field of argument, and particularly careful not to drink too much cold water, for fear the bull terrier before referred to was mad, and dreading hydrophobic convulsions.

ROCKY SMALT;

OR, THE DANGERS OF IMITATION

Man is an imitative animal, and so strong is the instinctive feeling to follow in the footsteps of others, that he who is so fortunate as to strike out a new path must travel rapidly, if he would avoid being run down by imitators, and preserve the merit of originality. If his discovery be a good one, the "*servum pecus*" will sweep toward it like an avalanche; and so quick will be their motion, that the daring spirit who first had the self-reliance to turn from the beaten track, is in danger of being lost among the crowd, and of having his claim to the honours of a discoverer doubted and derided. Turn where you will, the imitative propensity is to be found busily at work; its votaries clustering round the falcon to obtain a portion of the quarry which the nobler bird has stricken; and perhaps, like Sir John Falstaff, to deal the prize a "new wound in the thigh," and falsely claim the wreath of victory. In the useful arts, there are thousands of instances in which the real discoverer has been thrust aside to give place to the imitator; and in every other branch in which human ingenuity has been exercised, if the flock of copyists do not obtain the patent right of fame, they soon, where it is practicable, wear out the novelty, and measurably deprive

the inventor of the consideration to which he is entitled. In the apportionment of applause, the praise too often depends upon which is first seen, the statue or the cast—although the one be marble, and the other plaster.

In business, no one can hope to recommend his wares to patronage in a new and taking way, no matter what outlay of thought has been required for its invention, without finding multitudes prompt in the adoption of the same device. He who travels by a fresh and verdant path in literature, and is successful, soon hears the murmurs of a pursuing troop, and has his by-way converted into a dusty turnpike, macadamized on the principle of "writing made easy;" while, on the stage, the drama groans with great ones at second-hand. The illustrious in tragedy can designate an army of those, who, unable to retail their beauties, strive for renown by exaggerating their defects; and Thalia has even seen her female aids cut off their flowing locks, and teach themselves to wriggle, because she who was in fashion wore a crop, and had adopted a gait after her own fancy.

It is to this principle that a professional look is attributable. In striving to emulate the excellence of another, the student thinks he has made an important step if he can catch the air, manner, and tone of his model; and believes that he is in a fair way to acquire equal wisdom, if he can assume the same expression of the face, and compass the same "hang of the nether lip." We have seen a pupil endeavouring to help himself onward in the race for distinction by wearing a coat similar in cut and colour to that wherewith his preceptor indued himself; and we remember the time when whole classes at a certain eastern university became a regiment of ugly Dromios, lengthening their visages, and smoothing their hair down to their eyes, for no other reason than

that an eminent and popular professor chose to display his frontispiece after that fashion—and that, as they emulated his literary abilities, they, therefore, thought it advantageous to imitate his personal defects. When Byron's fame was in the zenith, poetic scribblers dealt liberally in shirt collar, and sported an expanse of neck; and when Waterloo heroes were the wonders of the hour, every town in England could show its limpers and hobblers, who, innocent of war, would fain have passed for men damaged by the French. On similar grounds, humps, squints, impediments of speech, mouths awry, and limbs distorted, have been the rage.

How then could Orson Dabbs, the Hittite, admired and peculiar as he was, both for his ways and for his opinions, hope to escape imitation? If he entertained such a belief, it was folly; and if he dreamed that he could so thump the world as to preserve his originality, it was a mere delusion. Among the many who frequented the Goose and Gridiron, where Orson resided, was one Rocky Smalt, whose early admiration for the great one it is beyond the power of words to utter, though subsequent events converted that admiration into hostility. Rocky Smalt had long listened with delight to Orson's lectures upon the best method of removing difficulties, which, according to him, is by thumping them down, as a paviour smooths the streets; and as Orson descanted, and shook his fists in exemplification of the text, the soul of Rocky, like a bean in a bottle, swelled within him to put these sublime doctrines in practice.

Now, it unluckily happens that Rocky Smalt is a very little man—one of the feather weights—which militates somewhat against the gratification of his pugilistic desires, insomuch that if he "squares off" at a big

fellow, he is obliged, in dealing a facer, to hit his antagonist on the knee; and a blow given there, everybody knows, neither "bungs a peeper" nor "taps a smeller." But Rocky, being to a certain degree aware of his gladiatorial deficiencies, is rather theoretical than practical; that is, he talks much more than he battles. His narratives, differing from himself, are colossal; and as Colossus stood with one foot on one side, and with the other foot on the other side, so do Rocky's speeches refer to the past and to the future—to what he has done, and to what he means to do. He is now retrospective, and again prospective, in talking of personal contention, his combats never being present, which is by far the most agreeable method of obtaining reputation, as we thereby avoid the inconvenience of pricking our fingers in gathering glory.

Rocky, in copying Dabbs as to his belligerent principles, is likewise careful to do the same, as far as it is possible, in relation to personal appearance. He is, therefore, a pocket Dabbs—a miniature Orson. He cultivates whiskers to the apex of the chin; and although they are not very luxuriant, they make up in length what they want in thickness. He cocks his hat fiercely, rolls in his gait, and, with doubled fists, carries his arms in the muscular curve, elbows pointing outward, and each arm forming the segment of a circle. He slams doors after him, kicks little dogs, and swears at little boys, as Orson does. If any one runs against him, he waits until the offender is out of hearing, and then denounces him in the most energetic expletives belonging to the language, and is altogether a vinaigrette of wrath. It is the combat only that bothers Smalt; if it were not for that link in the chain of progression from defiance to victory, he would indeed be a most truculent

hero, and deserve a salary from all the nose menders about town, whether natural bone-setters or gristle-tinkers by commission—were it not for that, Larrey's Military Surgery would be in continual demand, as a guide to the cure of contusions, and so great would be the application of oysters to the eye, that there would be a scarcity of shell-fish.

Sometimes, however, Smalt's flaming ardour precipitates him into a quarrel; but, even then, he manages matters very adroitly, by selecting the largest individual of the opposite faction for his antagonist.

"Come on!" shrieks Smalt, in such an emergency; "come on! I'll lick any thing near my own weight. I'll chaw up any indewidooal that's fairly my match—yes, and give him ten pounds. I ain't petickelar, when it's a matter of accommodation. Whe-e-w! fire away!"

But, as Rocky's weight is just ninety-four pounds, counting boots, hat, dead-latch key, pennies, fips, clothes, and a little bit of cavendish, he is certain to escape; for even the most valiant may be excused from encountering the long odds in a pitched battle, although he may sometimes run against them in a crowded chance-medley. Rocky, therefore, puts on his coat again, puffing and blowing like a porpoise, as he walks vapouring about, and repeating with an occasional attitude *a la* Orson Dabbs, "Any thing in reason—and a little chucked in to accommodate—when I'm wound up, it 'most takes a stone wall to stop me, for I go right through the timber—that's me!"

Yet these happy days of theoretical championship at length were clouded. Science avails nothing against love: Dan Cupid laughs at sparring, and beats down the most perfect guard. It so fell out that Orson Dabbs and Rocky Smalt both were smitten with the tender passion at the same time, the complaint perhaps being epidemic

at the season. This, however, though individually troublesome, as the disorder is understood to be a sharp one, would not have been productive of discord between them, had it not unluckily happened that they became enamoured of the same "fair damosel." Two warriors and but one lady!—not one lady *per* piece, to speak commercially, but one lady *per* pair. This was embarrassing—this was dangerous. Miss Araminta Stycke—or Miss Mint Stycke, as she was sometimes more sweetly termed—could not, according to legal enactments, marry both the gentlemen in question; and as each was determined to have her entire, the situation was decidedly perplexing, essentially bothering, and effectively dramatic, which, however amusing to the looker-on, is the *ne plus ultra* of discomfort to those who form the tableau. Miss Araminta could doubtless have been very "happy with either, were t'other dear charmer away;" but this was out of the question; for, when Dabbs on one side stuck to Stycke, Smalt on the other side just as assiduously stuck to Stycke, and both stickled stoutly for her smiles.

"My dear Mint Stycke," said Rocky Smalt, at a tea party, taking hold of a dish of plums nicely done in molasses—"my dear Mint Stycke, allow me to help you to a small few of the goodies."

"Minty, my darling!" observed Dabbs, who sat on her left hand, Rocky being on the right—"Minty my darling," repeated Dabbs, with that dashing familiarity so becoming in a majestic personage, as he stretched forth his hand, and likewise grasped the dish of plums, "I insist upon helping you myself."

The consequence was an illustration of the *embarras* of having two lovers on the ground at the same time. The plums were spilt in such a way as to render Miss

Stycke sweeter that ever, by giving "sweets to the sweet;" but the young lady was by no means so pretty to look at as she had been before the ceremony.

"Of the twain, she most affected" Dabbs, of which Rocky was not a little jealous.

"Minty, I don't care for Dabbs," said Rocky, in heroic tones; "big as he is, if he comes here too often a crossing me, he'll ketch it. I'll thump him, Minty, I will—feed me on hay, if I don't."

Minty laughed, and well she might, for just then Orson arrived, and, walking into the room, scowled fiercely at Smalt, who suddenly remembered "he had to go somewheres, and promised to be there early—he must go, as it was a'most late now."

"He thump me!" said Dabbs, with a supercilious smile, when Minty repeated the threat. "The next time I meet that chap, I'll take my stick and kill it—I'll sqush it with my foot."

Unhappily for the serenity of his mind, Rocky Smalt had his ear at the key hole when this awful threat was made, and he quaked to hear it, not doubting that Dabbs would be as good as his word. He, therefore, fled *instanter*, and roamed about like a perturbed spirit; now travelling quickly—anon pausing to remember the frightful words, and, as they rushed vividly to mind, he would hop-scotch convulsively and dart off like an arrow, the whole being done in a style similar to that of a fish which has indulged in a frolic upon *cocculus indicus*. In the course of his eccentric rambles, he stopped in at various places, and, either from that cause, or some other which has not been ascertained, he waxed valiant a little after midnight. But, as his spirits rose, his locomotive propensity appeared to decrease, and he, at length, sat down on a step.

"So!" soliloquized our hero: "he intends to belt me, does he? Take a stick—sqush with his foot—and calls me 'it'—'it' right before Minty! Powers of wengeance, settle on my fist, take aim with my knuckles, and shoot him in the eye! If I wasn't so tired, and if I hadn't a little touch of my family disorder, I'd start after him. I'd go and dun him for the hiding; and if he'd only squat, or let me stand on a chair, I'd give him a receipt in full, right in the face, under my own hand and seal. I'd knock him this-er way, and I'd whack him that-er way, till you couldn't tell which end of his head his face was on."

Smalt suited the action to the word, and threw out his blows, right and left, with great vigour.

Suddenly, however, he felt a heavy hand grasp his shoulder, and give him a severe shake, while a deep gruff voice exclaimed:

"Halloo! what the deuse are you about? You'll tear your coat."

"Ah!" ejaculated Smalt, with a convulsive start; 'oh, don't! I holler enough!"

"Why, little 'un, you must be cracked, if you flunk out before we begin. Holler enough, indeed! nobody's guv' you any yet."

"Ah!" gasped Smalt, turning round; "I took you for Orson Dabbs. I promised, when I cotch'd him, to give him a licking, and I was werry much afeard I'd have to break the peace. Breaking the peace is a werry disagreeable thing fur to do; but I must—I'm conshensis about it—when I ketches Orson. Somebody ought to tell him to keep out of the way, fur fear I'll have to break the peace."

"It wouldn't do to kick up a row—but I'm thinking it would be a little *piece*, if you could break it. I'll

carry home all the pieces you break off, in my waistcoat pocket. You're only a pocket piece yourself."

"Nobody asked your opinions—go 'way. I've got a job of thinking to do, and I musn't be disturbed—talking puts me out. Paddle, steamboat, or——"

"Take keer—don't persume," was the impressive reply; "I'm a 'fishal functionary out a ketching of dogs. You musn't cut up because it's night. The mayor and the 'squires have gone to bed; but the law is a thing that never gets asleep. After ten o'clock, the law is a watchman and a dog ketcher—we're the whole law till breakfast's a'most ready."

"You only want bristles to be another sort of a whole animal," muttered Smalt.

"Whew! confound your little kerkus, what do you mean? I'd hit you unofficially, if there was any use in pegging at a fly."

Smalt began to feel uneasy; so, taking the hint conveyed in the word fly, he made a spring as the commencement of a retreat from one who talked so fiercely and so disrespectfully. But he had miscalculated his powers. After running a few steps, his apprehensions overthrew him, and his persecutor walking up, said:

"Oh! you stumpy little peace-breaker, I knows what you have been about—you've been drinking."

"You *nose* it, hey?—much good may it do you Can't a man wet his whistle without your nosing it?"

"No, you can't—it's agin the law, which is very full upon this pint."

"Pint! Not the half of it—I haven't got the stowage room."

The "ketcher" laughed, for, notwithstanding their sanguinary profession, ketchers, like Lord Norbury, are said to love a joke, and to indulge in merriment, when

ever the boys are not near. He therefore picked up Smalt, and placing him upon his knee, remarked as follows:

"You're a clever enough kind of little feller, sonny; but you ain't been eddicated to the law as I have; so I'll give you a lecture. Justice vinks at vot it can't see, and lets them off vot it can't ketch. When you want to break it, you must dodge. You may do what you like in your own house, and the law don't know nothing about the matter. But never go thumping and bumping about the streets, when you are primed and snapped. That's intemperance, and the other is temperance. But now you come under the muzzle of the ordinance—you're a loafer."

"Now, look here—I'll tell you the truth. Orson Dabbs swears he'll belt me—yes, he calls me 'it'—he said he'd sqush me with his foot—he'd take a stick and kill 'it'—me, I mean. What am I to do?—there'll be a fight, and Dabbs will get hurt."

"He can't do what he says—the law declares he musn't; and if he does, it isn't any great matter—he'll be put in limbo, you know."

This, however, was a species of comfort which had very little effect upon Smalt. He cared nothing about what might be done with Orson Dabbs after Orson had done for him.

His new friend, however, proved, as Smalt classically remarked, to be like a singed cat, much better than he looked, for he conducted the Lilliputian hero home, and, bundling him into the entry, left him there in comfort Rocky afterwards removed to another part of the town, for the purpose of keeping clear of his enemy, and, with many struggles, yielded the palm in relation to Miss Araminta Stycke, who soon became Mrs. Orson Dabbs

After this event, Rocky Smalt, who is not above the useful employment of gathering a little wisdom from experience, changed his system, and now speaks belligerently only in reference to the past, his gasconading stories invariably beginning, "A few years ago, when I was a fighting carackter."

UNDEVELOPED GENIUS.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF P. PILGARLICK PIGWIGGEN, ESQ.

The world has heard much of unwritten music, and more of unpaid debts; a brace of unsubstantialities, in which very little faith is reposed. The minor poets have twangled their lyres about the one, until the sound has grown wearisome, and until, for the sake of peace and quietness, we heartily wish that unwritten music were fairly written down, and published in Willig's or Blake's best style, even at the risk of hearing it reverberate from every piano in the city: while iron-visaged creditors—all creditors are of course hard, both in face and in heart, or they would not ask for their money—have chattered of unpaid debts, ever since the flood, with a wet finger, was uncivil enough to wipe out pre-existing scores, and extend to each skulking debtor the "benefit of the act." But *undeveloped genius*, which is, in fact, itself unwritten music, and is very closely allied to unpaid debts, has, as yet, neither poet, trumpeter, nor biographer Gray, indeed, hinted at it in speaking of "village Hampdens," "mute inglorious Miltons," and "Cromwells guiltless," which showed him to be man of some discernment, and possessed of inklings of the truth. But the general science of mental geology, and through that, the equally important details of mental mineralogy and

mental metallurgy, to ascertain the unseen substratum of intellect, and to determine its innate wealth, are as yet unborn; or, if phrenology be admitted as a branch of these sciences, are still in uncertain infancy. Undeveloped genius, therefore, is still undeveloped, and is likely to remain so, unless this treatise should awaken some capable and intrepid spirit to prosecute an investigation at once so momentous and so interesting. If not, much of it will pass through the world undiscovered and unsuspected; while the small remainder can manifest itself in no other way than by the aid of a convulsion, turning its possessor inside out like a glove; a method, which the earth itself was ultimately compelled to adopt, that stupid man might be made to see what treasures are to be had for the digging.

There are many reasons why genius so often remains invisible. The owner is frequently unconscious of the jewel in his possession, and is indebted to chance for the discovery. Of this, Patrick Henry was a striking instance. After he had failed as a shopkeeper, and was compelled to "hoe corn and dig potatoes," alone on his little farm, to obtain a meagre subsistence for his family, he little dreamed that he had that within, which would enable him to shake the throne of a distant tyrant, and nerve the arm of struggling patriots. Sometimes, however, the possessor is conscious of his gift, but it is to him as the celebrated anchor was to the Dutchman; he can neither use nor exhibit it. The illustrious Thomas Erskine, in his first attempt at the bar, made so signal a failure as to elicit the pity of the good natured, and the scorn and contempt of the less feeling part of the auditory. Nothing daunted, however, for he felt undeveloped genius strong within him, he left the court; muttering, with more profanity than was proper, but with much

truth, "By ——! it is in me, and it shall come out!" He was right; it was in him; he did get it out, and rose to be Lord Chancellor of England.

But there are men less fortunate; as gifted as Erskine, though perhaps in a different way, they swear frequently, as he did, but they cannot get their genius out. They feel it, like a rat in a cage, beating against their barring ribs, in a vain struggle to escape; and thus, with the materials for building a reputation, and standing high among the sons of song and eloquence, they pass their lives in obscurity, regarded by the few who are aware of their existence, as simpletons—fellows sent upon the stage solely to fill up the grouping, to applaud their superiors, to eat, sleep, and die.

P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen, Esq., as he loves to be styled, is one of these unfortunate undeveloped gentlemen about town. The arrangement of his name shows him to be no common man. Peter P. Pigwiggen would be nothing, except a hailing title to call him to dinner, or to insure the safe arrival of dunning letters and tailors' bills. There is as little character about it as about the word Towser, the individuality of which has been lost by indiscriminate application. To all intents and purposes, he might just as well be addressed as "You Pete Pigwiggen," after the tender maternal fashion, in which, in his youthful days, he was required to quit dabbling in the gutter, to come home and be spanked. But

P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen, Esq.

—the aristocracy of birth and genius is all about it. The very letters seem tasselled and fringed with the cobwebs of antiquity. The flesh creeps with awe at the sound, and the atmosphere undergoes a sensible change, as at the rarefying approach of a supernatural being. It penetrates the hearer at each perspiratory pore. The dropping of the antepenultimate in a man's name, and the substitution of an initial therefor, has an influence which cannot be defined—an influence peculiarly strong in the case of P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen—the influence of undeveloped genius—analogous to that which bent the hazel rod, in the hand of Dousterswivel, in the ruins of St. Ruth, and told of undeveloped water.

But to avoid digression, or rather to return from a ramble in the fields of nomenclature, P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen is an undeveloped genius—a wasted man; his talents are like money in a strong box, returning no interest. He is, in truth, a species of Byron in the egg: but unable to chip the shell, his genius remains unhatched. The chicken moves and faintly chirps within, but no one sees it, no one heeds it. Peter feels the high aspirations and the mysterious imaginings of poesy circling about the interior of his cranium; but there they stay. When he attempts to give them utterance, he finds that nature forgot to bore out the passage which carries thought to the tongue and to the finger ends; and as art has not yet found out the method of tunnelling or of driving a drift into the brain, to remedy such defects, and act as a general jail delivery to the prisoners of the mind, his divine conceptions continue pent in their osseous cell. In vain does Pigwiggen sigh for a *splitting* headache—one that shall ope the sutures, and set his fancies free. In vain does he shave his forehead and turn down his shirt collar, in hope of finding the poetic vomitory, and of leaving

it clear of impediment; in vain does he drink vast quantities of gin to raise the steam so high that it may burst imagination's boiler, and suffer a few drops of it to escape; in vain does he sit up late o' nights, using all the cigars he can lay his hands on, to smoke out the secret. 'Tis useless all. No sooner has he spread the paper, and seized the pen to give bodily shape to airy dreams, than a dull dead blank succeeds. As if a flourish of the quill were the crowing of a "rooster," the dainty Ariels of his imagination vanish. The feather drops from his checked fingers, the paper remains unstained, and P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen is still an undeveloped genius.

Originally a grocer's boy, Peter early felt he had a soul above soap and candles, and he so diligently nourished it with his master's sugar, figs, and brandy, that early one morning he was unceremoniously dismissed with something more substantial than a flea in his ear. His subsequent life was passed in various callings; but call as loudly as they would, our hero paid little attention to their voice. He had an eagle's longings, and with an inclination to stare the sun out of countenance, it was not to be expected that he would stoop to be a barn-yard fowl. Working when he could not help it; at times pursuing check speculations at the theatre doors, by way of turning an honest penny, and now and then gaining entrance by crooked means, to feed his faculties with a view of the performances, he likewise pursued his studies through all the ballads in the market, until qualified to read the pages of Moore and Byron. Glowing with ambition, he sometimes pined to see the poet's corner of our weekly periodicals graced with his effusions. But though murder may out, his undeveloped genius would not. Execution fell so far

short of conception, that his lyrics were invariably rejected.

Deep, but unsatisfactory, were the reflections which thence arose in the breast of Pigwiggen.

"How is it," said he—"how is it I can't level down my expressions to the comprehension of the vulgar, or level up the vulgar to a comprehension of my expressions? How is it I can't get the spigot out, so my verses will run clear? I know what I mean myself, but nobody else does, and the impudent editors say it's wasting room to print what nobody understands. I've plenty of genius—lots of it, for I often want to cut my throat, and would have done it long ago, only it hurts. I'm chock full of genius and running over; for I hate all sorts of work myself, and all sorts of people mean enough to do it. I hate going to bed, and I hate getting up. My conduct is very eccentric and singular. I have the miserable melancholics all the time, and I'm pretty nearly always as cross as thunder, which is a sure sign. Genius is as tender as a skinned cat, and flies into a passion whenever you touch it. When I condescend to unbuzzum myself, for a little sympathy, to folks of ornery intellect—and caparisoned to me, I know very few people that ar'n't ornery as to brains—and pour forth the feelings indigginus to a poetic soul, which is always biling, they ludicrate my sitiation, and say they don't know what the deuse I'm driving at. Isn't genius always served o' this fashion in the earth, as Hamlet, the boy after my own heart, says? And when the slights of the world, and of the printers, set me in a fine frenzy, and my soul swells and swells, till it almost tears the shirt off my buzzum, and even fractures my dickey—when it expansuates and elevates me above the common herd, they laugh again, and tell me not to be pompious. The

poor plebinians and worse than Russian scurfs!—It is the fate of genius—it is his'n, or rather I should say, her'n—to go through life with little sympathization and less cash. Life's a field of blackberry and raspberry bushes. Mean people squat down and pick the fruit, no matter how they black their fingers; while genius, proud and perpendicular, strides fiercely on, and gets nothing but scratches and holes tore in its trousers. These things are the fate of genius, and when you see 'em, there is genius too, although the editors won't publish its articles. These things are its premonitories, its janissaries, its cohorts, and its consorts.

"But yet, though in flames in my interiors, I can't get it out. If I catch a subject, while I am looking at it, I can't find words to put it in; and when I let go, to hunt for words, the subject is off like a shot. Sometimes I have plenty of words, but then there is either no ideas, or else there is such a waterworks and cataract of them, that when I catch one, the others knock it out of my fingers. My genius is good, but my mind is not sufficiently manured by 'ears."

Pigwiggen, waiting it may be till sufficiently "manured" to note his thoughts, was seen one fine morning not long since, at the corner of the street, with a melancholy, abstracted air, the general character of his appearance. His garments were of a rusty black, much the worse for wear. His coat was buttoned up to the throat, probably for a reason more cogent than that of showing the moulding of his chest, and a black hand kerchief enveloped his neck. Not a particle of white was to be seen about him; not that we mean to infer that his "sark" would not have answered to its name, if the muster roll of his attire had been called, for we scorn to speak of a citizen's domestic relations, and, until the

contrary is proved, we hold it but charity to believe that every man has as many shirts as backs. Peter's cheeks were pale and hollow; his eyes sunken, and neither soap nor razor had kissed his lips for a week. His hands were in his pockets—they had the accommodation all to themselves—nothing else was there.

"Is your name Peter P. Pigwiggen?" inquired a man, with a stick, which he grasped in the middle.

"My name is P Pilgarlick Pigwiggen, if you please, my good friend," replied our hero, with a flush of indignation at being miscalled.

"You'll do," was the nonchalant response; and "the man with a stick" drew forth a parallelogram of paper, curiously inscribed with characters, partly written and partly printed, of which the words, "The commonwealth greeting," were strikingly visible; "you'll do, Mr. P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen Peter. That's a *capias ad respondendum*, the English of which is, you're cotched because you can't pay; only they put it in Greek, so's not to hurt a gentleman's feelings, and make him feel flat afore the company. I can't say much for the manners of the big courts, but the way the law's polite and a squire's office is genteel, when the thing is under a hundred dollars, is cautionary."

There was little to be said. Peter yielded at once. His landlady, with little respect for the incipient Byron, had turned him out that morning, and had likewise sent "the man with a stick" to arrest the course of undeveloped genius. Peter walked before, and he of the "taking way" strolled leisurely behind.

* * * * * *

"It's the fate of genius, squire. The money is owed. But how can I help it? I can't live without eating and

sleeping If I wasn't to do those functionaries, it would be suicide, severe beyond circumflexion."

"Well, you know, you must either pay or go to jail."

'Now, squire, as a friend—I can't pay, and I don't admire jail—as a friend, now."

"Got any bail?—No!—what's your trade—what name is it?"

"Poesy," was the laconic, but dignified reply.

"Pusey?—Yes, I remember Pusey. You're in the shoe-cleaning line, somewhere in Fourth street. Pusey, boots and shoes cleaned here. Getting whiter, ar'n't you? I thought Pusey was a little darker in the countenance."

"P-o-e-s-y!" roared Peter, spelling the word at the top of his voice; "I'm a poet."

"Well, Posy, I suppose you don't write for nothing. Why didn't you pay your landlady out of what you received for your books, Posy?"

"My genius ain't developed. I haven't written any thing yet. Only wait till my mind is manured, so I can catch the idea, and I'll pay off all old scores."

"'Twont do, Posy. I don't understand it at all. You must go and find a little undeveloped bail, or I must send you to prison. The officer will go with you. But stay; there's Mr. Grubson in the corner—perhaps he will bail you."

Grubson looked unpromising. He had fallen asleep, and the flies hummed about his sulky copper-coloured visage, laughing at his unconscious drowsy efforts to drive them away. He was aroused by Pilgarlick, who nsinuatingly preferred the request.

"I'll see you hanged first," replied Mr. Grubson; "I goes bail for nobody. I'm undeveloped myself on that

subject,—not but that I have the greatest respect for you in the world, but the most of people's cheats."

"You see, Posy, the development won't answer You must try out of doors. The officer will go with you."

"Squire, as a friend, excuse me," said Pilgarlick. "But the truth of the matter is this. I'm delicate about being seen in the street with a constable. I'm principled against it. The reputation which I'm going to get might be injured by it. Wouldn't it be pretty much the same thing, if Mr. Grubson was to go with the officer, and get me a little bail?"

"I'm delicate myself," growled Grubson; "I'm principled agin that too. Every man walk about on his own 'sponsibility; every man bail his own boat. You might jist as well ask me to swallow your physic, or take your thrashings."

Alas! Pilgarlick knew that his boat was past bailing. Few are the friends of genius in any of its stages—very few are they when it is undeveloped. He, therefore, consented to sojourn in "Arch west of Broad," until the whitewashing process could be performed, on condition he were taken there by the "alley way;" for he still looks ahead to the day, when a hot-pressed volume shall be published by the leading booksellers, entitled Poems, by P. Pilgarlick Pigwiggen, Esq.

THE BEST-NATURED MAN IN THE WORLD.

A YIELDING temper, when not carefully watched and curbed, is one of the most dangerous of faults. Like unregulated generosity, it is apt to carry its owner into a thousand difficulties, and, too frequently, to hurry him into vices, if not into crimes. But as it is of advantage to others while inflicting injury upon its possessor, it has, by the common consent of mankind, received a fine name, which covers its follies and promotes its growth. This easiness of disposition, which is a compound of indolence, vanity, and irresolution, is known and applauded as "good-nature;" and, to have reached the superlative degree, so as to be called the "best-natured fellow in the world—almost too good-natured for his own good," is regarded as a lofty merit. When applied to the proper person, though the recipient says nothing, it may be seen that it thrills him with delight; the colour heightens on his cheek; and the humid brilliance of his eye speaks him ready to weep with joy over his own fancied perfections, and to outdo all his former outdoings. He is warmed through by the phrase, as if he had been feasting upon preserved ginger, and he luxuriates upon the sensation, without counting the cost, and without calculating the future sacrifices which it requires. He seldom sees why he is thus praised. He is content that it is so,

without inquiring into the process by which it was brought about. It is enough for him that he is the best-natured fellow in the world, and the conclusion generally shows that, in phrase pugilistic, it is "enough." There are few kinds of extravagance more ruinous than that of indulging a desire for being excessively good-natured, as the good-natured pussy learnt when the monkey used her paw to draw chestnuts from the fire. A man of circumscribed means may, with comparative safety, keep horses and dogs, drink Champagne and Burgundy bet upon races and upon cock-fights; he may even gratify a taste for being very genteel—for these things may subside into moderation; but being very good-natured, in the popular acception of the phrase, is like the juvenile amusement of sliding down Market street hill on a sled. The further one goes, the greater is the velocity; and, if the momentum be not skilfully checked, we are likely to *land* in the water.

The "best-natured fellow in the world" is merely a convenience; very useful to others, but worse than useless to himself. He is the bridge across the brook, and men walk over him. He is the wandering pony of the Pampas, seeking his own provender, yet ridden by those who contribute not to his support. He giveth up all the sunshine, and hath nothing but chilling shade for himself. He waiteth at the table of the world, serveth the guests, who clear the board, and, for food and pay, give him fine words, which culinary research hath long since ascertained cannot be used with profit, even in the buttering of parsnips. He is, in fact, an appendage, not an individuality; and when worn out, as he soon must be, is thrown aside to make room for another, if another can be had. Such is the result of excessive compliance and obsequious good-nature. It plundereth a man of his

spine, and converteth him into a flexile willow, to be bent and twisted as his companions choose, and, should it please them, to be wreathed into a fish-basket.

Are there any who doubt of this? Let them inquire for one LENITER SALIX, and ask his opinion. Leniter may be ragged, but his philosophy has not so many holes in it as might be inferred from the state of his wardrobe. Nay, it is the more perfect on that account; a knowledge of the world penetrates the more easily when, from defective apparel, we approach the nearer to our original selves. Leniter's hat is crownless, and the clear light of knowledge streams without impediment upon his brain. He is not bound up in the strait jacket of prejudice, for he long since pawned his solitary vest, and his coat, made for a Goliath, hangs about him as loosely as a politician's principles, or as the purser's shirt in the poetical comparison. Salix has so long bumped his head against a stone wall, that he has knocked a hole in it, and like Cooke, the tragedian, sees through his error. He has speculated as extensively in experience as if it were town lots. The quantity of that article he has purchased, could it be made tangible, would freight a seventy-four;—were it convertible into cash, Crœsus, King of Lydia, son of Halyattes, would be a Chelsea pensioner to Salix. But unluckily for him, there are stages in life when experience itself is more ornamental than useful. When, to use a forcible expression—when a man is "done,"—it matters not whether he has as much experience as Samson had hair, or as Bergami had whisker—he can do no more. Salix has been in his time so much pestered with *duns*, "hateful to gods and men,' that he is *done* himself.

"The sun was rushing down the west," as Banim has it, attending to its own business, and, by that means,

shedding benefit upon the world, when Leniter Salix was seen in front of a little grocery, the *locale* of which shall be nameless, sitting dejectedly upon a keg of mackerel, number 2. He had been "the best-natured fellow in the world," but, as the geologists say, he was in a state of transition, and was rapidly becoming up to *trap* At all events, he had his nose to the grindstone, an operation which should make men keen. He was houseless, homeless, penniless, and the grocery man had asked him to keep an eye upon the dog, for fear of the midsummer catastrophe which awaits such animals when their snouts are not in a bird cage. This service was to be recompensed with a cracker, and a glass of what the shopman was pleased to call *racky mirackilis*, a fluid sometimes termed "railroad," from the rapidity with which it hurries men to the end of their journey. Like many of the best-natured fellows in the world, Salix, by way of being a capital companion, and of not being different from others, had acquired rather a partiality for riding on this "railroad," and he agreed to keep his trigger eye on the dog.

"That's right, Salix. I always knowed you were the best-natured fellow in the world."

"H-u-m-p-s-e!" sighed Salix, in a prolonged, plaintive, uncertain manner, as if he admitted the fact, but doubted the honour; "h-u-m-p-s-e! but, if it wasn't for the railroad, which is good for my complaint, because I take it internally to drive out the perspiration, I've a sort of a notion Carlo might take care of himself. There's the dog playing about without his muzzle, just because I'm good-natured; there's Timpkins at work making money inside, instead of watching his own whelp, just because I'm good-natured; and I'm to sit here doing nothing instead of going to get a little job a man promised

me down towr., just because I'm good-natured. I can't see exactly what's the use of it to me. It's pretty much like having a bed of your own, and letting other people sleep in it, soft, while you sleep on the bare floor, hard. It wouldn't be so bad if you could have half, or quarter of the bed; but no—these good friends of mine, as I may say, turn in, take it all, roll themselves up in the kivering, and won't let us have a bit of sheet to mollify the white pine sacking bottom, the which is pleasant to whittle with a sharp knife—quite soft enough for that purpose—but the which is not the pink of feather beds. I don't like it—I'm getting tired."

The brow of Salix began to blacken—therein having decidedly the advantage of his boots, which could neither blacken themselves, nor prevail on their master to do it—when Mrs. Timpkins, the shopman's wife, popped out with a child in her arms, and three more trapesing after her.

"Law, Salix, how-dee-doo? I'm so glad—I know you're the best-natured creature in the world. Jist hold little Biddy a while, and keep an eye on t'other young 'uns—you're such a nurse—he! he! he!—so busy—ain't got no girl—so busy washing—most tea time—he! he! he! Salix."

Mrs. Timpkins disappeared, Biddy remained in the arms of Salix, and "t'other young 'uns" raced about with the dog. The trigger eye was compelled to invoke the aid of its coadjutor.

"Whew!" whistled Salix; "the quantity of pork they give in this part of the town for a shilling is amazin'—I'm so good-natured! That railroad will be well earnt, anyhow. I'm beginning to think it's queer there ain't more good-natured people about besides me—I'm a sort of mayor and corporation all myself in this busi-

ness. It's a monopoly where the profit's all loss. Now, for instance, these Timpkinses won't ask me to tea, because I'm ragged; but they ar'n't a bit too proud to ask me to play child's nurse and dog's uncle—they won't lend me any money, because I can't pay, and they're persimmony and sour about cash concerns—and they won't let me have time to earn any money, and get good clothes—that's because I'm so good-natured. I've a good mind to strike, and be sassy."

"Hallo! Salix, my good fellow!" said a man, on a horse, as he rode up; "you're the very chap I'm looking for. As I says to my old woman, says I, Leniter Salix is the wholesoul'dest chap I ever did see. There's nothing he won't do for a friend, and I'll never forget him, if I was to live as old as Methuselah."

Salix smiled—Hannibal softened rocks with vinegar, but the stranger melted the ice of our hero's resolution with praise. Salix walked towards him, holding the child with one hand as he extended the other for a friendly shake.

"You're the best-natured fellow in the world, Salix," ejaculated the stranger, as he leaped from the saddle, and hung the reins upon Salix's extended fingers, instead of shaking hands with him; "you're the best-natured fellow in the world. Just hold my horse a minute. I'll be back in a jiffey, Salix; in less than half an hour," said the dismounted rider, as he shot round the corner.

"If that ain't cutting it fat, I'll be darned!" growled Salix, as soon as he had recovered from his breathless amazement, and had gazed from dog to babe—from horse to children.

"Mr. Salix," screamed Miss Tabitha Gadabout from the next house, "I'm just running over to Timpson's

place. Keep an eye on my street door—back in a minute."

She flew across the street, and as she went, the words "best natured-soul alive" were heard upon the breeze.

"That's considerable fatter—it's as fat as show beef," said Salix. "How many eyes has a good-natured fellow got, anyhow? Three of mine's in use a'ready. The good-natureder you are, the more eyes you have, I s'pose. That job up town's jobbed without me, and where I'm to sleep, or to eat my supper, it's not the easiest thing in the world to tell. Ain't paid my board this six months, I'm so good-natured; and the old woman's so good-natured, she said I needn't come back. These Timpkinses and all of 'em are ready enough at asking me to do things, but when I ask them——There, that dog's off, and the ketchers are coming—Carlo! Carlo!"

The baby began squalling, and the horse grew restive, the dog scampered into the very teeth of danger; and the three little Timpkinses, who could locomote, went scrabbling, in different directions, into all sorts of mischief, until finally one of them pitched head foremost into a cellar.

Salix grew furious. "Whoa, pony!—hush, you infernal brat!—here, Carlo!—Thunder and crockery!—there's a young Timpkins smashed and spoilt!—knocked into a cocked hat!"

"Mr. Salix!" shouted a boy, from the other side of the way, "when you're done that 'ere, mammy says if you won't go a little narrand for her, you're so good-nater'd."

There are moments when calamity nerves us; when wild frenzy congeals into calm resolve; as one may see by penning a cat in a corner. It is then that the coward

"There! that dog's off, and the ketchers are comin'—Carlo! Carlo!"—*Book* I, *page* 66.

fights; that the oppressed strikes at the life of the oppressor. That moment had come to Salix. He stood bolt upright, as cold and as straight as an icicle. His good-nature might be seen to drop from him in two pieces, like Cinderella's kitchen garments in the opera. He laid Biddy Timpkins on the top of the barrel, released the horse, giving him a vigorous kick, which sent him flying down the street, and strode indignantly away, leaving Carlo, Miss Gadabout's house, and all other matters in his charge, to the guardianship of chance.

* * * * * *

The last time Salix was seen in the busy haunts of men, he looked the very incarnation of gloom and despair. His very coat had gone to relieve his necessities, and he wandered slowly and dejectedly about, relieving the workings of his perturbed spirit by kicking whatever fell in his way.

"I'm done," soliloquized he; "pardenership between me and good-nature is this day dissolved, and all persons indebted will please to settle with the undersigned, who alone is authorized. Yes, there's a good many indebted, and its high time to dissolve, when your pardener has sold all the goods and spent all the money. Once I had a little shop—ah! wasn't it nice?—plenty of goods and plenty of business. But then comes one troop of fellows, and they wanted tick—I'm so good-natured; then comes another set of chaps, who didn't let bashfulness stand in their way a minute; they sailed a good deal nearer the wind, and wanted to borry money—I'm so good-natured; and more asked me to go security. These fellows were always very particular friends of mine, and got what they asked for; but I was a very particular friend of theirs, and couldn't get it back. It was one of the good rules that won't work both ways; and I, somehow

or other, was at the wrong end of it, for it wouldn't work my way at all. There's few rules that will, barring substraction, and division, and alligation, when our folks allegated against me that I wouldn't come to no good. All the cypherin' I could ever do made more come to little, and little come to less; and yet, as I said afore, I had a good many assistants too.

"Business kept pretty fair; but I wasn't cured. Because I was good-natured, I had to go with 'em frolicking, tea partying, excursioning, and busting; and for the same reason, I was always appinted treasurer to make the distribution when there wasn't a cent of surplus revenue in the treasury, but my own. It was my job to pay all the bills. Yes, it was always 'Salix, you know me'—'Salix, pony up at the bar, and lend us a levy'—'Salix always shells out like a gentleman.'—Oh! to be sure, and why not?—now I'm shelled out myself—first out of my shop by old *venditioni exponas*, at the State House—old *fiery fash 'us* to me directed. But they didn't direct him soon enough, for he only got the fixtures. The goods had gone out on a bust long before I busted. Next, I was shelled out of my boarding house; and now," (with a lugubrious glance at his shirt and pantaloons,) "I'm nearly shelled out of my clothes. It's a good thing they can't easy shell me out of my skin, or they would, and let me catch my death of cold. I'm a mere shell-fish—an oyster with the kivers off.

"But, it was always so—when I was a little boy, they coaxed all my pennies out of me; coaxed me to take all the jawings, and all the hidings, and to go first into all sorts of scrapes, and precious scrapings they used to be. I wonder if there isn't two kinds of people—one kind that's made to chaw up t'other kind, and t'other kind that's made to be chawed up by one kind?—cat-

kind of people and mouse-kind of people? I guess there is—I'm very much mouse myself.

"What I want to know is what's to become of me. I've spent all I had in getting my eddication. Learnin', they say, is better than houses and lands. I wonder if anybody would swap some house and land with me for mine? I'd go it even, and ask no boot. They should have it at prime cost; but they won't; and I begin to be afraid I'll have to get married, or list in the marines. That's what most people do when they've nothing to do."

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What became of Leniter Salix immediately, is immaterial; what will become of him eventually, is clear enough. His story is one acting every day, and, though grotesquely sketched, is an evidence of the danger of an accommodating disposition when not regulated by prudence. The softness of "the best-natured fellow in the world" requires a large admixture of hardening alloy to give it the proper temper.

A PAIR OF SLIPPERS;

OR, FALLING WEATHER.

"Then I, and you, and all of us fell down."

WHENEVER we look upon the crowded thoroughfare, or regard the large assembly, we are compelled to admit that the infinite variety of form in the human race contributes largely to the picturesque. The eye travels over the diversity of shape and size without fatigue, and renews its strength by turning from one figure to another, when, at each remove, it is sure to find a difference. Satiated with gazing at rotundity, it is refreshed by a glance at lathiness; and, tired with stooping to the lowly, it can mount like a bird to the aspiring head which tops a maypole. But, while the potency of these pictorial beauties is admitted, it must be conceded that the variations from the true standard, although good for the eyesight, are productive of much inconvenience; and that, to consider the subject like a Benthamite, utility and the general advantage would be promoted if the total amount of flesh, blood, bone, and muscle were more equally distributed. As affairs are at present arranged, it is almost impossible to find a "ready made coat" that will answer one's purpose, and a man may stroll through half the shops in town without being able to purchase a pair of boots which he can wear with any degree of comfort. In

hanging a lamp, every shop keeper, who "lights up," knows that it is a very troublesome matter so to swing it, that, while the short can see the commodities, the tall will not demolish the glass. If an abbreviated "turnippy" man, in the goodness of his heart and *in articulo mortis*, bequeaths his wardrobe to a long and gaunt friend, of what service is the posthumous present? It is available merely as new clothing for the juveniles, or as something toward another kitchen carpet. Many a martial spirit is obliged to content himself with civic employment, although a mere bottle of fire and wrath, because heroism is enlisted by inches, and not by degree. If under "five foot six," Cæsar himself could find no favour in the eye of the recruiting sergeant, and Alexander the Great would be allowed to bestride no Bucephalus in a dragoon regiment of modern times. Thus, both they who get too much, and they who get too little, in Dame Nature's apportionment bill, as well as those who, though abundantly endowed, are not well made up, have divers reasons for grumbling, and for wishing that a more perfect uniformity prevailed.

Some of the troubles which arise from giving a man more than his share in altitude, find illustration in the subjoined narrative:—

Linkum Langcale is a subject *in extenso*. He is, to use the words of the poet, suggested by his name,

———"*A bout*"
"*Of linked sweetness long drawn out:*"

and, in speaking of him, it is not easy to be brief. Linkum is entirely too long for his own comfort—something short—if the word *short* may be used in this connexion—something short of the height of the Titans of old, who pelted Saturn with brickbats; but how much has never

yet been ascertained, none of his acquaintances being sufficiently acquainted with trigonometry to determine the fact. He is one of those men who, like the gentle Marcia, "tower above their sex," and must always be called down to their dinner, as no information can be imparted to them unless it be hallooed up; and in conversing with whom, it is always necessary to begin by hailing the maintop. There is not, however, more material in Linkum than enough for a man of ordinary length. The fault is in his not being properly made up. He is abominably wire drawn—stretched out, as Shakspeare says, almost to the crack of doom. It is clear that there has been an attempt to make too much of him, but the frame of the idea has not been well filled out. He is the streak of a Colossus, and he resembles the willow wand at which Locksley shot his gray goose shaft in the lists of Ashby de la Zouche. The consequence is, that Linkum is a crank vessel. If he wore a feather in his cap, he would be capsized at every corner; and as it is, he finds it very difficult to get along on a windy day, without a paving stone in each coat pocket to preserve the balance of power. He is, however, of a convivial nature, and will not refuse his glass, notwithstanding the aptitude of alcohol to ascend into the brain, and so to encumber it as to render a perpendicular position troublesome to men shorter than himself. When in this condition, his troubles are numberless, and among other matters, he finds it very difficult to get a clear fall, there being in compact cities very little room to spare for the accommodation of long men tumbling down in he world.

One evening Linkum walked forth to a convivial meeting, and supped with a set of jolly companions Late at night a rain came on, which froze as it fell, and

soon made the city one universal slide, sufficiently "glip" for all purposes, without the aid of saw-dust. Of Linkum's sayings and doings at the social board, no record is preserved; but it is inferred that his amusements were not of a nature to qualify him for the safe performance of a journey so slippery as that which it was necessary to undertake to reach home. No lamps were lighted, they who were abroad being under the necessity of supposing the moonshine, and of seeing their way as they walked, or of gathering themselves up when they fell, by the lantern of imagination.

"Good night, fellers," said Linkum, at the top of the steps, as the door closed after him. He pulled his hat over his eyes determinedly, buttoned his coat with resolution, and sucked at his cigar with that iron energy peculiar to men about to set forth on their way home on a cold, stormy night. The fire of the cigar reflected from his nose was the only illumination to be seen; and Linkum, putting his hands deep into his pockets, kept his position on the first step of the six which were between him and the pavement.

"I've no doubt," said he, as he puffed forth volumes of smoke, and seemed to cogitate deeply—"I've not the slightest doubt that this is as beautiful a night as ever was; only it's so dark you can't see the pattern of it. One night is pretty much like another night in the dark; but it's a great advantage to a good looking evening, if the lamps are lit, so you can twig the stars and the moonshine. The fact is, that in this 'ere city, we do grow the blackest moons, and the hardest moons to find, I ever did see. Sometimes I'm most disposed to send the bellman after 'em—or get a full blooded pinter to pint 'em out, while I hold a candle to see which way he pints. It wouldn't be a bad notion on sich occasions to

ask the man in the steeple to ring which way the moon is. Lamps is lamps, and moons is moons, in a business pint of view, but practically they ain't much if the wicks ain't afire. When the luminaries are, as I may say, in the raw, it's bad for me. I can't see the ground as perforately as little fellers, and every dark night I'm sure to get a hyst—either a forrerd hyst, or a backerd hyst, or some sort of a hyst—but more backerds than forrerds, 'specially in winter. One of the most unfeeling tricks I know of, is the way some folks have got of laughing out, yaw-haw! when they see a gentleman ketching a riggler hyst—a long gentleman, for instance, with his legs in the air, and his noddle splat down upon the cold bricks. A hyst of itself is bad enough, without being sniggered at: first, your sconce gets a crack; then, you see all sorts of stars, and have free admission to the fireworks; then, you scramble up, feeling as if you had no head on your shoulders, and as if it wasn't you, but some confounded disagreeable feller in your clothes; yet the jacksnipes all grin, as if the misfortunes of human nature was only a poppet show. I wouldn't mind it, if you could get up and look as if you didn't care. But a man can't rise, after a royal hyst, without letting on he feels flat. In such cases, however, sympathy is all gammon; and as for sensibility of a winter's day, people keep it all for their own noses, and can't be coaxed to retail it by the small."

Linkum paused in his prophetic dissertation upon "hysts"—the popular pronunciation, in these parts, of the word *hoist*, which is used—*quasi lucus a non lucendo*—to convey the idea of the most complete tumble which man can experience. A fall, for instance, is indeterminate. It may be an easy slip down—a gentle

visitation of mother earth; but a hyst is a rapid, forcible performance, which may be done, as Linkum observes, either backward or forward, but of necessity with such violence as to knock the breath out of the body, or it is unworthy of the noble appellation of hyst. It is an apt, but figurative mode of expression, and it is often carried still further; for people sometimes say, "lower him up, and hyst him down."

Our hero held on firmly to the railing, and peered keenly into the darkness, without discovering any object on which his vision could rest. The gloom was substantial. It required sharper eyes than his to bore a hole in it. The wind was up, and the storm continued to coat the steps and pavements with a sheet of ice.

"It's raining friz potatoes," observed Linkum; "I feel 'em, though I can't see 'em, bumping the end of my nose; so I must hurry home as fast as I can."

Heedless and hapless youth! He made a vain attempt to descend, but, slipping, he came in a sitting posture upon the top step, and, in that attitude, flew down like lightning——bump! bump! bump! The impetus he had acquired prevented him from stopping on the sidewalk, notwithstanding his convulsive efforts to clutch the icy bricks, and he *skuted* into the gutter, whizzing over the curbstone, and splashing into the water, like a young Niagara.

A deep silence ensued, broken solely by the pattering of the rain and the howling of the wind. Linkum was an exhausted receiver; the hyst was perfect, the breath being completely knocked out of him.

"Laws-a-massy!" at length he panted, "ketching" breath at intervals, and twisting about as if in pain; "my eyes! sich a hyst! Sich a quantity of hysts all in one! The life's almost bumped out of me, and I'm jammed

up so tight, I don't believe I'm so tall by six inches as I was before. I'm druv' up and clinched, and I'll have to get tucks in my trousers."

Linkum sat still, ruminating on the curtailment of his fair proportions, and made no effort to rise. The door soon opened again, and Mr. Broad Brevis came forth, at which a low, suppressed chuckle was uttered by Linkum, as he looked over his shoulder, anticipating "a quantity of hysts all in one" for the new comer, whose figure, however,—short and stout,—was much better calculated for the operation than Linkum's. But Brevis seemed to suspect that the sliding was good, and the skating magnificent.

"No, you don't!" quoth he, as he tried the step with one foot, and recovered himself; "I haven't seen the Alleghany Portage and inclined planes for nothing. It takes me to diminish the friction, and save the wear and tear."

So saying, he quietly tucked up his coat tails, and sitting down upon the mat, which he grasped with both hands, gave himself a gentle impulse, crying "All aboard!" and slid slowly but majestically down. As he came to the plain sailing across the pavement, he twanged forth "Ta-ra-ta-ra-ta-ra-tra-a-a!" in excellent imitation of the post horn, and brought up against Linkum. "Clear the course for the express mail, or I'll report you to the department!" roared Brevis, trumpeting the "alarum," so well known to all who have seen a tragedy—"Tra-tretra-ta-ra-tra-a-a!"

That's queer fun, anyhow," said a careful wayfarer, turning the corner, with lantern in hand, and sock on foot, who, after a short parley, was induced to set the gentlemen on their pins. First planting Brevis against the pump, who sang "Let me lean on thee," from the

Sonnambula, in prime style, he undertook to lift up Linkum.

"Well," observed the stranger, "this is a chap without no end to him—he'd be pretty long a drowning, any how. If there was many more like him in the gutters, it would be better to get a windlass, and wind 'em up I never see'd a man with so much slack. The corporation ought to buy him, starch him up stiff, cut a hole for a clock in his hat, and use him for a steeple; only Downing wouldn't like to trust himself on the top of such a ricketty concern.—Neighbour, shall I fetch the Humane Society's apparatus?"

"No—I ain't drownded, only bumped severe. The curbstones have touched my feelings. I'm all over like a map—red, blue, and green."

"Now," said their friendly assistant, grinning at the joke, and at the recompense he had received for the job, "now, you two hook on to one another like Siameses, and mosey. You've only got to tumble one a top of t'other, and it won't hurt. Tortle off—it's slick going—'specially if you're going down. Push ahead!" continued he, as he hitched them together; and away they went, *a pair of slippers*, arm in arm. Many were their tumbles and many their mischances before they reached their selected resting place.

"I can't stand this," said Linkum to his companion, as they were slipping and falling; "but it's mostly owing to my being so tall. I wish I was razee'd, and then it wouldn't happen. The awning posts almost knock the head off me; I'm always tumbling over wheelbarrows, dogs, and children, because, if I look down, I'm certain to knock my noddle against something above. It's a complete nuisance to be so tall. Beds are too short; if you go to a tea-fight, the people are always tumbling over

your trotters, and breaking their noses, which is what young ladies ain't partial to; and if you tipple too much toddy of a slippery night—about as easy a thing to do as you'd wish to try—you're sure to get a hyst a square long—just such a one as I've had. If I'd thought of it, I could have said the multiplication table while I was going the figure. Stumpy chaps, such as you, ain't got no troubles in this world."

"That's all you know about it," puffed Brevis, as Linkum alternately jerked him from his feet, and then caused him to slide in the opposite direction, with his heels ploughing the ice, like a shaft horse holding back: "phew! That's all you know about it—stumpies have troubles."

"I can't borrow coats," added Linkum, soliloquizing, "because I don't like cuffs at the elbows. I can't borrow pants, because it isn't the fashion to wear knee-breeches, and all my stockings are socks. I can't hide when anybody owes me a lambasting. You can see me a mile. When I sit by the fire, I can't get near enough to warm my body, without burning my knees; and in a stage-coach, there's no room between the benches, and the way you get the cramp—don't mention it."

"I don't know nothing about all these things; but to imagine I was a tall chap——"

"Don't try; you'll hurt yourself, for it's a great stretch of imagination for a little feller to do that."

After which amicable colloquy, nothing more was heard of them, except that, before retiring to rest, they chuckled over the idea that the coming spring would sweat the ice to death for the annoyance it had caused them But ever while they live, will they remember "the night of hysts."

INDECISION.

"An obstinate temper is very disagreeable, particularly in a wife; a passionate one very shocking in a child; but for one's own particular comfort, Heaven help the possessor of an irresolute one!—Its day of hesitation—its night of repentance—the mischief it does—the misery it feels!—its proprietor may well say, 'Nobody can tell what I suffer but myself!'"

We know not to whom the remarks above quoted are to be attributed, but every observer of human actions will acquiesce in their justice. There are few misfortunes greater than the possession of an irresolute mind. Other afflictions are temporary in their nature; the most inveterate of chronic diseases leaves the patient his hours of comfort; but he who lacks decision of character must cease to act altogether before he can be released from the suffering it occasions. It is felt, whether the occasion be great or small, whenever there is more than one method of arriving at the same end, and it veers like a *girouette* at the aspect of alternatives. One can scarcely go so far as the poet, who quaintly says:

> "*It needs but this, be bold, bold, bold;*
> *'Tis every virtue told—*
> *Honour and truth, humanity and skill,*
> *The noblest charity the mind can will.*"

But the lines are pregnant with meaning. The curse of indecision impedes the growth of virtue, and renders our best powers comparatively inoperative.

It would certainly be the parent of interminable confusion if all men were qualified to lead in the affairs of the world. The impulse to direct and to command is almost irrepressible. He who is born with it instinctively places himself at the head of a movement, and clutches the baton of authority as if it had been his plaything from infancy. Even in the sports of childhood, the controlling and master spirit of the merry group is to be detected at a glance; and, if three men act together for a day, the leading mind discovers and assumes its place. The inferior in mental power sink rapidly to their appropriate station; the contemplation of an emergency tends to convince them that they are incompetent to head the column, and, although they may grumble a little, they soon fall quietly into the ranks. It, therefore, would not answer if all men had that self-reliance and that iron will which are the essential ingredients in the composition of a leading mind. The community would be broken up into a mob of generals, with never a soldier to be had for love or money. There would be no more harmony extant than there is in the vocal efforts of a roomfull of bacchanalians, when each man singeth his own peculiar song, and hath no care but that he may be louder than his boon companions. Our time would be chiefly spent in trying to disprove the axiom, that when two men ride a horse one must ride behind. Each pony in the field would have riders enough; but, instead of jogging steadily toward any definite end, he who was in the rear would endeavour to clamber to the front, and thus a species of universal leap-frog would be the order of the day. Great results could not be achieved, for action in masses would be a thing unheard of, and the nations would be a collection of unbound sticks.

Yet the cultivation of the energies to a certain extent

is a matter of import to the welfare and happiness of every individual. We are frequently placed in circumstances in which it is necessary to be our own captain-general; and, with all deference to the improving spirit of the time, and to the labours of the many who devote themselves to the advancement of education, it must be confessed that the energies do not always receive the attention to which they are entitled. It is true there is an abundance of teaching; we can scarcely move without coming in contact with a professor of something, who, in the plenitude of his love for his fellows, promises, for the most trifling consideration, to impart as much if not more than he knows himself, in a time so incredibly short that, if we were not aware of the wonder-working power of the high pressure principle, we should not believe it; but no one has yet appeared in the useful character of a "Professor of Decision"—no one has yet thought it a good speculation to teach in six lessons of an hour each, the art of being able without assistance speedily to make up the mind upon a given subject, and to keep it made up, like a well-packed knapsack. There are arithmeticians and algebraists in plenty; but the continent may be ranged without finding him who can instruct us how to solve, as Jack Downing would express it, a "tuff sum" in conduct, and to act unflinchingly upon the answer; and ingenuity has discovered no instrument to screw the mind to the sticking place. Now, although humility may be a very amiable characteristic, and deference to the opinions of others a very pleasing trait, yet promptness in decision and boldness in action form the best leggins with which to scramble through the thistles and prickles of active life; and a professor of the kind alluded to would doubtless have many pupils from the ranks of those who have, by virtue of sundry tears

and scratches, become anxious for a pair of nether integuments of that description. At least, he might rely upon

DUBERLY DOUBTINGTON,

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T MAKE UP HIS MIND

"LEAH, tell your master dinner's been waiting for him this hour."

"He can't come, mem;—the man's with him yet, mem."

"What man?"

"The solumcolly man, mem;—the man that stays so long, and is always so hard to go."

Every one who has visiters is aware of the great difference among them in the matter referred to by Leah. In fact, they may be divided into two classes—visiters who are "easy to go" and administer themselves, according to Hahnemann, in homœopathic doses, and visiters who are "hard to go," and are exhibited in quantity, in conformity with regular practice.

The individual who was guilty of keeping Mr. Edax Rerum from his dinner was Duberly Doubtington, a man who couldn't make up his mind—a defect of character which rendered him peculiarly hard to go, and made him responsible for having caused many to eat their mutton cold. It was Juliet who found,

> *"Parting such sweet sorrow,*
> *That she could say good night till it be morrow;"*

and Duberly's farewells are equally interminable. When he has once fairly effected a lodgment, he is rooted to

the spot. It is as difficult for him to go off, as it frequently is for stage heroes to make their pistols shoot. But, though it is hard for him to go, yet he finds it quite easy to be hours in going. By way of preparation, he first reaches his hat, and "smooths its raven down." He then lays it aside again for the greater convenience of drawing on a glove, and that operation being completed, the gauntlet is speedily drawn off that he may adjust his side-locks. Much time being consumed in these interesting preliminaries, he has no difficulty at all in employing an additional hour when once fairly upon his legs. He discourses over the back of his chair, he pauses at the parlour door, he hesitates in the hall, and rallies manfully on the outer steps. The colder the weather the more determined his grasp upon his victim, having decidedly the advantage over the resident of the mansion, in being hatted, coated, and gloved. In this way, indeed, he deserves a medal from the faculty for cutting out doctor's work, especially in influenza times.

The straps and buckles of Duberly's resolution will not hold, no matter how tightly he may pull them up, and he has suffered much in the unphilosophic attempt to sit upon two stools. When he starts upon a race, an unconsidered shade of opinion is sure to catch him by the skirt, and draw him back. He is, in a measure, Fabian in policy. He shifts his position continually, and never hazards an attack. His warfare is a succession of feints and unfinished demonstrations, and he has been aptly likened to a leaden razor, which looks sharp enough, but will turn in the cutting. He is in want of a pair of mental spectacles; for he has a weakness in the optic nerve of his mind's eye which prevents him, in regarding the future, from seeing beyond the nose of the present movement. The chemistry of events, which

figures out ulterior results from immediate combination and instant action, is a science as yet unknown to Duberly, Doubtington. He cannot tell what to think; he knows not what to do. The situations in which he is placed have never occurred to him before; the lights of experience are wanting, and he is therefore perplexed in the labyrinth. Like the fabled coffin of Mohammed, he is always in a state of "betweenity." He is, in short, as a forcible writer well observes, one of those unfortunate people who seldom experience "*the sweet slumber of a decided opinion.*"

Such is the moral man of Duberly Doubtington, and his physical man betrays traits of indecision equally as strong. He tries to encourage his heart by cocking his beaver *à la militaire*, but its furry fierceness cannot contradict the expression of the features it surmounts. His eyebrows form an uncertain arch, rising nearly an inch above the right line of determination, and the button of his nose is so large and blunt as to lend any thing but a penetrating look to his countenance. His under lip droops as if afraid to clench resolutely with its antagonist; and his whiskers hang dejectedly down, instead of bristling like a *chevaux de frise* toward the outer angle of the eye. The hands of Mr. Doubtington always repose in his pockets, unwilling to trust to their own means of support, and he invariably leans his back against the nearest sustaining object. When he walks, his feet shuffle here and there so dubiously that one may swear they have no specific orders where to go; and so indefinite are the motions of his body, that even the tails of his coat have no characteristic swing. They look, not like Mr. Doubtington's coat-tails, but like coat-tails in the abstract—undecided coat-tails, that have not yet got the hang of anybody's back, and have acquired no

more individuality than those which dangle at the shop doors in Water street.

Duberly Doubtington was at one time tolerably comfortable in his pecuniary circumstances. His father had been successful in trade, and, of course, thought it unnecessary to teach his children to make up their minds about any thing but enjoying themselves. This neglect, however, proved fatal to the elder Doubtington.

That worthy individual being taken one warm summer afternoon with an apoplectic fit, the younger Doubtington was so perplexed whether or not to send for a physician and if he did, what physician should be called in—whether he should or should not try to bleed him with a penknife, and whether it was most advisable to have him put to bed up stairs or to leave him upon the sofa down stairs,—that the old gentleman, being rather pressed for time, could not await the end of the debate, and quietly slipped out of the world before his son could make up his mind as to the best method of keeping him in it. In fact, it was almost a chance that the senior Doubtington obtained sepulture at all, as Duberly could not make up his mind where that necessary business should take place; and he would have been balancing the pros and cons of the question to this day, if some other person, more prompt of decision, had not settled the matter.

Duberly Doubtington was now his own master. There were none entitled to direct, to control, or to advise him. He was the Phæton of his own fortunes, and could drive the chariot where he pleased. But, although he had often looked forward to this important period with much satisfaction, and had theorised upon it with great delight, yet in practice he found it not quite so well adapted to his peculiar abilities as he thought it would

be. A share of decision is required even by those who are placed beyond the necessity of toiling for bread. The disposition of his means frequently called on him to resolve upon a definite course.

"I regard it as a very fair investment, Mr. Doubtington," said his broker; "your money is useless where it is."

'But, what do you advise?—under the circumstances, what should I do?" replied Duberly.

"Of course, I don't pretend to direct. I want no unnecessary responsibility. There's no knowing what may happen these slippery times. I think the chance a good one; but make up your mind about it."

There are people who talk about making up one's mind as if it were a task as easy as to eat a dinner, or as if it were as purely mechanical as driving a nail, or putting on a pair of old familiar boots.

"I pay that man for attending to my business," muttered Duberly, "and yet he has the impudence to tell me to make up my mind!—That's the very thing I want him to do for me. The tailor makes my clothes—Sally makes my bed—nature makes my whiskers, and John makes my fires; yet I must be bothered to make up my mind about money matters! I can't—the greatest nuisances alive are these responsibility shifting people; and, if some one would tell me who else to get to attend to my business, I'd send that fellow flying."

Difficult, however, as he supposed it would be, Duberly at length found a gentleman manager of his pecuniary affairs, who never troubled him to make up his mind, with what results shall appear anon.

Duberly could not resolve whether it was the best policy to travel first in the old world or in the new, and he therefore did neither; but as time is always heavy on

the hands of those who have much of it at disposal, and as it is difficult to lounge eternally at home, or in the street, he slowly established what the Scotch call a "howf" for each portion of the day. In the morning he dozed over the newspapers at a reading room; between noon and the dinner hour, he lolled upon three chairs at the office of his friend Capias the lawyer, by way of facilitating that individual's business; the afternoon was divided between whittling switches at home and riding to some popular resort, where he cut his name upon the table. In the evening, if he did not yawn at the theatre, he visited some hospitable mansion, where the elders were good natured and the juniors agreeable.

At the house of Mrs. St. Simon Sapsago, a bouncing widow, with a dashing son, and a pair of daughters, Mr. Duberly Doubtington was invariably well received; for, although he could not make up his mind, he was in other respects so "eligible" that Mrs. St. Simon Sapsago was always pleased to see him, and willing that he should either listen or talk as much as he liked within her doors. Miss Ethelinda St. Simon Sapsago was a very pretty girl; and, for some reason or other, comported herself so graciously to Duberly, that, when troubled to form a conclusion, he usually asked her advice, and to his great satisfaction, was sure to receive it in a comfortable, decisive way.

"Miss Ethelinda, I'm trying to make up my mind about coats; but I can't tell whether I like bright buttons or not. Nor do I know exactly which are the nicest colours. I do wish there was only one sort of buttons, and only one kind of colour; the way every thing is now, is so tiresome—one's perpetually bothered."

So Ethelinda St. Simon Sapsago, with her sweetest

smile, would give her views upon the subject, to Duberly's great delight. In fact, she was his "council's consistory;" or, as the Indians have it, she was his "sense-bearer," a very important item in the sum total of one's domestic relations.

But, though these consultations were very frequent, still Duberly said nothing to the purpose, notwithstanding the fact that every one looked upon it as a "settled thing," and wanted to know when it was to be. Duberly Doubtington, however, never dreamed of matrimony; or if he did, it only floated like a vague mist across the distant horizon of his speculative thoughts. He regarded it as a matter of course that, at some period or other, he should have a wife and children—just as we all expect either to be bald, or to have gray hairs, and to die: but he shivered at the idea of being called on to make up his mind on such a step. He had a faint hope that he would be married, as it were, imperceptibly; that it would, like old age, steal upon him by degrees, so that he might be used to it before he found it out. The connubial state, however, is not a one into which a Doubtington can slide by degrees; there is no such thing as being imperceptibly married, a fact of which Mrs. and Miss St. Simon Sapsago were fully aware, and, therefore, resolved to precipitate matters by awakening Duberly's jealousy.

Ethelinda became cold upon giving her advice on the subject of new coats and other matters. Indeed, when asked by Duberly whether she did not think it would be better for him to curtail his whiskers somewhat during the summer months, she went so far as to say that she didn't care what he did with them, and that she never had observed whether he wore huge corsair whiskers, or lawyerlike apologies. Duberly was shocked at a defection so flagrant on the part of his "sense-bearer."

Insult his whiskers!—he couldn't make up his mind what to think of it.

But still more shocked was he when he observed that she smiled upon Mr. Adolphus Fitzflam, who cultivated immense black curls, latitudinarian whiskers, black moustaches, with an *imperial* to match—Fitzflam, who made it the business of his life to "do the appalling," and out-haired everybody except the bison at the "Zoological Institute." Duberly felt uncomfortable; he was not in love—at least he had never found it out—but he was troubled with a general uneasiness, an oppression, a depression, and a want of appetite. "Gastric derangement," said the quack advertisements, and Duberly took a box of pills: "but one disease," said the newspapers, and Duberly swallowed another box of pills, but without relief. Whenever Fitzflam approached, the symptoms returned.

"I can't make up my mind about it," said Duberly; "but I don't think I like that buffalo fellow, Fitzflam Why don't they make him up into mattrasses, and stuff cushions with whatever's left?"

* * * * * *

"Mr. Doubtington, isn't Augustus Fitzflam a duck?" said Ethelinda one evening when they were left *tête-à-tête;* "such beautiful hair!"

"I can't tell whether he's a duck or not," said Duberly, dryly, "I haven't seen much more of him than the tip of his nose; but, if not a member of the goose family, he will some day share the fate of the man I saw at Fairmount—be drowned in his own *locks.*"

"But he looks so romantic—so piratical—as if he had something on his mind, never slept, and had a silent sorrow here"

"He had better try a box of the vegetable pills,' thought Duberly.

"Well, I do declare it's not surprising that so many have fallen in love with Adolphus Fitzflam," and Miss Ethelinda St. Simon Sapsago breathed a scarcely perceptible sigh.

Duberly started—his eyes were opened to his own complaint at once, and somehow or other, without making up his mind, he hurriedly declared himself.

"Speak to my ma," faintly whispered Miss Ethelinda St. Simon Sapsago.

"To-morrow," replied Duberly Doubtington, taking a tender, but rapid farewell.

Duberly was horror-struck at his own rashness. He tossed and rolled all night, trying to make up his mind as to the propriety of his conduct. He stayed at home all day for the same purpose, and the next day found him still irresolute.

"Mrs. St. Simon Sapsago's compliments, and wishes to know if Mr. Duberly Doubtington is ill."

"No!"

Three days more, and yet the mind of Mr. Doubtington was a prey to perplexity.

Mr. Julius St. Simon Sapsago called to ask the meaning of his conduct, and Duberly promised to inform him when he had made up his mind.

Mr. Adolphus Fitzflam, as the friend of Julius St. S. Sapsago, with a challenge.

"Leave your errand, boy," said Doubtington, angrily, 'and go."

Fitzflam winked at the irregularity, and retreated.

Duberly lighted a cigar with the cartel, and puffed away vigorously

'What's to be done?—marry, or be shot! I don't like either—at least, I've come to no conclusion on the subject. When I've made up my mind, I'll let 'em know—plenty of time."

No notice being taken of the challenge, Mr. Julius St. Simon Sapsago assaulted Mr. Doubtington in the street with a horsewhip, while Fitzflam stood by to enjoy the sport. There is nothing like a smart external application to quicken the mental faculties, and so our hero found it.

"Stop!" said he, dancing *à la Celeste.*

"You're a scoundrel!" cried Julius, and the whip cracked merrily.

"I've made up my mind!" replied Duberly, suddenly shooting his clenched fist into the countenance of the flagellating Julius, who turned a backward summerset over a wheelbarrow. Fitzflam lost his hat in an abrupt retreat up the street, and he was fortunate in his swiftness, for, "had all his hairs been lives," Duberly would have plucked them.

But, from this moment, the star of Duberly Doubtington began to wane. The case of Sapsago *versus* Doubtington, for breach of promise of marriage, made heavy inroads upon his fortune. His new man of business, who took the responsibility of managing his money affairs without pestering him for directions, sunk the whole of his cash in the Bubble and Squeak Railroad and Canal Company, incorporated with banking privileges Doubtington, therefore, for once was resolute, and turned politician; and in this capacity it was that he called upon Mr. Edax Rerum for his influence to procure him an office. He still lives in the hope of a place, but, unluckily for himself, can never make up his mind on which side to be zealous until the crisis is past and zeal is useless.

His last performance was characteristic. Having escorted the Hon. Phinkey Phunks to the steamboat, the vessel began to move before he had stepped ashore. He stood trembling on the brink. "Jump, you fool!" said a jarvey.—"Take keer—it's too fur!" said a news paper boy. The advice being balanced, Doubtington was perplexed, and, making a half step, as the distance widened, he plumped into the river. He was fished out almost drowned, and, as he stood streaming and wo-begone upon the wharf, while other less liquid patriots earned golden opinions by shouting, "Hurrah for Phunks!" imagination could scarcely conceive a more appropriate emblem of the results of indecision than that presented by Duberly Doubtington, a man who, had it been left to himself, would never have been in the world at all.

DILLY JONES;

OR, THE PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT

One of the most difficult things in the world is to run before the wind; and, by judiciously observing the changes of the weather, to avoid being thrown out. Fashion is so unsteady, and improvements are so rapid, that the man whose vocation yields him an abundant harvest now, may, in a few years, if he has not a keen eye, and a plastic versatility, find that his skill and his business are both useless. Many were the poor barbers shipwrecked by the tax upon hair-powder, and numerous were the leather breeches makers who were destroyed by the triumph of woollens. Their skill was doubtless very great, but it would not avail in a contest against the usages of the world; and unless they had the capacity to strike out a new course, they all shared the fate of their commodities, and retired to the dark cellars of popu lar estimation. Every day shows us the same principle of change at work, and no one has more reason to reflect and mourn about it than one Dilly Jones of this city. Dilly is not, perhaps, precisely the person who would be chronicled by the memoir writers of the time, or have a monument erected to him if he were no more; but Dilly is a man of a useful though humble vocation, and no one can saw hickory with more classic elegance, or sit upon

the curbstone and take his dinner with more picturesque effect.

Yet, as has been hinted above, Dilly has his sorrows, particularly at night, after a hard day's work, when his animal spirits have been exhausted by reducing gum logs to the proper measure. In the morning he is full of life and energy, feeling as if he could saw a cord of Shottowers, and snap the pillars of the Bank across his knee like pipe stems. In the full flush of confidence at that time of day, reflection batters against him in vain; but as the night draws on, Dilly feels exhausted and spiritless. His enthusiasm seems to disappear with the sun, and neither the moon nor the stars can cause high tide in the river of his mind. The current of his good spirits shrinks in its channel, leaving the gay and gorgeous barques of hope and confidence drearily ashore on the muddy flats; and his heart fails him as if it were useless longer to struggle against adversity.

It was in this mood that he was once seen travelling homeward, with his horse and saw fixed scientifically upon his shoulders. He meandered in his path in the way peculiar to men of his vocation, and travelled with that curvilinear elegance which at once indicates that he who practises it is of the wood-sawing profession, and illustrates the lopsided consequences of giving one leg more to do than the other. But Dilly was too melancholy on this occasion to feel proud of his professional air, and perhaps, had he thought of it, would have reproved the leg which performed the "sweep of sixty," for indulging in such graces, and thereby embarrassing its more humble brother, which, knowing that a right line is the shortest distance between two places, laboured to go straight to its destination. Dilly, however, had no

such stuff in his thoughts. His mind was reasoning from the past to the future, and was mournfully meditating upon the difficulties of keeping up with the changes of the times, which roll onward like a Juggernaut, and crush all who are not swift enough to maintain themselves in the lead. He wondered why fashions and customs should so continually change, and repined that he could not put a spoke in their wheel, that the trade of one's early days might likewise be the trade of one's latter years. So complete was his abstraction that he unconsciously uttered his thoughts aloud:

"Sawing wood's going all to smash," said he, "and that's where every thing goes what I speculates in. This here coal is doing us up. Ever since these black stones was brought to town, the wood-sawyers and pilers, and them soap-fat and hickory-ashes men, has been going down; and, for my part, I can't say as how I see what's to be the end of all their new-fangled contraptions. But it's always so; I'm always crawling out of the little end of the horn. I began life in a comfortable sort of a way; selling oysters out of a wheelbarrow, all clear grit, and didn't owe nobody nothing. Oysters went down slick enough for a while, but at last cellars was invented, and darn the oyster, no matter how nice it was pickled, could poor Dill sell; so I had to eat up capital and profits my self. Then the 'pepree pot smoking' was sot up, and went ahead pretty considerable for a time; but a parcel of fellers come into it, said my cats wasn't as good as their'n, when I know'd they was as fresh as any cats in the market; and pepree pot was no go. Bean soup was just as bad; people said kittens wasn't good done that way, and the more I hollered, the more the customers wouldn't come, and them what did, wanted tick. Along with the boys and their pewter fips, them what got trust

and didn't pay, and the abusing of my goods, I was soon fotch'd up in the victualling line—and I busted for the benefit of my creditors. But genius riz. I made a raise of a horse and saw, after being a wood-piler's prentice for a while, and working till I was free, and now here comes the coal to knock this business in the head. My people's decent people, and I can't disgrace 'em by turning Charcoal Jemmy, or smashing the black stones with a pickaxe. They wouldn't let me into no society at all if I did."

The idea of being excluded from the upper circles of he society in which he had been in the habit of moving, fell heavily upon the heart of poor Dilly Jones. He imagined the curled lips and scornful glances of the aristocratic fair, who now listened with gratification to his compliments and to his soft nonsense; he saw himself passed unrecognised in the street—absolutely cut by his present familiar friends, and the thought of losing caste almost crushed his already dejected spirit.

The workings of his imagination, combined with the fatigue of his limbs, caused such exhaustion, that, dislodging his horse from his shoulder, he converted it into a camp-stool, seated himself under the lee of a shop window, and, after slinging his saw petulantly at a dog, gazed with vacant eyes upon the people who occasionally passed, and glanced at him with curiosity.

"Hey, mister!" said a shop-boy, at last, "I want to get shut of you, 'cause we're goin' to shet up. You're right in the way, and if you don't boom along, why Ben and me will have to play hysence, clearance, puddin's out with you afore you've time to chalk your knuckles—won't we, Ben?"

"We'll plump him off of baste before he can say fliance, or get a sneak. We're knuckle dabsters, both on us.

You'd better emigrate—the old man's coming, and if he finds you here, he'll play the mischief with you, before you can sing out 'I'm up if you knock it and ketch.'"

So saying, the two lads placed themselves one on each side of Dilly, and began swinging their arms with an expression that hinted very plainly at a forcible ejectment. Dilly, however, who had forgotten all that he ever knew of the phrases so familiar to those who scientifically understand the profound game of marbles, wore the puzzled air of one who labours to comprehend what is said to him. But the meaning became so apparent as not to be mistaken, when Ben gave a sudden pull at the horse which almost dismounted the rider.

"Don't be so unfeelin'," ejaculated Dilly, as he clutched the cross-bars of his seat; "don't be unfeelin', for a man in grief is like a wood-piler in a cellar—mind how you chuck, or you'll crack his calabash."

"Take care of your calabash then," was the grinning response; "you must skeete, even if you have to cut high-dutchers with your irons loose, and that's no fun."

"High-dutch yourself, if you know how; only go 'way from me, 'cause I ain't got no time."

"Well," said the boys, "haven't we caught you on our payment?—what do you mean by crying here—what do you foller when you're at home?"

"I works in wood; that's what I foller."

"You're a carpenter, I s'pose," said Ben, winking at Tom.

"No, not exactly; but I saws wood better nor any half dozen loafs about the drawbridge. If it wasn't for grief, I'd give both of you six, and beat you too the best day you ever saw, goin' the rale gum and hickory—for I don't believe you're gentlemen's sons; nothin' but poor

trash—half and half—want to be and can't, or you wouldn't keep a troubling of me."

"Gauley, Ben, if he isn't a wharf-rat! If you don't trot, as I've told you a'ready, boss will be down upon you and fetch you up like a catty on a cork-line—jerk!"

"That's enough," replied Dilly; "there's more places nor one in the world—at least there is yet; new fashions haven't shut up the streets yet, and obligated people to hire hackney balloons if they want to go a walkin', or omnibus boardin' houses when they want a fip's worth of dinner, or a levy's worth of sleep. Natural legs is got some chance for a while anyhow, and a man can get along if he ain't got clock-vurks to make him go.

'I hope, by'm'by," added Dill scornfully, as he marched away from the chuckling lads, "that there won't be no boys to plague people. I'd vote for that new fashion myself. Boys is luisances, accordin' to me."

He continued to soliloquize as he went, and his last observations were as follows:

"I wonder, if they wouldn't list me for a Charley? Hollering oysters and bean soup has guv' me a splendid woice; and instead of skeering 'em away, if the thieves were to hear me singing out, my style of doing it would almost coax 'em to come and be took up. They'd feel like a bird when a snake is after it, and would walk up, and poke their coat collars right into my fist. Then, after a while, I'd perhaps be promoted to the fancy business of pig ketching, which, though it is werry light and werry elegant, requires genus. Tisn't every man that can come the scientifics in that line, and has studied the nature of a pig, so as to beat him at canœuvering, and make him surrender 'cause he sees it ain't no use of doing nothing It wants larning to conwince them critters, and it's only

to be done by heading 'em up handsome, hopping which ever way they hop, and tripping 'em up genteel by shaking hands with their off hind leg. I'd scorn to pull their tails out by the roots, or to hurt their feelin's by dragging 'em about by the ears.

'But what's the use? If I was listed, they'd soon find out to holler the hour and to ketch the thieves by steam; yes, and they'd take 'em to court on a railroad, and try 'em with biling water. They'll soon have black locomotives for watchmen and constables, and big bilers for judges and mayors. Pigs will be ketched by steam, and will be biled fit to eat before they are done squealing. By and by, folks won't be of no use at all. There won't be no people in the world but tea kettles; no mouths, but safety valves; and no talking, but blowing off steam. If I had a little biler inside of me, I'd turn omnibus, and week-days I'd run from Kensington to the Navy Yard, and Sundays I'd run to Fairmount."

THE FLESHY ONE

"'Twas fat, not fate, by which Napoleon fell."

THERE is a little man in a sister city—there are little men in most cities—but the one now on the tapis is a peculiar little man—a fat little man. He is one who may be described as a person about five feet—five feet high and very nearly five feet thick, bearing much resemblance to a large New England pumpkin stuck upon a pair of beets. When he lies down to sleep, were it not for his nose at one extremity and his toes at the other, the spectator would naturally suppose that he was standing upright under the cover. When he descends the stairs, he might as well roll on his side as fatigue himself with walking; and, as for tumbling down as other people tumble down, that is out of the question with Berry Huckel, or Huckel Berry, as he is sometimes called, because of his roundness. Should he, however, chance to trip,—which he is apt to do, not being able to reconnoitre the ground in the vicinity of his feet,—before he achieves a fair start from the perpendicular, his "corporosity" touches the ground which his hands in vain attempt to reach, and he remains, until helped up, in the position of a schoolboy stretching himself over a cotton bale. Had he been the Lucius Junius of antiquity, the Pythia would never have been so silly as to advise him to kiss his mother earth; for

unless his legs are tilted up by some one like the handles of a wheelbarrow, Berry Huckel can never bite the dust. He cannot fall on his nose—that glorious privilege has been denied to men of his periphery; but when enjoying moderate serenity of mind, he is always able to sleep o' nights, therein having no trifling advantage over your Seurats, your Edsons, your walking anatomies, whose aspect is a reproach to those who have the feeding of them.

But biographical accuracy, and a desire that future generations may not be misled as to those important facts which make up the aggregate of history, render it necessary to avow that these fleshy attributes worry Mr. Berry Huckel. He cannot look upon the slender longitude of a bean-pole, he cannot observe the attenuated extent of a hop-stick, or regard the military dandyism of a greyhound's waist, without experiencing emotions of envy, and wishing that he had himself been born to the same lankiness of figure, the same emaciation of contour. He rejoices not in his dimensions, and, contrary to all rules in physical science, believes that what he gains in weight, he loses in importance. It must, however, be confessed that he has some reason for discontent. He cannot wear shoes, for he must have assistance to tie them, and other fingers than his own to pull them up at heel. Boots are not without their vexations, although he has a pair of long hooks constructed expressly for his own use; and should a mosquito bite his knee—which mosquitoes are apt to do—it costs him a penny to hire a boy to scratch it. Berry is addicted to literature, and once upon a time could write tolerable verses, when he was thin enough to sit so near a table as to be able to write upon it. But this is not the case at present. His body is too large, and his arms too short, for such an achievement.

It is happily so arranged that the mind of man in general accommodates itself to circumstances. We become reconciled to that which is beyond remedy, and at length scarcely bestow a thought upon subjects which, when new, were sources of much disquietude and annoyance. In fact, owing to the compensating principle so often acted on by nature, it is by no means rare to find vanity flourishing most luxuriantly in those who have least cause to entertain the feeling. The more numerous our defects, the greater is our self-satisfaction and thus the bitterness and discontent that might be engendered by a knowledge that in mental or in physical gifts we are far inferior to the majority of mankind, are harmlessly and pleasantly prevented. Who so happy as the simpleton, who is unconscious of any difference between himself and the superior spirits with whom he is thrown in contact, and who would smilingly babble his *niaiseries* in the presence of the assembled wisdom of the world? Who look more frequently or with greater delight into the mirror, than they who have in truth but little reason to be gratified with the object it reflects?—and who indulge more in personal adornment than they in whom it would be the best policy to avoid display, and to attract the least possible attention to their outward proportions? The ugly man is apt to imagine that the fair are in danger of being smitten with him at first sight, and perhaps—but we do not pretend to much knowledge on this branch of the subject, though suspecting, contrary to the received opinion, that the masculine gender are much more liable to the delusions of conceit than the softer sex, and that the guilty, having a more perfect command of the public ear, have in this instance, as in many others, charged their own sins upon the guiltless—perhaps plain women are to a certain extent

subject to the same imputation. But who, even if he had the power, would be so unfeeling as to dissolve the charm and dissipate the "glamour" which is so potent in making up the estimate, when we sit in judgment on ourselves? Who, indeed, could do it safely?—for every one is indebted to the witchery of self-deception for no small portion of the comfortable sensations that strew flowers on his path through life; and it would be the height of cruelty if the "giftie" desired by Burns were accorded, enabling us to "see oursels as ithers see us." It was—had it been carried out to its full extent—an unkind offer, that of Cassius to play the moral looking-glass to his brother conspirator, and "show that to himself which he yet knew not of." If true and unrelenting in its office, such a looking-glass would be in danger of a fracture, and it would have the alternatives of being either considered as a malicious exaggerator, or as a mere falsifier that delights to wound.

But digression is a runaway steed,—all this bears but slantingly on Berry Huckel, and they who love not generalizing, may substitute for it the individual specification that, owing to the comforting operation of custom, even Berry might not have troubled himself on the score of the circumstantial and substantial fat by which he is enveloped, had it not been that in addition to an affection for himself, he had a desire that he should be equally esteemed by another. In short, Berry discovered, like many other people, that his sensibilities were expansive as well as his figure—that it was not all sufficient to happiness to love one's self, and that his heart was more than a sulky, being sufficient to carry two. Although so well fenced in, his soul was to be reached, and when reached, it was peculiarly susceptible of soft impressions "The blind bow-boy's butt-shaft" never had a better mark

In love, however, like does not consort with like either in complexion, in figure, or in temper, or each race would preserve its distinct lineage with the regularity of the stripes upon the tartan. The fiery little man—little men are almost always fiery, a fact which can only be accounted for on the theory, that whether the individual be big or little, he contains the same quantity of the electro-magnetism of vitality, or in other words, of the spirit of life,—this spirit in a large body, having a greater amount of matter to animate, cannot afford to flash and blaze except on extraordinary occasions—while, being superabundant in the smaller figure, it has a surplus on hand, which stimulates to restlessness and activity, engenders warmth and irritability of temper, and is always ready for explosion—thus, the fiery little man is apt to become attached to beauty upon a large scale. He loves by the ton, and will have no idol but one that he must look up to. By such means the petulance of diminutiveness is checked and qualified by the phlegmatic calmness and repose of magnitude. The walking tower, on the contrary, who shakes the earth with his ponderous tread, dreams of no other lady-love except those miniature specimens of nature's handiwork, who move with the lightness of the gossamer, and seem more like the creation of a delightful vision than tangible reality. In this, sombre greatness asks alleviation from the butterfly gayety which belongs to the figure of fairy mould. The swarthy bend the knee to those of clear and bright complexion, and your Saxon blood seeks the "dark-eyed one" to pay its devotions. The impulse of nature leads to those alliances calculated to correct faults on both sides, and to prevent their perpetuity. The grave would associate with the gay, the short pine for the tall, the fat for the lean, the sulky for the sunny—

the big covet the little; and, if our philosophy be not always borne out by the result, it is because circumstance or accident counteracts instinct, or that the cases cited form exceptions to the rule without impairing its force. A true theorist always leaves the wicket of escape open behind him.

At all events, Berry Huckel was in the strictest conformity to the rule. His affections were set upon lathiness, and if he could not fall in love, he certainly contrived to roll himself into it.

He was indulging himself in a walk on a pleasant day, and, as usual, was endeavouring to dance along and to skip over the impediments in the path, for the purpose of persuading himself that he was a light and active figure, and that if any change were going on in his corporal properties, it was a favourable one, when an event occurred which formed an era in his life. He twirled his little stick,—a big one would have looked as if he needed support,—and, pushing a boy with a basket aside, attempted to hop over a puddle which had formed on the crossing at the corner of the street. The evolution, however, was not so skilfully achieved as it would have been by any one of competent muscle who carried less weight. Berry's foot came down "on the margin of fair Zurich's waters," and caused a terrible splash, sending the liquid mud about in every direction.

"Phew!" puffed Berry, as he recovered himself, and looked with a doleful glance at the melancholy condition in which his vivacity had left his feet.

"Splut!" ejaculated the boy with the basket, as he wiped the mud out of his eyes. "Jist let me ketch you up our alley, that's all, puddy-fat!"

"Ah!" shrieked Miss Celestina Scraggs, a very tall ady, and particularly bony, as she regarded the terrible

spots and stains with which Berry had disfigured her dress: "what a pickle!"

Berry turned round at the voice of a female in distress, and the sight of her went to his heart like an arrow. Miss Celestina Scraggs was precisely his beau ideal of what a woman should be—not perhaps in countenance, but her figure was the very antipodes of his own, and he felt that his time was come. As for face and a few more years than are desirable, Berry cared not, if the lady were tall enough and thin enough, and in the individual before him he saw both those qualities combined.

"My dear madam," said Berry, ducking his head after the semblance of a bow, and raising his hat with a graceful curve—"my dear madam, I beg ten thousand pardons. Allow me, if you please," continued he, observing that she paid no attention to his speech, and was attempting to shake off the looser particles of mud, an operation in which Berry ventured to assist.

"Let me alone, sir—I wonder at your impudence," was the indignant reply, and Miss Celestina Scraggs floated onward, frowning indignantly, and muttering as she went—"First splash a body, and then insult a body! Pretty pickle,—nice situation! fat bear!"

Berry remained in attitude, his hat in one hand and his handkerchief with which he would have wiped the injured dress in the other. The scorn of the lady had no other effect on him than that of riveting his chains.

"Hip-helloo, you sir!" shouted an omnibus driver from his box, as he cracked his whip impatiently; "don't stand in the middle of the street all day a blockin' up the gangvay, or I'll drive right over you—blamenation if I don't!"

"Shin it, good man!" ejaculated a good-natured urchin; "shin it as well as you know how!"

The qualification was a good one, Berry not being well calculated for a "shinner" of the first class. So starting from his revery, he hastened to escape "as well as he knew how," and, placing his hat once more upon his head, he resolved to follow the injured lady to ascertain her residence, and to devise ways and means of seeking her favour under better auspices. He hurried up the street with breathless haste, forming a striking resemblance to the figure which a turtle would present if walking a match against time on its hinder flippers.

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Passing over intermediate circumstances, it will suffice to say that Mr. Berry Huckel discovered the residence of Miss Scraggs, and that, by perseverance, he obtained an introduction according to etiquette. The more he saw of her the more thoroughly did he become fascinated; but Miss Scraggs showed no disposition to receive his suit with any symptoms of favour. She scornfully rejected his addresses, chiefly because, although having no objection to a moderate degree of plumpness, his figure was much too round to square with her ideas of manly beauty and gentility of person. In vain did he plead the consuming passion, which, like the purest anthracite with the blower on, flamed in his bosom and consumed his vitals. Miss Scraggs saw no signs of spontaneous combustion in his jolly form; and Miss Scraggs, who is "as tall and as straight as a poplar tree," declared that she could not marry a man who would hang upon her arm like a bucket to a pump. That he was not a grenadier in height might have been forgiven; but to be short and "roly-poly" at the same time! Miss Seraphina Scraggs could not think of it—she would faint at the idea.

Berry became almost desperate. He took lessons on

the flute, and trolled forth melancholy lays beneath the lady's casement, to try the effect of dulcet sounds upon a hard heart; but having been informed from a neighbouring window that fifer-boys were not wanted in that street, and that no nuisances would be tolerated, he abandoned music in despair; and having consulted a physician as to the best method of reducing corpulency, he went to the Gymnasium, and endeavoured to climb poles and swing upon bars for hours at a time. But the unhappy Berry made but little progress, and in his unskilful efforts having damaged his nose and caused temporary injury to the beauty of his frontispiece, he gave up the design of making himself an athlete by that species of exercise. For sparring, he found that he had no genius at all, his wind being soon exhausted, and his body being such pleasant practice that his opponents never knew when to be done hitting at one whose frame gave no jarring to the knuckles. It was, however, picturesque to see Berry with the gloves on, accoutred for the fray, and squaring himself to strike and parry at his own figure in the glass. Deliberation and the line of beauty were in all his movements. Not obtaining his end in this way, he tried dieting and a quarter at dancing school; but short-commons proved too disagreeable, and his gentle agitations to the sound of the fiddle, as he *chassez'd*, *coupez'd*, *jetez'd*, and *balancez'd* only increased his appetite and added to his sorrows. Besides, his landlady threatened to discharge him for damaging the house, and alarming the sleepers by his midnight repetitions of the lessons of the day. As he lay in bed wakeful with thought, he would suddenly, as he happened to remember that every moment was of importance for the reduction of his dimensions, slide out upon the floor, and make tremendous efforts at a perform

ance of the "pigeon-wing," each thump resounding like the report of a cannon, and causing all the glasses in the row to rattle as if under the influence of an earthquake. On one occasion indeed—it was about two o'clock in the morning—the whole house was roused by a direful, and, until then, unusual uproar in the chamber of Berry Huckel—a compound of unearthly singing and of appalling knocks on the floor. The boldest, having approached the door to listen, applied their ears to the keyhole, and heard as follows: "Turn out your toes—forward two—tol-de-rol-tiddle (*thump*)—tiddle (*bump*)—twiddle (*bang!*)—cross over—tiddle (*whack*)—twiddle (*smack*)—tiddle (*crack*)—twiddle (*bang!*)"

(*Rap! rap! rap!*) "Good gracious, Mr. Huckel, what's the meaning of all this?—are you crazy?"

"No, I'm dancing—*balancez!*—tiddle (*bump*)—tiddle (*thump*)—tiddle (*bang!*)"

Crash! splash! went the basin-stand, and the boarders rushing in, found Berry Huckel in "the garb of old Gaul," stumbling amid the fragments he had caused by his devotions to the graces. He was in disgrace for a week, and always laboured under the imputation of having been a little *non-com* on that occasion; but with love to urge him on, what is there that man will not strive to accomplish?

* * * * * *

Berry's dancing propensity led him to various balls and hops; and on one of these occasions, he met Miss Scraggs in all her glory, but as disdainful as ever. After bowing to her with that respectful air, which intimated that the heart he carried, though lacerated by her conduct, was still warm with affection, he took a little weak lemonade, which, as he expressed it, was the appropriate tipple for gentlemen in his situation, and then

placed himself immediately under the fiddlers, leaning against the wall in a despairing attitude, arms carelessly crossed, a handkerchief dangling negligently from his little finger, his mouth half open, and his eyes now fixed with resignation upon the ceiling, and anon dropping misanthropically to the ground. The *tout ensemble* was touching in the extreme, but Miss Scraggs only smiled derisively when her eyes fell upon her dejected lover

Berry, however, finding that this would not do, cheered himself with wine, and danced furiously at every opportunity. Gracefully glided the dancers, merrily twinkled their feet, and joyously squeaked the fiddles, as Berry, late in the evening, panting with his previous Terpsichorean exertions, resolved to have a chat with the obdurate Seraphina, and solicited the honour of her fair hand for the next set.

"Mons'us warm, miss," said Berry, by way of opening the conversation in a novel and peculiarly elegant way, "mons'us warm, and dancing makes it mons'usser."

"Very mons'us," replied Miss Scraggs, glancing at him from head to foot with rather a satirical look, for Miss Scraggs is disposed to set up for a wit; "very mons'us, indeed. But you look warm, Mr. Huckel—hadn't you better try a little punch? It will agree with your figure."

"Punch!" exclaimed Berry, in dismay, as he started back three steps—"Oh, Judy!"

He rushed to the refreshment room to cool his fever—he snatched his hat from its dusky guardian, forgetting to give him a "levy," and hurriedly departed.

It was not many hours afterwards that Berry—his love undiminished, and his knowledge refreshed that gymnastics are a remedy against exuberance of flesh—was seen

"Mons'us warm, Miss; and dancing makes it mons'usser."—*Book* I, *page* 110.

with his hat upon a stepping stone in front of a house in Chestnut street, labouring with diligence at jumping over both the stone and the chapeau. But the heaviness of his heart seemed to rob his muscles of their elasticity. He failed at each effort, and kicked his hat into the middle of the street.

"Phew!" said he, "my hat will be ruinationed to all intents and purposes. Oh! if I wasn't so fat, I might be snoozing it off at the rate of nine knots instead of tiring myself to death. Fat ain't of no use, but on the contrary. Fat horses, fat cows, and fat sheep are respected accordin', but fat men are respected disaccordin'. Folks laugh—the gals turn up their noses, and Miss Scraggs punches my feelings with a personal insinuation. Punch! oh my!—It's tiresome, to be sure, to jump over this 'ere, but it's a good deal tiresomer to be so jolly you can't jump at all, and can't even jump into a lady's affeckshins. So here's at it agin. Warn'ee wunst! warn'ee twy'st! warn'ee three times—all the way home!'

Berry stooped low, swinging his arms with a pendulum motion at each exclamation, and was about assuming the salient attitude of the pound of butter which Dawkins, for want of a heavier missile, threw at his wife, when he was suddenly checked by the arrival of a fellow boarder, who exclaimed, "Why, Berry, what *are* you at?"

"Don't baulk, good man—I say, don't baulk—but now you have done it, can you jump over that 'ere hat, fair standing jump, with a brick in each hand—none of your long runs and hop over?—kin you do it?—answer me that!" queried Berry, as he blew in his hands, and then commenced flapping his arms *à la* wood-sawyer.

"Perhaps I might—but it won't do for us to be cutting rusties here at this time o' night. You had better sing mighty small, I tell you."

'Pooh! pooh! don't be redickalis. The doctor says if I don't exercise, I'll be smothered; and Miss Scraggs called me punch, and won't have me—I'm jumping for my life, and for my wife too."

"You d better go prentice to Jeames Crow," said his friend Brom, dryly, "and learn the real scientifics."

"It would make me laugh," replied Berry, gravely; "such as you can afford to laugh and get fat, but I can't. I've jumped six fireplugs a' ready, and I'll jump over that 'ere hat before I go home—I'm be blowed out bigger if I don't. Now squat, Brom—squat down, and see if I go fair. Warn'ee wunst—"

"You're crazy!" answered Brom, losing all patience, "you're a downright noncompusser. I haven't seen a queerer fellow since the times of 'Zacchy in the meal-bag;' and if you go on as you have lately, it's my opinion that your relations shouldn't let you run at large."

"That's what I complain of—I can't run any other way than at large; but if you'll let me alone, I'll try to jump myself smaller. So clear out, skinny, and let me practyse. Warn'ee wunst!—"

"You'd better come home, and make no bones about it."

"Bones! I ain't got any. I'm a boned turkey. If you do make me go home, you can't say you boned me. I've seen the article, but I never had any bones myself."

This was, to all appearance, true enough, but his persecutor did not take the joke. Berry is, in a certain sense, good stock. He would yield a fat dividend; but. though so well incorporated, no "bone-us" for the pri vilege is forthcoming.

"Yes, you're fat enough, and I'm sorry to say, you're queer enough too; queer is hardly a name for you. You must be taken care of, and go home at once, or I'll call assistance."

'Well, if I must, I must—that's all. But if I get the popperplexy, and don't get Miss Scraggs, it's all your fault. You won't let me dance in my chamber—you won't let me jump over my hat—you won't let me do nothing. I can't get behind the counter to tend the customers, without most backing the side of the house out; but what do you care?—and now you want me to get fatter by going to sleep. By drat! I wouldn't wonder if I was to be ten pounds heavier in the morning. If I am, in the first place, I'll charge you for widening me and spoiling my clothes; and then—for if I get fatter, Miss Scraggs won't have me a good deal more than she won't now, and my hopes and affeckshins will be blighteder than they are at this present sitting—why, then, I'll sue you for breach of promise of marriage."

"Come along. There's too many strange people running about already. It's time you were thinned off."

"That's jist exactly what I want; I wish you could thin me off," sobbed Berry, as he obeyed the order; but he was no happier in the morning. Miss Seraphina Scraggs continues obdurate, for her worst fears are realized. He still grows fatter, though practising "warn'ee wunst" at all convenient opportunities.

GARDEN THEATRICALS.

Man is an imitative animal, and consequently, the distinguished success which has fallen to the lot of a few of our countrymen in the theatrical profession, has had a great effect in creating longings for histrionic honours. Of late years, *debuts* have been innumerable, and it would be a more difficult task than that prescribed by Orozimbo—"to count the leaves of yonder forest"—if any curious investigator, arguing from known to unknown quantities, were to undertake the computation of the number of Roscii who have not as yet been abl to effect their *coup d'essai.* In this quiet city—many as she has already given to the boards—multitudes are yet to be found, burning with ardour to "walk the plank," who, in their prospective dreams, nightly hear the timbers vocal with their mighty tread, and snuff the breath of immortality in the imaginary dust which answers to the shock. The recesses of the town could furnish forth hosts of youths who never thrust the left hand into a Sunday boot, preparatory to giving it the last polish, without jerking up the leg thereof with a Kean-like scowl, and sighing to think that it is not the well buffed gauntlet of crook'd Richard—lads, who never don their night gear for repose, without striding thus attired across their narrow dormitory, and for the nonce, believing themselves accoutred to "go on" for Rolla, or

the Pythagorean of Syracuse—two gentlemen who promenade in "cutty sarks," and are as indifferent about rheumatism as a Cupid horsed upon a cloud.

But in the times of which we speak, stage-struck heroes were rare. The theatrical mania was by no means prevalent. It went and came like the influenza, sometimes carrying off its victims; but they were not multitudinous. Our actors were chiefly importations. The day of native talent was yet in the gray of its morning—a few streakings or so, among the Tressels and Tyrells, but nothing tip-topping it in the zenith. There are, however, few generalities without an exception, and in those days, Theodosius Spoon had the honour to prove the rule by being an instance to the contrary.

Theodosius Spoon—called by the waggish *Tea-spoon*, and supposed by his admirers to be born for a stirring fellow—one who would whirl round until he secured for himself a large share of the sugar of existence—Theodosius Spoon was named after a Roman emperor—not by traditional nomenclature, which modifies the effect of the thing, but directly, "out of a history book" abridged by Goldsmith. It having been ascertained, in the first place, that the aforesaid potentate, with the exception of having massacred a few thousand innocent people one day, was a tolerably decent fellow for a Roman emperor, he was therefore complimented by having his name bestowed upon a Spoon. It must not, however, be thought that the sponsors were so sanguine as to entertain a hope that their youthful charge would ever reach the purple. Their aspirations did not extend so far; but being moderate in their expectations, they acted on the sound and well established principle that, as fine feathers make fine birds, fine names, to a certain extent, must

have an analogous effect—that our genius should be educed, as it were, by the appellation bestowed upon us; and that we should be so sagaciously designated that to whatever height fortune leads, fame, in speaking of us, may have a comfortable mouthful, and we have no cause under any circumstances to blush for our name. Mr. and Mrs. Spoon—wise people in their way—reasoned in the manner referred to. They were satisfied that a sonorous handle to one's patronymic acts like a balloon to its owner, and that an emaciated, every-day, threadbare cognomen—a Tom, Dick, and Harry denomination—is a mere dipsey, and must keep a man at the bottom. Coming to the application of the theory, they were satisfied that the homely though useful qualities of the spoon would be swallowed up in the superior attributes of Theodosius. That this worthy pair were right in the abstract is a self-evident proposition. Who, for instance, can meet with a Napoleon Bonaparte Mugg, without feeling that when the said Mugg is emptied of its spirit, a soul will have exhaled, which, had the gate of circumstance opened the way, would have played foot-ball with monarchs, and have wiped its brogues upon empires? An Archimedes Pipps is clearly born to be a "screw," and to operate extensively with "burning glasses," if not upon the fleets of a Marcellus, at least upon his own body corporate. While Franklin Fipps, if in the mercantile line, is pretty sure to be a great flier of kites, and a speculator in vapours, and such like fancy stocks. If the Slinkums call their boy Cæsar, it follows as a natural consequence that the puggish disposition of the family nose will, in his case, gracefully curve into the aquiline, and that the family propensity for the Fabian method of getting out of a scrape, will be Cæsarised into a valour, which at its very aspect would set "all Ga '

into a quake. Who can keep little Diogenes Doubikens out of a tub, or prevent him from scrambling into a hogshead, especially if sugar is to be gathered in the interior? Even Chesterfield Gruff is half disposed to be civil, if he thinks he can gain by so unnatural a course of proceeding; and everybody is aware that Crichton Dunderpate could do almost any thing, if he knew how, and if, by a singular fatality, all his fingers were not thumbs.

Concurrent testimony goes to prove that the son of a great man is of necessity likewise great—the children of a *blanchisseuse*, or of a house-scrubber, have invariably clean hands and faces; schoolmasters are very careful to imbue their offspring with learning; and, if we are not mistaken, it has passed into a proverb that the male progeny of a clergyman, in general, labour hard for the proud distinction of being called "hopeful youths and promising youngsters." The corollary, therefore, flows from this, as smoothly as water from a hydrant, that he who borrows an illustrious name is in all probability charged to the brim, *ipso facto*, with the qualities whereby the real owner was enabled to render it illustrious—qualities, which only require opportunity and the true position to blaze up in spontaneous combustion, a beacon to the world. And thus Theodosius Spoon, in his course through life, could scarcely be otherwise than, if not an antique Roman, at least an "antic rum 'un;" his sphere of action might be circumscribed, but he could not do otherwise than make a figure.

Our Spoon—his parents being satisfied with giving him an euphonious name—was early dipped into the broad bowl of the world to spoon for himself. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker to learn the art and mystery of stretching "uppers" and of shaping "unders." But,

for this employment, as it was merely useful and somewhat laborious, he had no particular fancy. Whether it was owing to the influence of his name or not, we cannot pretend to say, but, like Jaffier and many other worthy individuals, he was much troubled with those serious inconveniences termed "elegant desires." Young as he was, his talent for eating was aldermanic; aristocracy itself might have envied his somnolent performances in the morning; while, if fun or mischief were afoot, no watch dog could better encounter prolonged vigils, and no outlying cat could more silently and skilfully crawl in at a back window than he, when returning from his nocturnal perambulations. His genius for lounging, likewise, when he should have been at work, was as remarkable as his time-consuming power when sent on an errand. He could seem to do more, and yet perform less, than any lad of his inches in the town; and, being ordered out on business, it was marvellous to see the swiftness with which he left the shop, and the rapidity of his immediate return to it, contrasted with the great amount of time consumed in the interval. With these accomplishments, it is not surprising that Theodosius Spoon was discontented with his situation. He yearned to be an embellishment—not a plodding letter, valuable only in combination, but an ornamental flourish, beautiful and graceful in itself; and, with that self-reliance peculiar to genius, he thought that the drama opened a short cut to the summit of his desires. Many a time, as he leaned his elbow on the lapstone, and reposed his chin upon his palm, did his work roll idly to the floor, while he gazed with envious eyes through the window at the playbills which graced the opposite corner, and hoped that the time would come when the first night of Theodosius Spoon would be thereupon announced in

letters as large as if he were a histrionic ladle. Visions of glory—of crowded houses—of thundering plaudits—of full pockets—of pleasant nights, and of day lounges up and down Chestnut street, the wonder of little boys and the focus of all eyes,—floated vividly across his imagination. How could he, who bore the name of a Roman emperor, dream of being elsewhere that at the topmost round of fortune's ladder, when he had seen others there, who, subjected to mental comparison, were mere rush-lights compared to himself?

Filled with these gorgeous imaginings, our Spoon became metamorphosed into a spout, pouring forth streams of elocution by night and by day, and, though continually corking his frontispiece to try the expression in scenes of wrath, it soon became evident that his powers could not remain bottled in a private station. When a histrionic inclination ferments so noisily that its fizzling disturbs the neighbourhood, it requires little knowledge of chemistry to decide that it must have vent, or an explosion will be the consequence; and such was the case in the instance of which we speak. The oratorical powers of Theodosius Spoon were truly terrible, and had become, during the occasional absence of the "boss," familiar to every one within a square.

An opportunity soon afforded itself.—Those Philadelphians, who were neither too old nor too young, when Theodosius Spoon flourished, to take part in the amusements of the town, do not require to be told that for the delectation of their summer evenings, the city then rejoiced in a Garden Theatre, which was distinguished from the winter houses by the soft Italian appellation of the Tivoli. It was located in Market near Broad street, in those days a species of *rus in urbe*, improvement not having taken its westward movement; and before its

brilliancy was for ever extinguished, the establishment passed through a variety of fortunes, furnishing to the public entertainment as various, and giving to the stage many a "regular" whose first essay was made upon its boards.

At this period, so interesting to all who study the history of the drama, lived one Typus Tympan, a printer's devil, who "cronied" with Spoon, and had been the first to give the "reaching of his soul" an inclination stageward. Typus worked in a newspaper office, where likewise the bills of the Garden Theatre were printed, and, *par consequence*, Typus was a critic, with the *entrée* of the establishment, and an occasional order for a friend. It was thus that Spoon's genius received the Promethean spark, and started into life. By the patronising attentions of Typus, he was no longer compelled to gaze from afar at the members of the company as they clustered after rehearsal, of a sunny day, in front of the theatre, and varied their smookings by transitions from the "long nine" to the real Habana, according to the condition of the treasury, or the state of the credit system. Our hero now nodded familiarly to them all, and by dint of soleing, heel-tapping, and other small jobs in the leather way, executed during the periods of "overwork" for Mr. Julius Augustus Winkins, was admitted to the personal friendship of that illustrious individual. Some idea of the honour thus conferred may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Winkins himself constituted the entire male department of the operatic corps of the house. He grumbled the bass, he warbled the tenor, and, when necessary, could squeak the "counter" in beautiful perfection. All that troubled this magazine of vocalism was that, although he could manage a duet easily enough, soliloquizing a chorus was rather beyond his capacity, and

he was, therefore, often compelled to rely upon the audience at the Garden, who, to their credit be it spoken, scarcely needed a hint upon such occasions. On opera nights, they generally volunteered their services to fill out the harmony, and were so abundantly obliging, that it was difficult to teach them where to stop. In his private capacity—when he was *ex officio* Winkins—he did the melancholico-Byronic style of man—picturesque, but "suffering in his innards,"—to the great delight of all the young ladies who dwelt in the vicinity of the Garden. When he walked forth, it was with his slender frame inserted in a suit of black rather the worse for wear, but still retaining a touching expression, softened, but not weakened, by the course of time. He wore his shirt collars turned down over a kerchief in the "fountain tie," about which there is a Tyburn pathos, irresistible to a tender heart; and with his well oiled and raven locks puffed out *en masse* on the left side of his head, he declined his beaver over his dexter eye until its brim kissed the corresponding ear. A profusion of gilt chain travelled over his waistcoat, and a multitude of rings of a dubious aspect encumbered his fingers. In this interesting costume did Julius Augustus Winkins, in his leisure moments, play the abstracted, as he leaned gracefully against the pump, while obliquely watching the effect upon the cigar-making demoiselles who operated over the way, and who regarded Julius as quite a love, decidedly the romantic thing.

Winkins was gracious to Spoon, partly on the account aforesaid, and because both Spoon and Tympan were capital *claqueurs*, and invariably secured him an encore, when he warbled "Love has eyes," and the other rational ditties in vogue at that period.

Now it happened that business was rather dull at the

Garden, and the benefit season of course commenced. The hunting up of novelties was prosecuted with great vigour; even the learned pig had starred at it for once; and as the Winkins night approached, Julius Augustus determined to avail himself of Spoon for that occasion, thinking him likely to draw, if he did not succeed, for in those days of primitive simplicity first appearances had not ceased to be attractive. The edge not being worn off, they were sure to be gratifying, either in one way or the other.

It was of a warm Sunday afternoon that this important matter was broached. Winkins, Spoon, and Tympan sat solacing themselves in a box at the Garden, puffing their cigars, sipping their liquid refreshment, and occasionally nibbling at three crackers brought in upon a large waiter, which formed the substantials of the entertainment. The discourse ran upon the drama.

"Theo, my boy!" said Winkins, putting one leg on the table, and allowing the smoke to curl about his nose, as he cast his coat more widely open, and made the accost friendly.

"Spoon, my son!" said Winkins, being the advance paternal of that social warrior, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar with a flirt of his little finger.

"Spooney, my tight 'un!"—the assault irresistible,—"how would you like to go it in uncle Billy Shakspeare, and tip the natives the last hagony in the tragics?" Winkins put his other leg on the table, assuming an attitude both of superiority and encouragement.

"Oh, gammin!" ejaculated Spoon, blushing, smiling, and putting the forefinger of his left hand into his mouth. "Oh, get out!" continued he, casting down his eyes with the modest humility of untried, yet self-satisfied genius.

"Not a bit of it—I'm as serious as an empty barn—got the genius—want the chance—my benefit—two acts of any thing—cut mugs—up to snuff—down upon 'em—fortune made—that's the go."

"It's our opinion,—we think, Theodosius," observed Typus Tympan, with editorial dignity, as he emphatically drew his cuff across the lower part of his countenance, "we think, and the way we know what's what, because of our situation, is sing'ler—standing, as we newspaper folks do, on the shot tower of society—that now's your time for gittin' astraddle of public opinion, and for ridin' it like a hoss. Jist such a chance as you've been wantin'. As the French say, all the *bew mundy* come to Winkins's benefit; and if the old man won't go a puff leaded, why we'll see to havin' it sneaked in, spread so thick about genius and all, that it will draw like a blister—we will, even if we get licked for it."

"'Twon't do," simpered Spoon, as he blushed brown, while the expression of his countenance contradicted his words. "'Twon't do. How am I to get a dress—s'pose boss ketches me at it? Besides, I'm too stumpy for tragedy, and anyhow I must wait till I'm cured of my cold."

"It will do," returned Winkins, decisively "and tragedy's just the thing. There are, sir, varieties in tragedy—by the new school, it's partitioned off in two grand divisions. High tragedy of the most helevated description," (Winkins always *haspirated* when desirous of being emphatic,) "high tragedy of the most helevated and hexalted kind should be represented by a gentleman short of statue, and low comedy should be sustained by a gentleman tall of statue. In the one case, the higher the part, the lowerer the hactor, and in the other case, *wisey wersy*. It makes light and shade between the

sentiment and the performer, and jogs the attention by the power of contrast. The hintellectual style of playing likewise requires crooked legs."

"We think, then, our friend is decidedly calkilated to walk into the public. There's a good deal of circumbendibus about Spoon's gams—he's got serpentine trotters—splendid for crooked streets, or goin' round a corner," interpolated Typus, jocularly.

"There's brilliancy about crooked legs," continued Winkins, with a reproving glance at Typus. "The monotony of straight shanks answers well enough for genteel comedy and opera; but corkscrew legs prove the mind to be too much for the body; therefore, crooked legs, round shoulders, and a shovel nose for the heccentricities of the hintellectual tragics. Audiences must have it queered into 'em; and as for a bad cold, why it's a professional blessing in that line of business, and saves a tragedian the trouble of sleeping in a wet shirt to get a sore throat. Blank verse, to be himpressive, must be frogged—it must be groaned, grunted, and gasped—bring it out like a three-pronged grinder, as if body and soul were parting. There's nothing like asthmatic elocution and spasmodic emphasis, for touching the sympathies and setting the feelings on edge. A terrier dog in a pucker is a good study for anger, and always let the spectators see that sorrow hurts you. There's another style of tragedy—the physical school—"

"That must be a dose," ejaculated Typus, who was developing into a wag.

"But you're not big enough, or strong enough for that. A physical must be able to outmuscle ten blacksmiths, and bite the head off a poker. He must commence the play hawfully, and keep piling on the hagony till the close, when he must keel up in an hexcruciating

manner, flip-flopping it about the stage as he defuncts, like a new caught sturgeon. He should be able to hagonize other people too, by taking the biggest fellow in the company by the scuff of the neck, and shaking him at arm's length till all the hair drops from his head, and then pitch him across, with a roar loud enough to break the windows. That's the menagerie method. The physical must always be on the point of bursting his boiler, yet he mustn't burst it; he must stride and jump as if he would tear his trousers, yet he mustn't tear 'em; and when he grabs anybody, he must leave the marks of his paws for a week. It's smashing work, but it won't do for you, Spooney; you're little, black-muzzled, queer in the legs, and have got a cold; nature and sleeping with the windows open have done wonders in making you fit for the hintellectuals, and you shall tip 'em the sentimental in Hamlet."

Parts of this speech were not particularly gratifying to Spoon; but, on the whole, it jumped with his desires, and the matter was clinched. Winkins trained him; taught him when and where to come the "hagony;" when and where to cut "terrific mugs" at the pit; when and where to wait for the applause, and how to *chassez* an exit, with two stamps and a spring, and a glance *en arriere.*

Not long after, the puff appeared as Typus promised. The bills of the "Garden Theatre" announced the Winkins benefit, promising, among other novelties, the third act of Hamlet, in which a young gentleman, his first appearance upon any stage, would sustain the character of the melancholy prince. Rash promise! fatal anticipation!

The evening arrived, and the Garden was crowded. All the boys of the trade in town assembled to witness

the *debut* of a brother chip, and many came because others were coming. Winkins, in a blue military frock, buttoned to the chin, white pantaloons strapped under the foot, and gesticulating with a shining black hat with white lining, borrowed expressly for the occasion, had repeated "My love is like the red, red rose" with immense applause, when the curtain rang up, and the third act began.

The tedious prattle of those who preceded him being over, Theodosius Spoon appeared. Solemnly, yet with parched lips and a beating heart, did he advance to the footlights, and duck his acknowledgments for the applause which greeted him. His *abord*, however, did not impress his audience favourably. The black attire but ill became his short squab figure, and the "hintellectual tragicality of his legs," meandering their brief extent, like a Malay creese, gave him the aspect of an Ethiopian Bacchus dismounted from his barrel. Hamlet resembled the briefest kind of sweep, or "an erect black tadpole taking snuff."

With a fidelity to nature never surpassed, Hamlet expressed his dismay by scratching his head, and, with his eyes fixed upon his toes, commenced the soliloquy,—another beautiful conception,—for the prince is supposed to be speaking to himself, and his toes are as well entitled to be addressed as any other portion of his personal identity. This, however, was not appreciated by the spectators, who were unable to hear any part of the confidential communication going on between Hamlet's extremities.

"Louder, Spooney!" squeaked a juvenile voice, with a villanous twang, from a remote part of the Garden. "Keep a ladling it out strong! Who's afeard?—it's only old Tiwoly!"

"Throw it out!" whispered Winkins, from the wing "Go it like a pair of bellowses!"

But still the pale lips of Theodosius Spoon continued quivering nothings, as he stood gasping as if about to swallow the leader of the fiddlers, and alternately raising his hands like a piece of machinery. Ophelia advanced.

"Look out, bull-frog, there comes your mammy. Please, ma'am, make little sonny say his lesson."

Bursts of laughter, shouts, and hisses resounded through the Garden. "Whooror for Spooney!" roared his friends, as they endeavoured to create a diversion in his favour—"whooror for Spooney! and wait till the skeer is worked off uv him!"

"How vu'd you like it?" exclaimed an indignant Spooneyite to a hissing malcontent; "how vu'd you like it fur to have it druv' into you this 'ere vay? Vot kin a man do ven he ain't got no chance?"

As the hisser did but hiss the more vigorously on account of the remonstrance, and, jumping up, did it directly in the teeth of the remonstrant, the friend to Spooney knocked him down, and the *parquette* was soon in an uproar. "Leave him up!" cried one—"Order! put 'em down, and put 'em out!" The aristocracy of the boxes gazed complacently upon the grand set-to beneath them, the boys whacked away with their clubs at the lamps, and hurled the fragments upon the stage, while Ophelia and Hamlet ran away together.

"Ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed Winkins, as he rushed upon the stage, dragging after him "the rose and the expectancy of the fair state," the shrinking Theodosius,—"will you hear me for a moment?"

"Hurray for Vinkins!" replied a brawny critic, taking his club in both hands, as he hammered against he front of the boxes; "Vinkey, sing us the Bay uv

Viskey, and make bull-frog dance a hornspike to the tune uv it. Hurray! Twig Vinkey's new hat—make a speech, Vinkey, fur your vite trousers!"

At length, comparative silence being restored, Mr. Winkins, red with wrath, yet suppressing his rage, delivered himself as follows—at times adroitly dodging the candle ends, which had been knocked from the main chandelier, and were occasionally darted at him and his *protegé*.

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me (*dodge*) respectfully to ask one question. Did you (*dodge*) come here to admire the beauties of the drama, (*successive dodges to the right and left*,) or am I to (*dodge*, *dodge*) to understand that you came solely to kick up a bloody row?"

The effect of this insinuating query had scarcely time to manifest itself, before *Monsieur le directeur en chef*, a choleric Frenchman, who made a profitable mixture of theatricals, ice cream, and other refreshments, suddenly appeared in the flat, foaming with natural anger at the results of the young gentleman's *debut*. Advancing rapidly as the "kick" rang upon his ear, he suited the action to the word, and, by a dexterous application of his foot, sent Winkins, in the attitude of a flying Mercury, clear of the orchestra, into the midst of the turbulent crowd in the pit. Three rounds of cheering followed this achievement, while Theodosius gazed in pallid horror at the active movement of his friend.

"Kick, aha! Is zat de kick, monsieur dam hoom boog? Messieurs et mesdames, lick him good—sump him into fee-penny beets! Sacre!" added the enraged manager, turning toward Theodosius, "I sall lick de petit hoomboog ver' good—sump him bon, nice, moi meme—by me ownsef."

But the alarmed Theodosius, though no linguist,

understood enough of this speech not to tarry for the consequences, and climbing into the boxes, while the angry manager clambered after him, he rushed through the crowd, and in the royal robes of Denmark hurried home.

For the time, at least, he was satisfied that bearing the name of a Roman emperor did not lead to instant success on the stage, and though he rather reproached the audience with want of taste, it is not probable that he ever repeated the attempt; for he soon, in search of an "easy life," joined the patriots on the Spanish main, and was never after heard of.

PETER BRUSH,

THE GREAT USED UP.

It was November; soon after election time, when a considerable portion of the political world are apt to be despondent, and external things appear to do their utmost to keep them so. November, the season of dejection, when pride itself loses its imperious port; when ambition gives place to melancholy; when beauty hardly takes the trouble to look in the glass; and when existence doffs its rainbow hues, and wears an aspect of such dull, commonplace reality, that hope leaves the world for a temporary excursion, and those who cannot do without her inspiring presence, borrow the aid of pistols, cords, and chemicals, and send themselves on a longer journey, expecting to find her by the way:—a season, when the hair will not stay in curl; when the walls weep dewy drops, to the great detriment of paper-hangings, and of every species of colouring with which they are adorned; when the banisters distil liquids, any thing but beneficial to white gloves; when nature fills the ponds, and when window-washing is the only species of amusement at all popular among housekeepers.

It was on the worst of nights in that worst of seasons. The atmosphere was in a condition of which it is difficult to speak with respect, much as we may be disposed to applaud the doings of nature. It was damp, foggy, and

drizzling; to sum up its imperfections in a sonorous and descriptive epithet, it was "'orrid muggy weather." The air hung about the wayfarer in warm, unhealthy folds, and extracted the starch from his shirt collar and from the bosom of his dickey, with as much rapidity as it robbed his spirits of their elasticity, and melted the sugar of self-complacency from his mind. The street lamps emitted a ghastly white glare, and were so hemmed in with vapory wreaths, that their best efforts could not project a ray of light three feet from the burner. Gloom was universal, and any change, even to the heat of Africa, or to the frosts of the arctic circle, would, in comparison, have been delightful. The pigs' tails no longer waved in graceful sinuosities; while the tail of each night-roving, hectoring bull-dog ceased flaunting toward the clouds, a banner of wrath and defiance to punier creatures, and hung down drooping and dejected, an emblem of a heart little disposed to quarrel and offence. The ornamentals of the brute creation being thus below par, it was not surprising that men, with cares on their shoulders and raggedness in their trousers, should likewise be more melancholy than on occasions of a brighter character. Every one at all subject to the "skiey influences," who has had trouble enough to tear his clothes, and to teach him that the staple of this mundane existence is not exclusively made up of fun, has felt that philosophy is but a barometrical affair, and that he who is proof against sorrow when the air is clear and bracing, may be a very miserable wretch, with no greater cause, when the wind sits in another quarter.

Peter Brush is a man of this susceptible class. His nervous system is of the most delicate organization, and responds to the changes of the weather, as an Eolian harp sings to the fitful swellings of the breeze. Peter

was abroad on the night of which we speak; either because, unlike the younger Brutus, he had no Portia near to tell him that such exposure was "not physical," and that it was the part of prudence to go to bed, or that, although aware of the dangers of miasma to a man of his constitution, he did not happen at that precise moment to have access to either house or bed; in his opinion, two essential pre-requisites to couching himself, as he regarded taking it *al fresco*, on a cellar door, not likely to answer any sanitary purpose. We incline ourselves to the opinion that he was in the dilemma last mentioned, as it had previously been the fate of other great men. But be that as it may, Mr. Peter Brush was in the street, as melancholy as an unbraced drum, "a gib-ed cat, or a lugged bear."

Seated upon the curb, with his feet across the gutter, he placed his elbow on a stepping-stone, and like Juliet on the balcony, leaned his head upon his hand—a hand that would perhaps have been the better of a covering, though none would have been rash enough to volunteer to be a glove upon it. He was in a dilapidated condition—out at elbows, out at knees, out of pocket, out of office, out of spirits, and out in the street—an "out and outer" in every respect, and as *outré* a mortal as ever the eye of man did rest upon. For some time, Mr. Brush's reflections had been silent. Following Hamlet's advice, he "gave them an understanding, but no tongue;" and he relieved himself at intervals by spitting forlornly into the kennel. At length, suffering his locked hands to fall between his knees, and heaving a deep sigh, he spoke:—

"A long time ago, my ma used to put on her specs and say, 'Peter, my son, put not your trust in princes;' and from that day to this I haven't done any thing of the

kind, because none on 'em ever wanted to borry nothing of me; and I never see a prince or a king,—but one or two, and they had been rotated out of office,—to borry nothing of them. Princes! pooh!—Put not your trust in politicianers—them's my sentiments. You might jist as well try to hold an eel by the tail. I don't care which side they're on, for I've tried both, and I know. Put not your trust in politicianers, or you'll get a hyst.

"Ten years ago it came into my head that things weren't going on right; so I pretty nearly gave myself up tee-totally to the good of the republic, and left the shop to look out for itself. I was brimfull of patriotism, and so uneasy in my mind for the salivation of freedom, I couldn't work. I tried to guess which side was going to win, and I stuck to it like wax;—sometimes I was a-one side, sometimes I was a-t'other, and sometimes I straddled till the election was over, and came up jist in time to jine the hurrah. It was good I was after; and what good could I do if I wasn't on the 'lected side? But, after all, it was never a bit of use. Whenever the battle was over, no matter what side was sharing out the loaves and the fishes, and I stepped up, I'll be hanged if they didn't cram all they could into their own mouths put their arms over some, and grab at all the rest with their paws, and say, 'Go away, white man, you ain't capable.'—Capable! what's the reason I ain't capable? I've got as extensive a throat as any of 'em, and I could swallow the loaves and fishes without choking, if each loaf was as big as a grindstone and each fish as big as a sturgeon. Give Peter a chance, and leave him alone for that. Then, another time when I called—'I want some spoils,' says I; 'a small bucket full of spoils Whichever side gets in, shares the spoils, don't they?' So they first grinned, and then they ups and tells me that

virtue like mine was its own reward, and that spoils might spoil me. But it was *no* spoils that spoilt me, and *no* loaf and fish that starved me—I'm spoilt because I couldn't get either. Put not your trust in politicianers —I say it agin. Both sides used me jist alike. Here I've been serving my country, more or less, these ten years, like a patriot—going to town meetings, hurraing my daylights out, and getting as blue as blazes—blocking the windows, getting licked fifty times, and having more black eyes and bloody noses than you could shake a stick at, all for the common good, and for the purity of our illegal rights—and all for what? Why, for nix. If any good has come of it, the country has put it into her own pocket, and swindled me out of my arnings. I can't get no office! Republics is ungrateful! It wasn't reward I was after. I scorns the base insinivation. I only wanted to be took care of, and have nothing to do but to take care of the public, and I've only got half—nothing to do! Being took care of was the main thing. Republics *is* ungrateful; I'm swaggered if they ain't. This is the way old sojers is served."

Peter, having thus unpacked his o'erfraught heart, heaved a sigh or two, as every one does after a recapitulation of their own injuries, and remained for a few minutes wrapped in abstraction.

"Well, well," said he, mournfully, swaying his head to and fro after the sagacious fashion of Lord Burleigh—"live and learn—live and learn—the world's not what a man takes it for before he finds it out. Whiskers grow a good deal sooner than experience—genus and patriotism ain't got no chance—heigh-ho!—But anyhow, a man might as well be under kiver as out in the open air in sich weather as this. It's as cheap laying down as it is settin' up, and there's not so much wear and tear about it."

With a groan, a yawn, and a sigh, Peter Brush slowly arose, and stretching himself like a drowsy lion, he walked toward the steps of a neighbouring house. Having reached the top of the flight, he turned about and looked round with a scrutinizing glance, peering both up and down the street, to ascertain that none of the hereditary enemies of the Brushes were in the vicinity. Being satisfied on that score, he prepared to enjoy all the comfort that his peculiar situation could command. According to the modern system of warfare, he carried no baggage to encumber his motions, and was always ready to bivouac without troublesome preliminaries. He therefore placed himself on the upper step, so that he was just within the doorway, his head reclining against one side of it, and his feet braced against the other, blockading the passage in a very effectual manner. He adjusted himself in position as carefully as the Sybarite who was annoyed at the wrinkle of a rose-leaf on his couch, grunting at each motion like a Daniel Lambert at his toilet, and he made minute alterations in his attitude several times before he appeared perfectly satisfied that he had effected the best arrangements that could be devised. After reposing for a while as if "the flinty and steel couch of war were his thrice-driven bed of down," he moved his head with an exclamation of impatience at the hardness of the wall, and taking his time-worn beaver, he crumpled it up, and mollified the austerity of his bolster by using the crushed hat as a pillow.

"That will do," ejaculated Brush, clasping his hands before him, and twirling his thumbs; and he then closed his eyes for the purpose of reflecting upon his condition with a more perfect concentration of thought than can be obtained when outward objects distract the mind. But thinking in this way is always a hazardous experiment;

whether it be after dinner, or in the evening; and Peter Brush soon unwittingly fell into a troubled, murmuring sleep, in which his words were mere repetitions of what he had said before, the general scope of the argument being to prove the received axiom of former times, that republics do not distribute their favours in proportion to services rendered, and that, in the speaker's opinion, they are not, in this respect, much better than the princes against whom his mother cautioned him. Such, at least, was the conviction of Mr. Brush; at which he had arrived not by theory and distant observation, but by his own personal experience.

It is a long lane which has no turning, and it is a long sleep in the open air, especially in a city, which does not meet with interruption. Brush found it so in this instance, as he had indeed more than once before. Several gentlemen, followed by a dog, arrived at the foot of the steps, and, after a short conversation, dispersed each to his several home. One, however, remained—the owner of the dog—who, whistling for his canine favourite, took out his night-key, and walked up the steps. The dog, bounding before his master, suddenly stopped, and after attentively regarding the recumbent Brush, uttered a sharp rapid bark.

The rapidity of mental operations is such that it frequently happens, if sleep be disturbed by external sounds, that the noise is instantly caught up by the ear, and incorporated with the subject of the dream—or perhaps a dream is instantaneously formed upon the nucleus suggested by the vibration of the tympanum. The bark of the dog had one of these effects upon Mr. Brush.

"Bow! wow! waugh!" said the dog.

"There's a fellow making a speech against our side," muttered Peter; "but it's all talk—where's your facts?—

print your speech in pamphlet form, and I'll answer it. Hurray for us!—everybody else is rascals—nothing but ruination when that fellow's principles get the upper hand—our side for ever—we're the boys!"

"Be still, Ponto!" said the gentleman. "Now, sir, be pleased to get up, and carry yourself to some other place. I don't know which side has the honour of claiming you, but you are certainly on the wrong side at present."

"Don't be official and trouble yourself about other people's business," said Brush, trying to open his eyes; "don't be official, for it isn't the genteel thing."

"Not official! what do you mean by that? I shall be very official, and trundle you down the steps if you are not a little more rapid in your motions."

"Oh, very well," responded Brush, as he wheeled round in a sitting posture, and fronted the stranger—"very well—be as sassy as you please—I suppose you've got an office, by the way you talk—you've got one of the fishes, though perhaps it is but a minny, and I ain't—but if I had, I'd show you a thing or two. Be sassy, be any thing, Mr. Noodle-soup. I don't know which side you're on either, but I do know one thing—it isn't saying much for your boss politicianer that he chose you when I must have been on his list for promotion—that's all, though you are so stiff, and think yourself pretty to look at. But them that's pretty to look at ain't always good 'uns to go, or you wouldn't be poking here. Be off—there's no more business before this meeting, and you may adjourn. It's moved, seconded, and carried—pay the landlord for the use of the room as you go."

The stranger, now becoming somewhat amused, felt a disposition to entertain himself a little with Peter.

"How does it happen," said he, "that such a public

spirited individual as you appear to be should find himself in this condition? You've had a little too much of the *stimulantibus*, I fear."

"I don't know Greek, but I guess what you mean," was the answer. "It's owing to the weather—part to the weather, and part because republics is ungrateful; that's considerable the biggest part. Either part is excuse enough, and both together makes it a credit. When it's such weather as this, it takes the electerizing fluid out of you; and if you want to feel something like—do you know what 'something like' is?—it's cat-bird, jam up—if you want to feel so, you must pour a little of the electerizing fluid into you. In this kind of weather you must tune yourself up, and get rosumed, or you ain't good for much—tuned up to concert pitch. But all that's a trifle—put not your trust in politicianers."

"And why not, Mr. Rosum?"

"Why not! Help us up—there—steady she goes—hold on! Why not?—look at me, and you'll see the why as large as life. I'm the why you musn't put your trust in politicianers. I'm a rig'lar patriot—look at my coat—I'm all for the public good—twig the holes in my trousers. I'm steady in my course, and I'm upright in my conduct—don't let me fall down—I've tried all parties, year in and year out, just by way of making myself popular and agreeable; and I've tried to be on both sides at once," roared Brush, with great emphasis, as he slipped and fell—"and this is the end of it!"

His auditor laughed heartily at this striking illustration of the results of the political course of Peter Brush, and seemed quite gratified with so strong a proof of the danger of endeavouring to be on two sides at once. He therefore assisted the fallen to rise.

"Are you hurt?"

"No—I m used to being knocked about—the steps and the pavement are no worse than other people—they're like politicianers—you can't put any trust in 'em. But," continued Brush, drawing a roll of crumpled paper from the crown of his still more crumpled hat—"see here now—you're a clever fellow, and I'll get you to sign my recommendation. Here's a splendid character for me all ready wrote down, so it won't give you any trouble, only to put your name to it."

"But what office does it recommend you for—what kind of recommendation is it?"

"It's a circular recommend—a slap at any thing that's going."

"Firing into the flock, I suppose?"

"That's it exactly—good character—fit for any fat post either under the city government, the state government, or the gineral government. Now jist put your fist to it," added Peter, in his most persuasive tones, as he smoothed the paper over his knee, spread it upon the step, and produced a bit of lead pencil, which he first moistened with his lips, and then offered to his interlocutor.

"Excuse me," was the laughing response; "it's too dark—I can't see either to read or to write. But what made you a politicianer? Haven't you got a trade?"

"Trade! yes," replied Brush, contemptuously; "but what's a trade, when a feller's got a soul? I love my country, and I want an office—I don't care what, so it's fat and easy. I've a genus for governing—for telling people what to do, and looking at 'em do it. I want to take care of my country, and I want my country to take care of me. Head work is the trade I'm made for—talking—that's my line—talking in the streets, talking in the bar rooms, talking in the oyster cellars. Talking is the

grease for the wagon wheels of the body politic and the body corpulent, and nothing will go on well till I've got my say in the matter; for I can talk all day, and most of the night, only stopping to wet my whistle. But parties is all alike—all ungrateful; no respect for genus—no respect for me. I've tried both sides, got nothing, and I've a great mind to knock off and call it half a day. I would, if my genus didn't make me talk, and think, and sleep so much I can't find time to work."

"Well," said the stranger, "you must find time to go away. You're too noisy. How would you like to go before the mayor?"

"No, I'd rather not. Stop—now I think of it, I've asked him before; but perhaps if you'd speak a good word, he'd give me the first vacancy. Introduce me properly, and say I want something to do shocking—no not something to do—I want something to get; my genus won't let me work. I'd like to have a fat salary, and to be general superintendent of things in general and nothing in particular, so I could walk about the streets, and see what is going on. Now, put my best leg foremost—say how I can make speeches, and how I can hurray at elections."

"Away with you," said the stranger, as he ran up the steps, and opened the door. "Make no noise in this neighbourhood, or you'll be taken care of soon enough."

"Well, now, if that isn't ungrateful," soliloquized Brush,—"keep me here talking, and then slap the door right in my face. That's the way politicianers serve me, and it's about all I'd a right to expect. Oh, pshaw!—sich a world—sich a people!"

Peter rolled up his "circular recommend," put it in his hat, and slowly sauntered away. As he is not yet

provided for, he should receive the earliest attention of parties, or disappointment may induce him to abandon both, take the field "upon his own hook," and constitute an independent faction under the name of the "Brush party," the cardinal principle of which will be that peculiarly novel impulse to action, hostility to all "politicianers" who are not on the same side.

MUSIC MAD;

OR, THE MELOMANIAC.

To be thin-skinned may add to the brilliancy and to the beauty of the complexion; but, as this world goes, it is more of a disadvantage than a blessing. Where there is so much scraping and shaving, the cuticle of a rhinoceros is decidedly the most comfortable wear; and to possess any of the senses beyond a certain degree of acuteness may be regarded as a serious misfortune. It opens the door to an infinite variety of annoyances. There are individuals with noses as keen as that of a oeagle; but whether they derive more of pleasure or of pain from the faculty, is a question easily answered when the multiplicity of odors is called to mind. To be what the Scotch term "nose-wise," sometimes, it is true, answers a useful purpose, in preventing people in the dark from drinking out of the wrong bottle, and from administering the wrong physic; it has also done good service in enabling its possessor to discover an incipient fire; but such occasions for the advantageous employment of the proboscis are not of every-day occurrence, and, on the general average, its exquisite organization is an almost unmitigated nuisance to him who is obliged to follow from his cradle to his grave, a nose so delicately constituted, so inconveniently hypercritical, so frequently discontented, and so intolerably fastidious.

They, likewise, who are gifted with that which is technically termed a "fine ear," have sufferings peculiar to themselves, and, like the king of Denmark, receive their poison through the porches of the auricle. They are the victims of sound. It is conceded that from good music they derive pleasures of which the rest of the world can form but a faint conception; but, notwithstanding the rage for its cultivation, really good music is not quite so plentiful as might be supposed, and the pain inflicted on the "family of fine ear" by the inferior article is not to be expressed in words. A discord passes through them as freezingly as if it were a bolt of ice; a flat note knocks them down like a mace; and, if the vocalist flies into the opposite extreme, and indulges in being a "little sharp," all the acids of the shop could not give the unhappy critic a more vinegar aspect, or more effectually set his teeth on edge. To him a noise is not simply a noise in the concrete; the discriminating powers of his tympanum will not suffer him, as it were, to lump it as an infernal clatter. Like a skilful torturer, he analyzes the annoyance; he augments the pain by ascertaining exactly why the cause is unpleasant, and by observing the relative discordance of the components, which, when united, almost drive him mad. The drum and the fife, for instance, do very well for the world at large; but "the man with the ear" is too often agonized at perceiving how seldom it is that the drumstick twirler braces his sheepskin to the proper pitch, and he cannot be otherwise than excruciated at the piteous squeaking of its imperfect adjunct—that "false one" which is truly a warlike instrument, being studiously and successfully constructed for offence, if not for defence.

Now it so happens that Matthew Minim is a man

with an ear, his tympanum being a piece of most elaborate workmanship. He could sing before he could talk and his early musical experiments were innumerable The first use he made of his teeth was to bite his nurse for singing one strain of "hush-a-by-baby," in three keys; and he could scarcely be prevailed upon to look at his pa, because that respectable individual, with a perversity peculiar to the incompetent, was always subjecting poor "Hail Columbia" to the Procrustean bed of his musical capabilities, and, while whistling to show his own light-heartedness, did any thing but communicate corresponding pleasure to his auditors.

"Screw it up, poppy," would little Minim exclaim, with the expression of one upon the rack; "screw it up, and keep it there. What's the use of chasing a tune all about?"

But in some mouths a tune will run all about of itself, let their lips be puckered ever so tightly, and there is no composition of a popular nature which is so often heard performing that erratic feat as the one familiarly termed "Hail Curlumby." Matthew's "poppy," therefore, remained a tune-chaser, while Matthew himself went on steadily in the work of cultivating his ear, and of enlarging his musical knowledge. He, of course, commenced his studies with the flute, which may be regarded among men and boys as the first letter of the alphabet in musical education. He then amused himself with the fiddle—tried the French horn for a season, varying the matter by a few lessons upon the clarionet and hautboy, and finally improving his powers of endurance by a little practising of the Kent bugle. He at length became a perfect melomaniac, and was always in danger of being indicted as a nuisance by his less scientific neighbours whose ears were doomed to suffer both by night and by

day. The twangling of stringed instruments was the only relief they could obtain from the blasts of those more noisy pieces of mechanism which receive voice from the lips, and it has even been supposed that Matthew Minim ranged his bugles, trumpets, and fiddles by the side of his bed, that he might practise between sleeps.

Not long since, Matthew Minim was returning from a musical party late at night, and his friend Jenkinson Jinks, who is likewise a votary of the divine art, was with him. Minim carried his flute in a box under his arm, and Jinks bore his fiddle in a bag on his shoulder.

"Nature," observed Minim, "is the most perfect of musicians; she never violates the rules of composition, and though her performers are often noisy, yet, so long as they attempt no more than is jotted down for them, they are always in time and in tune. In fact, the world is one great oratorio. Hark!—listen! throw aside vulgar prejudices, and hear how chromatic and tender are the voices of those cats in the kennel!—consider it as the balcony scene from *Romeo e Giulietta*—how perfectly beautiful that slide! how exact the concord between the rotund bass notes of Thomas Cat, and the dulcet intonations of the feminine pussy, and how sparkling the effect produced by the contrast in the alternate passages! They are the Fornasari and the Pedrotti of this moonlit scene. Bellini himself, with all his flood of tenderness, never produced any thing more characteristic, appropriate, and touching; nor could the most accomplished *artistes* give the idea of the composer with more fidelity."

"Yes, ma'am," said Jenkinson Jinks, who was not altogether capable of entering into the spirit of the refined abstractions in which, after supper, his companion was prone to indulge.

"Ph-i-t! — ph-i-z!" exclaimed the cats, as they scampered away in alarm at the approach of the musicians.

"*Staccato* and expressive in execution," said Jinks; "but certainly not *stay-cat-o* in effect."

"Admirable!" remarked Minim—"Phit and phiz are the exact phrase to express in short metre that it is time to be off like a shot, and the notes in which they were uttered are those best calculated to convey the sense of the passage."

"A very rapid passage it was, too," added Jinks; "quite a *roulade*—the performers are running divisions up and down old Boodle's fence—a passage from the oratorio of 'Mosey' perhaps."

"I bar punning," ejaculated Minim, impatiently; "and to elucidate my theory upon the subject of natural music, and to prove—"

"*Cat*egorically?" inquired Jinks.

"Hush! To prove that the composer can have no better study for the true expression of the passions and emotions than is to be found in observing the animal creation, I shall now proceed to kick this dog, which lies asleep upon the pavement, and, without his being at all aware of what I want, I shall extract from him a heartrending passage in the minor key, expressive of great dolor, and of a sad combination of mental and physical discomfort."

"Stop!" hurriedly exclaimed Jinks, ensconcing himself behind a tree; "before you give that *dog*matical illustration, allow me to inform you that the dog before you is old Boodle's Towser—he bites like fury."

"Bite!" replied Minim, contemptuously; "and what's a bite in the cause of science, and in the exemplification of the minor key?"

Minim accordingly gave the dog a gentle push with his foot.

"Ya-a-a-ah!" angrily and threateningly remonstrated Towser, without moving.

"There—I told you so!" roared Jinks—"that's not in the minor key—it's as military a major as ever I heard in my life: when I listen to it, I can almost see you in the shape of a cocked hat."

"Well, then, poke him with your fiddle," said Minim, drawing back, and eying the dog rather suspiciously. "Come away from the tree, and give Mr. Boodle's Towser a jolly good punch."

"Not I," replied Jinks; "I've no notion of letting my Cremona be chawed up *agitato* by an angry Towser-poke him with your flute."

"No—stop—I'll get at him as it were slantindicularly—round a corner," said Minim, retiring so that he was partially protected by the flight of steps, from which position he extended his leg, and dealt to Mr. Boodle's Towser a most prodigious kick.

"Y-a-h! y-o-a-h!—b-o-o!" snarled the dog indignantly, as he dashed round the corner to revenge the insult, which was so direct and pointed that no animal of spirit could possibly pass it over unnoticed.

Mr. Matthew Minim turned to fly, but he was not quick enough, and the dog entered a detainer by seizing him by the pantaloons.

"Get out!" shrieked Minim. "Take him off, Jinks, or he'll eat me without salt!"

"Splendid illustration of natural music!" shouted Jinks, clapping his hands in ecstasy; "*Con furore! Da capo*, Towser!—*Volti subito*, Minim!—Music expressive of tearing your breeches. I never saw a situation

at once so picturesque, dramatic, and operatic. Why don't you sing

'Oh, I cannot give expression
To this dog's deep felt impression ?'

for I'm sure, while he bites and you squeal, that he's proving to your satisfaction how well nature understands counterpoint. Bravo, Towser! — that's a magnificent shake; but he won't let you favour us with a run,—will he, Matthew?"

Towser held on determinedly, shaking his head and growling fiercely, with his mouth full of pantaloons, which, however, being very strong, did not give way and suffer the distressed captive to escape.

"Hit him with a stick—get a big stone!" panted Minim—"quit cracking jokes, for when the cloth goes the horrid beast will take hold again—perhaps of my flesh, and bite a piece right out!"

"Very likely—it's better eating than woollens; but go on with your duet—don't mind me," added Jinks quietly, as he looked about for a missile. Having found one sufficiently heavy for his purpose, he took deliberate aim, and threw it with such force that the angry animal was almost demolished. On finding himself so violently assailed, the dog relaxed his jaws and scampered down the street, making the neighbourhood vocal with his cries.

"There, I told you," said Minim, settling his disordered dress, and hoping, by taking the lead in conversation, to avoid any hard-hearted reference to his misfortune—"I told you he would sing out in the minor key, if he was hurt. Hear that now—the dog is really heartrending."

"Yes," replied Jinks, "he's quite a tearer of a dog —now heartrending, and from the looks of your clothes, he was a little while ago really breeches-rending. But pick up your flute—the lecture upon natural music is over for this evening."

"Um!" growled Minim, discontentedly, as he took up his hat and flute-box, and walked *dog*gedly forward.

* * * * * *

Not a word was said while they walked several squares. Peter was musing upon the cost of new pantaloons, and Jinks chuckled to himself as he thought how capitally the story about "natural music" would tell at a small party.

A protracted silence, however, if men are not alone or are not positively occupied, becomes wearisome and annoying, and brings the nerves into unpleasant action. Taciturnity, though commended, is after all but a monkish virtue. Nature designed the human race to talk when they are together—to be brightened and enlivened by an interchange of sentiment; and while gratifying themselves by exhibiting their old ideas, to be enriched by the reception of new thoughts and fresh impressions. So strong is the impulse, that there are many minds which, under these circumstances, cannot continue a chain of thought, and grow restless and impatient, in the belief that the neighbour mind gives out nothing because it waits for the lead, and is troubled for the want of it. The silence therefore continues, the same idea prevailing on both sides, and disabling each from tossing a subject into the air, to elicit that volley of ideas or of words, as the case may be, which constitutes conversation. The exemplification is to be met with every day, and never more frequently than in formal calls, when the parties are not so well acquainted as to be able to find a common topic on an emergency. He was not so much of a simpleton as people think him, who said a foolish thing during the excruciating period of an awkward pause, merely for the purpose of "making talk." Every one is familiar with plenty of instances, in which a Wamba-

'to make talk" would have been regarded as a blessing, saving those present from the torture of cudgelling torpid brains in vain, and from the annoyance of knowing that each uncomfortable looking individual of the company, though likewise cudgelling, regarded every other person as remarkably stupid and unsocial.

From feelings analogous to those just mentioned, was it that Jenkinson Jinks felt it incumbent upon him to hazard an observation. He looked about for a cloud, but there was none to be seen. He glanced at the stars, but they were neither very bright nor very dim.

"Magnificent houses," said Jinks, at last, by way of starting a leading fact, which was at once undeniable and calculated to elicit a kindly response. The conscience of Jinks rather reproached him with having laughed too heartily at Minim's recent misadventure, and he therefore selected a topic the least likely to afford opportunity for a petulant reply, or to open the way to altercation. Minim received the olive branch.

"Yes, but there's a grand mistake about this luxurious edifice for instance," replied Minim; halting, and leaning against a pump in front of a house which was adorned with both a bell and a knocker, "the builder has regarded the harmony of proportion, and all that—he has made the proper distances between the windows and doors,—the countenance, expression, and figure of the house has been attended to; but I'm ready to bet, without trying, that no one has thought of its voice—no one has had the refined judgment to harmonize the bell and the knocker, and, luckily for our nerves, knockers are going out and have left the field to the bells. But, where they remain, there's nothing but discord in the vocal department; and if the servants have ears,—and why should they not?—it must almost drive them dis-

tracted. Yes, yes—very pretty—fine steps, fine house, bright knocker, glittering bell handle, and plenty of discord. It's as sure as that the bell and knocker are there in juxtaposition. To be morally certain, I'll try."

Up strode Matthew Minim to the top of the steps.

"Now, Jinks—out with your fiddle—it's up to concert pitch—sound your A."

Jinks laughingly did as he was ordered, and after a preliminary flourish, sounded orchestra fashion, "Twa-a-a—twawdle, tweedle, twawdle—twa-a-a!"

"Taw-lol-tol-tee—tee-lol-tol-taw!" sang Minim, travelling up and down the octave, to be sure of the pitch. "Now, listen," and he rattled a stirring peal upon the knocker. "That's not in tune with us no how you can take it—is it, Jinks?"

"No—twudle, tweedle, twudle, tweedle!" replied Jinks, fiddling merrily, as he skipped about the pavement, delighted with his own skill.

"Be quiet there—now, I'll try whether the bell and the knocker are in tune with each other. Let's give 'em a fair trial." So saying, Minim seized the knocker in one hand, and the bell in the other, sounding them to the utmost of his power.

"Oh, horrid! shameful! abominable!—even worse than I thought—upon my word!—"

"Halloo, below!" said a voice from the second story window, emanating from a considerable quantity of nightcap and wrapper; "what's the matter? Is it the Ingens, or is the house afire?"

"I ain't a fireman myself, and I can't tell until the big bell rings whether there's a fire or not,' said Minim; "but, if the house is positively on fire, I advise you as a friend to come down, and leave it as soon as possible. Bring your clothes, for the weather's not over warm."

"Yes," said Jinks; "bring your trousers anyhow, for we've only got one whole pair down here."

"You're a pair of impertinent rascals: what do you mean by kicking up such a bobbery at this time of night?"

"Bobbery!—don't be cross, fiddle-strings; always be harmonious in company, and melodious when you're alone, especially when you snore. I merely wish to inform you that your bell and knocker do not accord. Just listen!"

Bell and knocker were both again operated on vigorously.

"Did you ever hear the like? I'm ashamed of you—have them tuned, do—it's dreadful. Tune 'em."

Once more Minim rang the bell and plied the knocker with great vigour and strength of muscle, while Jinks played "*Nel furor delle tempeste*," from Il Pirata.

The night-capped head disappeared from the window, and the musical gentlemen stood chattering and laughing, the one on the step and the other on the pavement, all unconscious of the mischief that was brewing for them.

"Come," said Minim—"let's give these people a duet—a serenade will enlarge their musical capacities."

"What shall it be?" queried Jinks, humming a succession of airs, to find something suited to the occasion.

"Something about bells, if you don't know any thing about knockers," added Minim, giving the bell handle another affectionate tweak.

Just then, Meinherr Night-cap and Wrapper returned to the window, aided by a stout servant, bearing a bucket of water. "I'll not call the watch," chuckled he, "but I'll teach these fellows how to swim."

"*Home, fare thee well,*
The ocean's storm is over,"

sang Matthew Minim and Jenkinson Jinks.

"Not over yet," said the voice from the window, as Minim was drenched by the upsetting of the bucket—"take care of the ground-swell!"

A spluttering, panting, and puffing sound succeeded, like

> "*The bubbling shriek, the solitary cry*
> *Of some strong swimmer in his agony.*"

Jinks paddled off rapidly—he had seen enough of the Cataract of the Ganges in former times: not so with Mr. Minim, who exclaimed,

"Fire and fury! who asked for a water-piece? If 'Water parted' is your tune, you may stick to Arne, but I'll give you a touch of Kotzwara—a specimen of the 'Battle of Prague,' with a little of the 'Hailstone chorus.'"

Minim hammered away at the door; but not being able to beat in the panels with his feet, he caught up a paving-stone and hurled it against the frame, shouting "Stony-batter!"

Windows flew up in all directions, and night-capped heads projected from every embrasure. The people shouted, the dogs barked, and rattles were sprung all round. Never was there heard a less musical din.

Minim stood aghast. "Worse and worse!" cried he; "what a clatter! Haydn's 'Chaos' was a fool to this! It's natural music, however, and I'll play my part till I get in, and catch the fellow who appointed himself the watering committee;" and he, therefore, continued beating upon the door.

Mr. Minim was, however, overpowered by a number of individuals, headed by the bucket bearing servant, and as his heels were tripped up, he mournfully remarked,

"So fell Cardinal Wolsey. Will nobody favour us

with the 'Last words of Marmion,' or 'The soldier tired,' 'My lodging is on the cold ground,' or something else neat and appropriate ?"

"Can't you get somebody to bail you ?" said a punning individual, alluding to Mr. Minim's drenched condition.

"Let him run, Jacob," exclaimed the gentleman with the night-cap, speaking from the window; "take him round the corner, and give him a start. He is sufficiently water-lynched, and I want no further trouble on his account."

"I won't go," replied Minim. "I've finished playing for the night; but as you are leader, give the *coup d'archet*, and set your orchestra in motion. I won't walk round the corner—carry me—this must be a *sostenuto* movement."

"Well, if that ain't a good note !" said the admiring crowd, as Minim was transported round the corner, whence, being set at liberty, he walked drippingly home, and ever after confined his musical researches within decorous bounds.

RIPTON RUMSEY;

A TALE OF THE WATERS.

They who are at all mindful of atmospheric phenomena must remember a storm, remarkable for its violence, which occurred not long since. It was a storm by night, and of those abroad at the time, every one averse to the shower bath, and having a feline dislike to wet feet, will bear it in mind, at least until the impression is washed out by the floods of a greater tempest. In the evening, the rain, as if exercising itself for more important feats, fell gently and at intervals; but as the night advanced, the wind came forth intent upon a frolic. Commencing with playful gambols, it amused itself at first with blowing out the old women's candles at the apple stands. Then growing bolder, it extinguished a few corporation lamps, and, like a mischievous boy, made free to snatch the hats of the unguarded, and to whisk them through mud and kennel. At length becoming wild by indulgence, it made a terrible turmoil through the streets, without the slightest regard to municipal regulations to the contrary. It went whooping at the top of its voice round the corners, whistled shrilly through the key-holes, and howled in dismal tones about the chimney tops. Here, it startled the negligent housewife from her slumbers by slamming the unbolted shutter till it roared

like a peal of artillery; and there, it tossed a rusty sign until its ancient hinges creaked for mercy; while at intervals, the heavy tumble of scantling told that when Auster chooses to kick up a breeze, he is very nearly as good at a practical joke as Boreas, or any other frolicsome member of the Æolian family. The clouds too threw open their sluices, and the water joining in the saturnalia, tried a variety of ways to amuse itself, and its capers were as numerous as those of the gale. It beat the tattoo upon the pavement with such sportive fury, that it was difficult to decide whether it did not rain upward as violently as it did downward. Anon the breeze came sweeping along in a horizontal shower, disdaining alike the laws of gravity, and the perpendicular, but more nackneyed method of accomplishing its object. In short, whether reference be had to wind or to water, it may be noted in the journals of those curious in regard to weather, as a night equally calculated to puzzle an umbrella, and to render "every man his own washerwoman."

Selecting a single incident from the many, which it is natural to suppose might have been found by the aid of a diving bell on such a night, it becomes necessary to fish up Ripton Rumsey, who happened to be abroad on that occasion, as he is upon all occasions when left to consult his own wishes. Where Ripton had been in the early part of the evening, it would not have been easy either for himself or any one else to tell. It is, therefore, fair to infer that, distributing his attentions, he had been as usual "about in spots." The fact is he has a hobby, which, like many hobbies, is apt to throw its rider. Although temperately disposed, such is the inquiring nature of his philosophic spirit, that, with a view perhaps to the ultimate benefit of the human race, he is continually experimenting as to the effects of alcoholic stimulants

upon the human frame. It is probable, therefore, that on this occasion having "imbibed too much of the enemy" neat as imported, he had walked forth to qualify it by a stroll in the rain. This, however, is irrelevant, where he was, is the point at issue.

The rain came down heavier than ever. A solitary watchman, more amphibious than his race in general, was seen wending his way through the puddles, thinking, if he thought at all, of the discomforts of those whom Noah left behind, and of that happy provision of nature which renders a wet back fatal to none but young goslings. Dodging between the drops was out of the question; so he strode manfully onward, until he stumbled over something which lay like a lion, or a bundle of wet clothing, in his path.

"Why, hello!—what do you call this when it's biled, and the skin's tuck off?" said he, recovering himself, and giving the obstruction a thrust with his foot. "What's this without ing'ens?" continued he, in that metaphorical manner peculiar to men of his profession, when they ask for naked truths and uncooked facts.

It was Ripton Rumsey—in that independent condition which places men beyond the control of circumstances, enabling them to sleep quietly either on the pavement or on the track of a well travelled railroad, and to repose in despite of rain, thunder, a gnawing conscience, or the fear of a locomotive. It was Ripton Rumsey, saved from being floated away solely by the saturated condition of both his internal and external man.

"It's a man," remarked the investigator, holding to a tree with his right hand, as he curiously, yet cautiously pawed Ripton with his left foot. "It's a man who's turned in outside of the door, and is taking a snooze on the cold water principle. Well, I say, neighbour. jist in

a friendly way," added he, giving Ripton a prodigious kick as an evidence of his amicable feeling—"if you don't get up, you'll ketch a nagee or the collar-and-fix you. Up with you, Jacky Dadle."

Ripton's condition, as before hinted, was beyond the ordinary impulses to human action; and he, therefore, endured several severe digs with the foot aforesaid, without uttering more than a deep-toned grunt; but at last the sharp corner of the boot coming in contact with his ribs, he suddenly turned over in the graceful attitude of a frog, and struck out vigorously. Like Giovanni's faithful squire, he proved himself an adept at swimming on land. He "handled" his arms and legs with such dexterity, that before his progress could be arrested, he was on the curbstone. The next instant heard him plunge into the swollen and roaring kennel, and with his head sticking above the water, he buffeted the waves with a heart of controversy.

"The boat's blowed up, and them that ain't biled are all overboard!" spluttered the swimmer, as he dashed the waters about, and seemed almost strangled with the quantities which entered the hole in his head entitled a mouth, which was sadly unacquainted with undistilled fluids—"Strike out, or you're gone chickens! them as can't swim must tread water, and them as can't tread water must go to Davy Jones! Let go my leg! Every man for himself! Phre-e-e! bro-o-o! Who's got some splatterdocks?"

The watch looked on in silent admiration; but finding that the aquatic gentleman did not make much headway, and that a probability existed of his going out of the world in soundings and by water, a way evidently not in conformity to his desires, the benevolent guardian of the night thought proper to interpose; and bending himself

"Every man for himself! Phre-e-e! bro-o-o! who's got some splatterdocks?"—
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to the work, at last succeeded in re-establishing Ripton Rumsey on the curbstone.

"Ha!" said Ripton, after gasping a few minutes, and wringing the water from his face and hair—"you've saved me, and you'll be put in the newspapers for it by way of solid reward. Jist in time—I'd been down twyst, and if I'd gone agin, Ripton Rumsey would a stayed there—once more and the last and the nearest gits it. Only think—my eye! how the shads and the catties would a chawed me up! Getting drownded ain't no fun, and after you're drownded it's wus. My sufferings what I had and my sufferings what I like to had is enough to make a feller cry, only I ain't got no hankercher, and my sleeve's so wet it won't wipe good."

"Yes, young 'un," said the Charley, "s'posing the fishes had been betting on elections, they'd have invited the other fishes to eat you for oyster suppers,—so much majority for sturgeon-nose, or a Ripton Rumsey supper for the company—why not? If we ketch the fishes, we eat them; and if they ketch us, they eat us,—bite all round."

But the storm again began to howl, and as Ripton evidently did not understand the rationale of the argument, the watchman lost his poetic sympathy for the Jonah of the gutters. Even had he heard the fishes calling for "Ripton Rumseys fried," "Ripton Rumseys stewed," or "Ripton Rumseys on a chafing dish," he would have felt indifferent about the matter, and if asked how he would take him, would undoubtedly have said, "Ripton Rumsey on a wheelbarrow."

"You must go to the watch-house."

"What fur must I! Fetch along the Humane Society's apparatus for the recovery of drownded indiwidooals—them's what I want—I'm water logged. Bring us one of the largest kind of smallers—a tumbler full of brandy

and water, without no water in it. I've no notion of being diddled out of the sweets of my interesting sitivation—I want the goodies—wrap me in a hot blanket and lay me by the fire—put hot bricks to my feet, fill me up with hot toddy, and then go away. That's the scientific touch, and it's the only way I'm to be brung to, because when I'm drownded I'm a hard case."

The Charley promised all, if Ripton would accompany him. The soft delusion was believed, and the "hard case" was lodged in the receptacle for such as he, where, before he discovered the deception, he fell into a profound slumber, which lasted till morning. The examination was as follows:—

"Where do you live?"

"I'm no ways petickelar—jist where it's cheapest and most convenient. The cheapest kind of living, according to my notion, is when it's pretty good and don't cost nothing. In winter, the Alms House is not slow, and if you'll give us a call, you'll find me there when the snow's on the ground. But when natur' smiles and the grass is green, I'm out like a hoppergrass. The fact is, my constitution isn't none of the strongest; hard work hurts my system; so I go about doing little jobs for a fip or a levy, so's to get my catnip tea and bitters regular—any thing for a decent living, if it doesn't tire a feller. But hang the city—rural felicity and no Charleys is the thing. after all—pumpkins, cabbages, and apple whiskey is always good for a weakly constitution and a man of an elewated turn of mind."

"Well, I'll send you to Moyamensing prison—quite rural."

The sound of that awful word struck terror to the very marrow of Ripton. Like the rest of his class, while bearing his soul in his stomach, he carries his heart at

the end of his nose, and to his heart rushed the blood from every part of his frame, until the beacon blazed with a lurid glare, and the bystanders apprehended nasal apoplexy. The rudder of his countenance grew to such a size that there was no mistaking the leading feature of the case. To see before him, Ripton was compelled to squint direfully, and as the beggar in Gil Blas did his carbine, he found himself under the necessity of resting his tremendous proboscis on the clerk's desk, while cocking his eye at his honour.

"Miamensin!" stammered Ripton—"Ouch, ouch! now don't! that's a clever feller. Arch street was all well enough—plenty of company and conversation to improve a chap. But Miamensin—scandaylus! Why they clap you right into a bag as soon as you get inside the door, jist as if they'd bought you by the bushel, and then, by way of finishing your education, they lug you along and empty you into a room where you never see nothing nor nobody. It's jist wasting a man—I'm be bagged if I go to Miamensin!—I'd rather be in the Menagerry, and be stirred up with a long pole twenty times a day, so as to cause me for to growl to amuse the company. I ain't potatoes to be put into a bag—blow the bag!"

"There's no help for it, Ripton; you are a vagrant, and must be taken care of."

"That's what I like; but bagging a man is no sort of a way of taking care of him, unless he's a dead robin or a shot tom-tit. As for being a vagrom, it's all owing to my weakly constitution, and because I can't have my bitters and catnip tea regular. But if it's the law, here's at you. Being a judge, or a mayor, or any thing of that sort's easy done without catnip tea; it don't hurt your hands, or strain your back; but jist try a spell at smashing

stones, or piling logs, and you'd learn what's what without being put in a bag.

"Never mind," said Ripton, as he was conducted from the office, "every thing goes round in this world. Perhaps I'll be stuck up some day on a bench to ladle out law to the loafers. Who knows? Then let me have a holt of some of the chaps that made Miamensin. I'd ladle out the law to 'em so hot, they'd not send their plates for more soup in a hurry. I'd have a whole bucketful of catnip tea alongside, and the way they'd ketch thirty days, and thirty days a top of that, would make 'em grin like chessy cats. First I'd bag all the Charleys, and then I'd bag all the mayors, and sew 'em up."

A WHOLE-SOULED FELLOW;

OR,

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF TIPPLETON TIPPS.

As the reader may have observed in his journey through life, the shades and varieties of human character are infinite. Although the temperaments, like the cardinal numbers, are not multitudinous, yet in the course of events they have been so combined with each other, and are so modified by circumstance, that ingenuity itself cannot institute subdivisions to classify mankind with correctness. Whatever it may have been when our ancestors existed in the nomadic state and herded in tribes, it is difficult now to find the temperaments in their pristine purity; and in consequence, it is but vague description to speak of others as sanguineous, nervous, or saturnine. Something more definite is required to convey to the mind a general impression of the individual, and to give an idea of his mode of thought, his habitual conduct, and his principles of action. Luckily, however, for the cause of science and for the graphic force of language, there is a universal aptitude to paint with words, and to condense a catalogue of qualities in a phrase, which has been carried to such perfection, that in ac-

quiring through the medium of another a knowledge of the distinctive moral features of our fellow mortals, it is by no means necessary to devote hours to query and response. An intelligent witness can convey to us the essence of a character in a breath; a flourish of the tongue will sketch a portrait, and place it, varnished and framed, in our mental picture gallery. The colours will, it is true, be coarsely dashed in, but the strength of the resemblance abundantly compensates for deficiency of finish. If, for instance, we are briefly told that Mr. Plinlimmon is a "cake," the word may be derided as a cant appellation; the ultra-fastidious may turn up their noses at it as a slang phrase; but volumes could not render our knowledge of the man more perfect. We have him as it were, upon a salver, weak, unwholesome, and insipid —suited to the fancy, perhaps, of the very youthful, but by no means qualified for association with the bold, the mature, and the enterprising. When we hear that a personage is classed by competent judges among the "spoons," we do not of course expect to find him shining in the buffet; but we are satisfied that in action he must figure merely as an instrument. There are likewise, in this method of painting to the ear, the nicest shades of difference, often represented and made intelligible solely by the change of a letter,—"soft" being the positive announcement of a good easy soul, and "saft" intimating that his disposition takes rank in the superlative degree of mollification. When danger's to be confronted, who would rashly rely upon a "skulk?" or, under any circumstances, ask worldly advice of those verdant worthies known among their cotemporaries as decidedly "green?"

Such words are the mystic cabala; they are the key to individuality, throwing open a panoramic view of the

man, and foreshadowing his conduct in any supposed emergency.

Therefore, when we speak of Tippleton Tipps as a "whole-souled fellow," the acute reader will find an inkling of biography in the term—he will understand that Tippleton is likely to be portrayed as "no one's enemy but his own"—and from that will have a glimpse of disastrous chances, of hairbreadth 'scapes, and of immediate or prospective wreck. According to the popular acceptation of the phrase, a "whole-soul" is a boiler without a safety valve, doomed sooner or later to explode with fury, if wisdom with her gimblet fail in making an aperture: the puncture, however, being effected, the soul is a whole-soul no longer. It must therefore be confessed that Tippleton Tipps has not thus been bored by wisdom. He has a prompt alacrity at a "blow-out" and has been skyed in a "blow-up," two varieties of the blow which frequently follow each other so closely as to be taken for cause and effect.

Tippleton Tipps, as his *soubriquet* imports, is one of those who rarely become old, and are so long engaged in sowing their wild oats as to run to seed themselves, never fructifying in the way of experience, unless it be, like Bardolph, in the region of the nose. Before the condensing process was applied to language, he would probably have been called a dissipated, unsteady rogue, who walked in the broad path which furnishes sea-room for eccentricities of conduct; but in these labour-saving times, he rejoices in the milder, but quite as descriptive title of a whole-souled fellow, the highest degree attainable in the college of *insouciance* and jollity. It is, however, no honorary distinction, to be gained without toil or danger. The road is steep and thorny, and though in striving to reach the topmost height, there is no ne-

cessity for burning the midnight oil in the retired study, yet the midnight lamp, and many of the lamps which beam between the noon of night and morning, are often incidentally smashed in the process. Aspirants for other academic glories become pale with application and pro tracted vigils, but the whole-souled fellow will outwatch the lynx, and, if his cheek be blanched, the colour is made up in another portion of his visage. He is apt to be as "deeply red" as any one, though the locality of his acquirements may be different.

The strict derivation of the title acquired by Tippleton—the W. S. F. by which he is distinguished—is not easily to be traced. There is, however, a vulgar belief that the philosopher who devotes himself to profound investigations, whether theoretical, like those of the schools, or experimental, like those of the Tippses, is not altogether free from flaw in the region of the occiput, and hence, as the schoolman has the sutures of his cranium caulked with latinized degrees, and as one should always have something whole about him, fancy and charity combined give the fast-livers credit for a "whole-soul."

Now, Tippleton Tipps always lived uncommonly fast. He is in fact remarkable for free action and swift travel, existing regularly at the rate of sixteen miles an hour under a trot, and can go twenty in a gallop. He sleeps fast, talks fast, eats fast, drinks fast, and, that he may get on the faster, seldom thinks at all. It is an axiom of his that thinking, if not "an idle waste of thought," is a very leaden business—one must stop to think, which wastes time and checks enterprise. He reprobates it as much as he does poring over books, an employment which he regards as only calculated to give a man a "crick in the neck," and to spoil the originality of his

ideas. A whole-souled fellow knows every thing intuitively—what is reason with others, is instinct in him.

When Tippleton was quite a little boy, his moral idiosyncrasy manifested itself in a very decisive way. His generosity was remarkable; he was never known to pause in giving away the playthings belonging to his brothers and sisters; and his disinterestedness was such that he never hesitated an instant in breaking or losing his own, if sure of repairing the deficit by foraging upon others. No sordid impulse prevented a lavish expenditure of his pennies, and as soon as they were gone he "financiered" with the same liberality by borrowing from his little friends, never offending their delicacy by an offer to return the loan,—a blunder into which meaner spirits sometimes fall. When that statesmanlike expedient would no longer answer, he tried the great commercial system upon a small scale, by hypothecating with the apple and pie woman the pennies he was to receive, thus stealing a march upon time by living in advance. There being many apple women and likewise many pie women, he extended his business in this whole-souled sort of a way, and skilfully avoiding the sinking of more pennies than actually necessary to sustain his credit, he prospered for some time in the eating line. But as every thing good is sure to have an end, the apple and pie system being at last blown out tolerably large, Tippleton exploded with no assets. By way of a moral lesson, his father boxed his ears and refused to settle with his creditors,—whereupon Tippleton concluded that the sin lay altogether in being found out,—while his mother kissed him, gave him a half dollar, and protested that he had the spirit of a prince and ought not to be snubbed. As the spirit of a prince is a fine thing, it was cherished accordingly, and Tippleton spent his cash and laughed at the pie women.

The home department of his training being thus carefully attended to, Tippleton went to a variety of "lyceums," "academies," and "institutes," and mosaicked his education by remaining long enough to learn the branches of mischief indigenous to each, when, either because he had outstripped his teacher, or because his whole-soul had become too large, he was invariably requested to resign, receiving on all of these interesting occasions the cuff paternal and the kiss maternal, the latter being accompanied, as usual, with a reinforcement to his purse and a plaudit to his spirit. Tippleton then took a turn at college, where he received the last polish before the premature notice to quit was served upon him; and at seventeen he was truly "whole-souled," playing billiards as well as any "pony" in the land, and boxing as scientifically as the "deaf 'un." He could owe everybody with a grace peculiar to himself; kick up the noisiest of all possible rows at the theatre, invariably timed with such judgment as to make a tumultuous rush at the most interesting part of the play; he could extemporize a *fracas* at a ball, and could put Cayenne pepper in a church stove. The most accomplished young man about town was Tippleton Tipps, and every year increased his acquirements.

Time rolled on; the elder Tippses left the world for their offspring to bustle in, and Tippleton, reaching his majority, called by a stretch of courtesy the age of discretion, received a few thousands as his outfit in manhood. He, therefore, resolved to set up for himself, determined to be a whole-souled fellow all the time, instead of, as before, acting in that capacity after business hours.

"Now," said Tipps, exultingly, "I'll see what fun is made of—now I'll enjoy life—now I'll be a man!"

And, acting on that common impression, which, however, is not often borne out by the result, that when the present means are exhausted something miraculous will happen to recruit the finances, Tippleton commenced operations,—stylish lodgings, a "high trotting horse," buggy, and all other "confederate circumstance." It was soon known that he was under weigh, and plenty of friends forthwith clustered around him, volunteering their advice, and lending their aid to enable him to support the character of a whole-souled fellow in the best and latest manner. Wherever his knowledge happened to be deficient, Diggs "put him up" to this, Twiggs "put him up" to that, and Sniggs "put him up" to t'other, and Diggs, Twiggs, and Sniggs gave him the preference whenever they wanted a collateral security or a direct loan. Thus, Tippleton not only had the pleasure of their company at frolics given by himself, but had likewise the advantage of being invited by them to entertainments for which his own money paid.

"Clever is hardly a name for you, Tippleton," said Diggs, using the word in its cis-atlantic sense.

"No back-out in him," mumbled Sniggs, with unwonted animation.

"The whole-souled'st fellow I ever saw," chimed Twiggs.

Tippleton had just furnished his satellites with the cash to accompany him to the races; for then he was yet rather "flush."

"Give me Tippleton anyhow," said Diggs,—"he's all sperrit."

"And *no* mistake," chimed Sniggs.

"He wanted it himself, I know he did," ejaculated Twiggs, "but, whole-souled fellow—" and Twiggs buttoned his pocket on the needful, and squinted through

the shutters at the tailor's boy and the bootmaker's boy, who walked suspiciously away from the door, as if they didn't believe that

TIPPLETON TIPPS, ESQ.

Dr.

To sundries as per account rendered,

was "not in." Tailors' boys, and shoemakers' boys, and indeed, bill-bearing boys in general, are matter-of-factish incredulous creatures at best, and have no respect for the poetic licenses; they are not aware that whole-souled people, like the mysterious ball of those ingenious artists the "thimble riggers," who figure upon the sward on parade days, race days, hanging days, and other popular jubilees, are either in or out as the emergencies of the case require.

But what would not Tippleton do to maintain his reputation? While he had the means, let borrowers be as plenty as blackberries, they had only to pronounce the "open sesame" to have their wishes gratified, even if Tippleton himself were obliged to borrow to effect so desirable an object. The black looks of landlords and landladies, the pertinacities of mere business creditors, what are they, when the name of a whole-souled fellow is at stake? Would they have such a one sink into the meanness of giving the preference to engagements which bring no credit except upon books? Is selfishness so predominant in their natures? If so, they need not look to be honoured by the Tippleton Tippses with the light of their countenance, or the sunshine of their patronage. There is not a Tipps in the country who would lavish interviews upon men or the representatives of men, who have so little sympathy with the owners of whole-souls To such, the answer will invariably be "not in."

* * * * *

"Tippleton Tipps, I've an idea," said Diggs.

"Surprising," said Tippleton moodily.

"A splendid idea—a fortune-making idea for you," continued Diggs.

Now, it so happened that Tippleton was just in that situation in which the prospect of a fortune is a "splendid idea," even to a "whole-souled fellow." His funds were exhausted—his credit pumped dry; the horse and buggy had been sequestered, "and something miraculous" in the shape of relief had not happened. In fact, affairs were in that desperate condition which offers no resource but the dreadful one of suicide, or that still more dreadful alternative, going to work,—running away without the means being a matter of impossibility.

"As how?" interrogated Tippleton dubiously, he having but little faith in the money-making schemes broached by Diggs, that individual's talent lying quite in another direction.

"As how?" chorussed Sniggs and Twiggs, who, as hard run as their compatriots, snuffed free quarters in the word, and a well-filled purse ready at their call.

"You must marry," added Diggs. "Get thee a wife, Tippleton."

"Ah! that would improve the matter amazingly, and be quite a profitable speculation," replied Tippleton ironically.

"To be sure—why not? What's to prevent a good looking, whole-souled fellow like you from making a spec?—Grimson's daughter, for instance—not pretty but plaguey rich—only child—what's to hinder—eh?'

"Yes—what's to hinder?" said Twiggs and Sniggs looking at each other, and then at Tippleton—"whole-souled—good looking—and all that—just what the girls like."

"Perhaps they do, but papas do not," said Tippleton, with a meditating look; "as for old Grimson, he hates 'em."

"Very like; but you don't want to marry Grimson—get the daughter, and the father follows—that's the plan. If it must be so, why make an impression upon Miss Jemima first—then shave off your whiskers, uncurl your hair, put your hat straight on your head, and swear to a reform—quit fun, go to bed early—very hard certainly, but when matters are once properly secured, then you know—ha! ha!" and Twiggs sportively knocked Tippleton in the ribs.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Twiggs and Sniggs, poking each other in the same anatomical region.

Although Tippleton had but little fancy for matrimony in general, or for Miss Jemima Grimson in particular, yet under the circumstances, he felt disposed to venture on the experiment and to try what could be done. He therefore continued the conversation, which happened late one night in a leading thoroughfare, and which was interrupted in a strange, startling manner.

An intelligent "hem!" given in that peculiar tone which intimates that the utterer has made a satisfactory discovery, seemed to issue from a neighbouring tree-box, and as Messrs. Tipps, Diggs, Sniggs, and Twiggs directed their astonished regards toward the suspected point, a head decorated with a straw hat—a very unseasonable article at the time, and more unseasonable from its lid-like top, which opened and shut at each passing breeze—protruded from the shelter.

"Ahem!" repeated the head, seeming to speak with "most miraculous organ," the wintry blast lifting up the hat-crown and letting it fall again, as if it were the mouth of some nondescript—"Ahem! I like the specki-

lation myself, and I must either be tuck in as a pardener or I'll peach. I knows old Grimsings—he lent me a kick and a levy t'other day, and if I don't see good reason to the contrayry, I mean to stick up fur him. It's a prime speckilation fur me every-vich-vay."

The conspirators were astonished, as well they might be, at the sudden and unexpected apparition among them of another "whole-souled fellow" with a dilapidated hat. The stranger was Richard Dout, the undegenerated scion of a noble house, the members of which have been conspicuous in all ages—it was Richard, known to his familiars by the less respectful, but certainly more affectionate appellation of "Dicky Dout." He is a man of fine feelings and very susceptible susceptibilities, being of that peculiar temperament which is generally understood to constitute genius, and possessing that delicate organization which is apt to run the head of its owner against stone walls, and prompts him on all occasions to put his fingers in the fire. He has, therefore, like his illustrious progenitors, a strong affinity for "looped and windowed raggedness," and rather a tendency toward a physical method of spiritualizing the grosser particles of the frame. But for once, Dout was sharpened for "speckilation."

"I'm to go sheers," added Dout, as if it were a settled thing.

"Sheer off, you impudent rascal!" ejaculated the party.

"Oh, I don't mind sass," replied he, seating himself coolly on the fire-plug, and deliberately tucking up the only tail which remained to his coat—"Cuss as much as you please—it won't skeer wot I know out o' me. Don't hurt yourself, said Carlo to the kitten. I'll see Grimsings in the morning, if I ain't agreeable nere—I'm to

have fust every and a shot this time, as the boys says ven they're playin' of marvels. Let them knuckle down close as can't help it," concluded Dout, as he whistled and rubbed his shin, and remarked that when "sot upon a thing he was raal lignum witey."

"Tippleton!" said Diggs.

"Well?" replied Tippleton.

"A fix!"

"Ra-a-ther."

"*Nullum go-um*," added Sniggs, who prided himself upon his classical knowledge.

"*E pluribum uniber*, if you come to that," interjected Dout.

"We're caught," added Twiggs, who dealt largely in French; "we're caught, *tootin in the assembly*."

"Does he know us?" inquired Tippleton.

"To be sure," replied Dout—"we whole-souled fellers knows everybody in the same line of business."

This was decidedly a check—the speculators were outgeneralled by the genius of the Douts; so making a virtue of necessity, they mollified him by a slight douceur scraped up at the time, and large promises for the future. Dicky was forthwith installed as boot-cleaner and coat-brusher to the party, as well as recipient of old clothes, under condition of keeping tolerably sober and very discreet.

Peace being thus concluded, Tippleton Tipps commenced the campaign against the heart of Miss Jemima Grimson, who liked whole-souled fellows, and began the work of ingratiating himself with his father's old friend Mr. Grimson, who cordially disliked whole-souled fellows. In the first place, therefore, he ceased to associate publicly with Diggs, Sniggs, and Twiggs, and contented him-

self with chuckling with them in private. He silenced his creditors by demonstrating to them that he was a young man of great expectations, and even contrived to obtain advances upon the prospect, wherewith to keep nimself in trim and to nourish Dicky Dout. Miss Jemima was delighted, for Tippleton had such a way with him; while Mr. Grimson's unfavourable impressions gradually vanished before his professions of reform and improved conduct. The old gentleman employed him as a clerk, and had a strong inclination either to "set him up" or to "take him in." "Such a correct, sensible young man has he become," quoth Grimson.

Things were thus beautifully *en train*, when Mr. Grimson rashly sent his *protegé* with a sum of money to be used in a specified way in a neighbouring city, and the *protegé*, who longed to indulge himself in that which he classically termed a "knock-around," took his allies Diggs, Sniggs, and Twiggs with him. The "cash proper" being expended—the wine being in and the wit being out—Tippleton being a whole-souled fellow, and his companions knowing it, the "cash improper" was diverted from its legitimate channel, and after a few days of roaring mirth, they returned rather dejected and disheartened.

* * * * *

"Come, what's the use of sighing?" roared Tippleton, as they sat dolorously in a snug corner at the headquarters of the whole-souled fellows. "The money's not quite out—Champagne!"

"Bravo, Tippleton!" responded his companions, and the corks flew merrily—"That's the only way to see one's road out of trouble."

"Another bottle, Dout!—that for Grimson!" shouted Tipps, snapping his fingers—"I'll run off with his daughter—what do you say to that, Dicky Dout?"

Dicky dodged the cork which was flirted at him, and regarding the company with a lugubrious air, observed:

"Accordin' to me, gettin' corned's no way—there's only two business sitiations in which it's allowable—one's when you're so skeered you can't tell what to do, and the other's when your eyes is sot and it's no use doin' nothin'—when you're goin', and when you're gone—it makes you go by a sort of a slant, instead of a bumping tumble. It eases a feller down like a tayckle, when on temperance principles he'd break his neck. For my part, I think this bustin' of yourn looks bad"—Dicky filled a glass and drained its contents—"'specially when you're goin' it on crab-apple cider."

"Get out, Dicky Dout!—Fetch some cigars, Dicky Dout!"

The party sang songs, the party made speeches, and the party rapidly drank up the remainder of Mr. Grimson's cash, a catastrophe which in their present state of mind did not trouble them at all, except when they remembered that no more money, no more wine. Boniface was used to dealing with whole-souled fellows.

"Order, gentlemen!" said Tipps, rising to deliver an address—"I don't get upon my feet to impugn the eye-sight, gentlemen, or the ear-sight, gentlemen, of any member present; but merely to state that there are facts—primary facts, like a kite, and contingent facts, like bob-tails—one set of facts that hang on to another set of facts"—and Tippleton grasped the table to support himself. "The first of these facts is, that in looking out at the window I see snow—I likewise hear sleigh-bells, from which we have the bob-tailed contingent that we ought to go a sleighing to encourage domestic manufactures."

"Hurra!" said Diggs and Sniggs—"let's go a sleighing!"

"Hurray!" muttered Twiggs, who sat drowsing over an extinguished cigar and an empty glass—"let's go a Maying!"

"I have stated, gentlemen," continued Tipps, swaying to and fro, and endeavouring to squeeze a drop from a dry bottle—"several facts, but there is another—a further contingent—the sleighing may be good, and we ought to go—but, gentlemen, we've got no money! That's what I call an appalling fact, in great staring capitals—the money's gone, the Champagne's gone, but though we made 'em go, we can't go ourselves!"

Tippleton Tipps sank into his chair, and added, as he sucked at his cigar with closed eyes:

"Capitalists desiring to contract will please send in their terms, sealed and endorsed 'Proposals to loan.'"

"Cloaks, watches, and breast-pins—spout 'em," hinted Dout from a corner. "We whole-souled people always plant sich articles in sleighing-time, and let's 'em crop out in the spring."

The hint was taken. As the moon rose, a sleigh whizzed rapidly along the street, and as it passed, Tippleton Tipps was seen bestriding it like a Colossus, whirling his arms as if they were the fans of a windmill, and screaming "'Tis my delight of a shiny night!" in which his associates, including Dout, who was seated by the driver, joined with all their vocal power.

"'Twas merry in the parlor, 'twas merry in the hall," when Tippleton, *cum suis*, alighted at a village inn. Fiddles were playing and people were dancing all over he house, and the new arrivals did not lose time in adding to the jovial throng. Tippleton, seizing the barmaid's cap, placed it on his own head, and using the shovel and tongs for the apparatus of a fiddler, danced and played on top of the table, while Dout beat the door

by way of a drum, and Diggs, Sniggs, and Twiggs disturbed the "straight fours" of the company in the general assembly-room by a specimen of the Winnebago war-dance, the whole being accompanied by whoopings after the manner of the aborigines.

The clamor drew the "select parties" into the passages to see the latest arrivals from Pandemonium.

"Who cares for Grimson?" said Tipps, as he fiddled and sung the following choice morceau from Quizembob's Reliques of Lyric Poetry—

> *"Oh! my father-in-law to me was cross;*
> *Oh 'twas neither for the better, nor yet for the worse;*
> *He neither would give me a cow nor a horse,"*—

when Mr. Grimson and Miss Jemima Grimson from the "select parties" stood before him.

"So, Mr. Tippleton Tipps, this is your reform! be pleased to follow me, and give an account of the business intrusted to your charge," said Mr. Grimson sternly.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Tippleton, fiddling up to him—"business—pooh! Dance, my old buck, dance like a whole-souled fellow—like me—dance, Jemimy, it may make you pretty—

> *"He neither would give me a cow nor a horse."*

Mr. Grimson turned indignantly on his heel, and Miss Jemima Grimson, frowning volumes of disdain at seeing her lover thus attired and thus disporting himself, and at hearing him thus contumelious to her personal charms, gave him what is poetically termed "a look," and sailed majestically out of the room leaning on her father's arm

"Ha! ha!" said Tippleton, continuing to fiddle

'The speckilation's got the grippe," added Dout.

* * * * * *

It was nearly morning when a pair of horses, with the fragments of a sleigh knocking about their heels, dashed wildly into Millet's stable yard. They were the ponies which had drawn Tippleton Tipps and his cohort; but where were those worthy individuals? At the corner of a street, where the snow and water had formed a delusive compound as unstable as the Goodwin sands, lay Tippleton half "smothered in cream"—ice cream, while "his lovely companions" were strewed along the wayside at various intervals, according to the tenacity of their grasp.

"The tea party's spilt," said Dicky Dout, as he went feeling among the snow with a fragment of the wreck, and at length forked up Tippleton, as if he were a dumpling in a bowl of soup.

The tableau was striking. The tender-hearted Dout sat upon the curbstone with Tippleton's head upon his knee, trying to rub a little life into him. It was a second edition of Marmion and Clara de Clare at Flodden field, the Lord of Fontenaye and Tippleton Tipps both being at the climax of their respective catastrophes.

"Ah!" said Dout, heaving a deep sigh as he rubbed away at his patient's forehead, as if it were a boot to clean, "this night has been the ruination of us all—we're smashed up small and sifted through. Here lies Mr. Tipps in a predicary—and me and the whole on 'em is little better nor a flock of gone goslings. It's man's natur', I believe, and we can't help it no how. As fur me, I wish I was a pig—there's some sense in being a pig wot's fat; pigs don't have to speckilate and bust—pigs never go a sleighing, quarrel with their daddies-in-law wot was to be, get into sprees, and make tarnal fools of themselves. Pigs is decent behaved people and good citizens, though they ain't got no wote. And then they

naven't got no clothes to put on of cold mornings when they get up; they don't have to be darnin' and patchin' their old pants; they don't wear no old hats on their heads, nor have to ask people for 'em—cold wittles is plenty for pigs. My eyes! if I was a jolly fat pig belonging to respectable people, it would be tantamount to nothin' with me who was president. Who ever see'd one pig a settin' on a cold curbstone a rubbin' another pig's head wot got chucked out of a sleigh? Pigs has too much sense to go a ridin' if so be as they can help it. I wish I was one, and out of this scrape. It's true," continued Dout thoughtfully, and pulling Tippleton's nose till it cracked at the bridge-joint,—"it's true that pigs has their troubles like humans—constables ketches 'em, dogs bites 'em, and pigs is sometimes almost as done-over suckers as men; but pigs never runs their own noses into scrapes, coaxin' themselves to believe it's fun, as we do. I never see a pig go the whole hog in my life, 'sept upon rum cherries. I'm thinkin' Mr. Tipps is defunct; he sleeps as sound as if it was time to get up to breakfast."

But Tipps slowly revived; he rolled his glassy eye wildly, the other being, as it were, "put up for exportation," or "bunged" as they have it in the vernacular.

"Mister Tipps," said Dout, "do you know what's the matter?"

"Fun's the matter, isn't it?" gasped Tipps; "I've been a sleighing, and we always do it so—it's fun this way—but what's become of my other eye?—Where's—stop—I remember. The horses and sleigh were in a hurry, and couldn't stay—compliments to the folks, but can't sit down."

"Your t'other eye," replied Dout, "as fur as I can see, is kivered up to keep; the wire-edge is took con-

siderable off your nose—your coat is split as if somebody wanted to make a pen of it, and your trousers is fractured."

"Well, I thought the curbstone was uncommonly cold. What with being pitched out of the sleigh, and the grand combat at the hotel, we've had the whole-souled'st time—knocked almost into a cocked hat. But if you don't get thrashed, you haven't been a sleighing. What can science do in a room against chairs, pokers, shovels, and tongs? Swing it into 'em as pretty as you please, it's ten to one if you're not quaited down stairs like clothes to wash. Fun alive!—"

Here Tippleton Tipps yelled defiance, and attempted to show how fields were won—or lost, as in his case; but nature is a strict banker, and will not honour your drafts when no funds are standing to your credit.

"Ah!" panted he, as he fell back into the arms of Mr. Dout; "my frolic's over for once—broke off with Grimson, spent his money—sleigh all in flinders, and I'll have to get a doctor to hunt for my eye and put my nose in splints. Ha! ha! there *is* no mistake in me—always come home from enjoying myself, sprawling on a shutter, as a gentleman should—give me something to talk about—who's afraid?"

Even Dout was surprised to hear such valiant words from the drenched and pummelled mass before him; and as he stared, Tippleton mutteringly asked to be taken home.

"I'm a whole-souled fellow," whispered he faintly—"whole-souled—and—no—mistake—about—the—matter—at—all."

Assistance and "a shutter" being procured, Tippleton Tipps was conveyed to his lodgings, where with a black patch across his nose, a green shade over one eye, the other being coloured purple, blue, and yellow halfway to

the jaw, his upper lip in the condition of that of the man "wot won the fight," his left arm in a sling, and his right ankle sprained, sat Tippleton for at least a month, the very impersonation, essence, and aroma of a "whole-souled fellow." As soon, however, as he was in marching order, he suddenly disappeared, or perhaps was exhaled, like Romulus and other great men, boldly walking right through his difficulties, and leaving them behind him in a state of orphanage.

The last heard of Dout was his closing speech after taking Tipps home on the night of the catastrophe.

"My speckilation has busted its biler. To my notion this 'ere is a hard case. If I tries to mosey along through the world without saying nothin' to nobody, it won't do —livin' won't come of itself, like the man you owe money to—you are obligated to step and fetch it. If I come fur to go fur to paddle my tub quietly down the gutter of life without bumping agin the curbstone on one side, I'm sure to get aground on the other, or to be upsot somehow. If I tries little speckilations sich as boning things, I'm sartin to be cotch; and if I goes pardeners, as I did with Mr. Tipps, it won't do. Fips and levies ain't as plenty as snowballs in this 'ere yearthly spear. But talking of snowballs, I wish I was a nigger. Nobody will buy a white man, but a stout nigger is worth the slack of two or three hundred dollars. I hardly believe myself there is so much money; but they say so, and if I could get a pot of blackin' and some brushes, I'd give myself a coat, and go and hang myself up for sale in the Jarsey Market, like a froze possum."

Dout walked gloomily away, and the story goes that when this whole-souled fellow in humble life was finally arrested as a vagrant, his last aspiration as he entered the prison, was: "Oh! I wish I was a pig, 'cause they ain't got to go to jail!"

GAMALIEL GAMBRIL;

OR, DOMESTIC UNEASINESS

It may be a truism, yet we cannot help recording it as our deliberate opinion, that life is begirt with troubles. The longer we live, the more we are convinced of the fact—solidly, sincerely convinced; especially in cold weather, when all evils are doubled, and great annoyances are reinforced by legions of petty vexations. The happiest conditions of existence—among which it is usual to class matrimony—are not without their alloy. There is a principle of equity always at work, and, therefore, where roses strew the path, thorns are sharpest and most abundant. Were it otherwise, frail humanity might at times forget its mortal nature—as it is apt to do when not roughly reminded of the fact—and grow altogether too extensive for its nether integuments.

A stronger proof that "there's naught but care on every hand," and that it is often nearest when least expected, could not be found, than in the case of Gamaliel Gambril the cobbler, an influential and well known resident of Ringbone Alley, a section of the city wherein he has "a voice potential, double as the Duke's." Gamaliel's Christmas gambols — innocent as he deemed them — terminated in the revolt of his household, a species of civil war which was the more distressing to him as it came like a cloud after sunshine,

darker and more gloomy from the preceding light. It is often thus with frail humanity. The keenest vision cannot penetrate the contracted circle of the present, and give certain information of the future. Who, that sets forth to run a rig, can tell in what that rig may end? The laughing child, unconscious of mishap, pursues the sportive butterfly and falls into a ditch; and man, proud of his whiskers, his experience, and his foresight, will yet follow that phantom felicity until he gets into a scrape. The highways and the byways of existence are filled with man-traps and spring-guns, and happy he whose activity is so great that he can dance among them with uninjured ankles, and escape scot-free. That faculty, which to a man of a sportive turn of mind is more precious than rubies, is denied to Gamaliel Gambril. When convivially inclined, he is a Napoleon, whose every battle-field is a Waterloo—a Santa Anna, whose San Jacintos are innumerable.

* * * * * *

It was past the noon of night, and the greater part of those who had beds to go to, had retired to rest. Light after light had ceased to flash from the windows, and every house was in darkness, save where a faintly burning candle in the attic told that Sambo or Dinah had just finished labour, and was about enjoying the sweets of repose, or where a fitful flashing through the fan light of an entry door hinted at the fact that young Hopeful was still abroad at his revels. It seemed that the whole city and liberties were in bed, and the active imagination of the solitary stroller through the streets could not avoid painting the scene. He figured to himself the two hundred thousand human creatures who dwell within those precincts, lying prone upon their couches—couches varied as their fortunes, and in attitudes more varied than either

—some, who are careless of making a figure in the world, with their knees drawn up to their chins; the haughty and ostentatious stretched out to their full extent; the ambitious, the sleeping would-be Cæsars, spread abroad like the eagle on a sign, or a chicken split for the gridiron, each hand and each foot reaching toward a different point of the compass; the timid rolled up into little balls, with their noses just peeping from under the clothes; and the valiant with clenched fists and bosoms bare—for character manifests itself by outward signs, both in our sleeping and in our waking moments; and if the imagination of the speculative watcher has ears as well as eyes, the varied music which proceeds from these two hundred thousand somnolent bodies will vibrate upon his tympanum—the dulcet flute-like snoring which melodiously exhales from the Phidian nose of the sleeping beauty; the querulous whining of the nervous papa; the warlike startling snort of mature manhood, ringing like a trumpet call, and rattling the window glass with vigorous fury; the whistling, squeaking, and grunting of the eccentric; and, in fine, all the diversified sounds with which our race choose to accompany their sacrifices to Morpheus.

But though so many were in bed, there were some who should have been in bed who were not there. On this very identical occasion, when calmness seemed to rule the hour, the usually quiet precincts of Ringbone Alley were suddenly disturbed by a tremendous clatter. But loud as it was, the noise for a time continued unheeded. The inhabitants of that locality—who are excellent and prudent citizens, and always, while they give their arms and legs a holiday, impose additional labour upon their digestive organs—worn out by the festivities of the season, and somewhat oppressed with a feverish head-ache, the consequence thereof, were generally

asleep; and, with no disposition to flatter, or to assume more for them than they are entitled to, it must be conceded that the Ringboners, when they tie up their heads and take off their coats to it, are capital sleepers—none better. They own no relationship to those lazy, aristocratic dozers, who seem to despise the wholesome employment of slumbering, and, instead of devoting their energies to the task, amuse themselves with counting the clock, and with idly listening to every cry of fire—who are afraid to trust themselves unreservedly to the night, and are so suspicious of its dusky face, and so doubtful of the fidelity of the "sentinel stars," as to watch both night and stars. Unlike this nervous race, the Ringboners have in general nothing to tell when they assemble round the breakfast table. They eat heartily, and grumble not about the badness of their rest; for their rest has no bad to it. They neither hear the shutters slam in the night, nor are they disturbed by mysterious knock ings about three in the morning. They do not, to make others ashamed of their honest torpidity, ask, "Where was the fire?" and look astonished that no one heard the alarm. On the contrary, when they couch themselves, they are only wide enough awake to see the candle out of the corner of one eye, and nothing is audible to them between the puff which extinguishes the light and the call to labour at the dawn. When their heads touch the pillow, their optics are closed and their mouths are opened. Each proboscis sounds the charge into the land of Nod, and like Eastern monarchs, they slumber to slow music, Ringbone Alley being vocal with one tremendous snore.

No wonder that such a praiseworthy people, so circumstanced, should not be easily awakened by the noise before alluded to. But the disturbance grew louder; the

little dogs frisked and barked; the big dogs yawned and bayed; the monopolizing cats, who like nobody's noise but their own, whisked their tails and flew through the cellar windows in dismay. The alley, which, like Othello, can stand most things unmoved, was at last waking up, and not a few night-capped heads projected like whitewashed artillery through the embrasures of the upper casements, dolefully and yawnfully "vanting to know vot vos the row?"

The opening of Gamaliel Gambril's front door answered the question. He and his good lady were earnestly discussing some problem of domestic economy—some knotty point as to the reserved rights of parties to the matrimonial compact. It soon, however, became evident that the husband's reasoning, if not perfectly convincing, was too formidable and weighty to be resisted. Swift as the flash, Madam Gambril dashed out of the door, while Gamaliel, like "panting time, toiled after her in vain," flourishing a strap in one hand and a broom in the other. Though the night was foggy, it was clear that something unusual was the matter with Gamaliel. His intellectual superstructure had, by certain unknown means, become too heavy for his physical framework. Mind was triumphing over matter, and, as was to be expected, matter proving weak, the immortal mind had many tumbles; but still, rolling, tumbling, and stumbling, Gamaliel, like Alpheus, pursued his Arethusa; not until the flying fair was metamorphosed into a magic stream, but until he pitched into an urban water-course of a less poetic nature, which checked his race, while its waves soothed and measurably tranquillized his nervous system. At the catastrophe, Mrs. Gambril ceased her flight, but after the manner of the Cossacks of the Don,

or the Mahratta cavalry, kept circling round the enemy—out of striking distance, yet within hail.

"Gammy Gambril," said she, appealing to the *argumentum ad hominem*, in reply to that *ad baculum* from which she fled—"Gammy, you're a mere warmunt—a pitiful warmunt; leave me no money—not at home these two days and nights, and still no money!—now you are come, what do you fetch?—a tipsy cobbler! Hot corn is good for something, and so is corned beef; but I'd like to know what's the use of a corned cobbler?"

"Corneycopey for ever! It's merry Christmas and happy New Year, old woman!" said Gambril, raising himself with great difficulty to a sitting posture; "and I'll larrup you like ten thousand, if you'll only come a little nearer. Ask for money on a Christmas!—it's too aggrawatin'!—it's past endurin'! I'm bin jolly myself—I'm jolly now, and if you ain't jolly, come a little nearer and [*flourishing the strap*] I'll make you jolly."

Much conversation of a similar tenor passed between the parties; but as the argument continued the same, no new ideas were elicited, until Montezuma Dawkins, a near neighbour, and a man of a rather nervous temperament—the consequence perhaps of being a bachelor—stepped out to put an end to the noise, which interfered materially with his repose.

"Go home, Mrs. Gambril," said Montezuma Dawkins soothingly; and as she obeyed, he turned to Mr Gambril, and remarked in a severe tone, "This 'ere's too bad, Gammy—right isn't often done in the world; but if you had your rights, you'd be between the finger and thumb of justice—just like a pinch of snuff—you'd be took."

Montezuma Dawkins prided himself on his legal

knowledge, for he had made the fires in a magistrate's office during a whole winter, and consequently was well qualified to lecture his neighbours upon their errors in practice.

"Nonsense," replied Gammy—"me took when it's Christmas!—well I never!—did any body ever?—I'm be switch'd—"

"No swearing. This 'ere is a connubibal case—connubibalities in the street; and the law is as straight as a loon's leg on that pint. You don't understand the law, I s'pose? Well, after you're growed up, and your real poppy—or your pa, as the people in Chestnut street would call him—can't keep you straight, because you can lick him, which is what they mean by being of age, then the law becomes your poppy, because it isn't so easy to lick the law. The law, then, allows you a wife; but the law allows it in moderation, like any thing else. Walloping her is one of the little fondlings of the connubibal state; but if it isn't done within doors, and without a noise, like taking a drop too much, why then it ain't moderation, and the law steps in to stop intemperate amusements. Why don't you buy a digestion of the laws, so as to know what's right and what's wrong? It's all sot down."

"The law's a fool, and this isn't the first time I've thought so by a long shot. If it wasn't for the law, and for being married, a man might get along well enough. But now, first your wife aggrawates you, and then the law aggrawates you. I'm in a state of aggra wation."

"That all comes from your not knowing law—them that don't know it get aggrawated by it, but them that does know it only aggrawates other people. But you ignorant-ramusses are always in trouble, 'specially if you're

married. What made you get married if you don't like it?"

"Why, I was deluded into it—fairly deluded. I had nothing to do of evenings, so I went a courting. Now, courting's fun enough—I haven't got a word to say agin courting. It's about as good a way of killing an evening as I know of. Wash your face, put on a clean dicky, and go and talk as sweet as nugey or molasses candy for an hour or two—to say nothing of a few kisses behind the door, as your sweetheart goes to the step with you. The fact is, I've quite a taste and a genus for courting—it's all sunshine, and no clouds."

"Well, if you like it so, why didn't you stick to it; it's easy enough; court all the time, like two pretty people in a pickter."

"Not so easy as you think for; they won't let a body court all the time—that's exactly where the mischief lies. If you say A, they'll make you say B. The young 'uns may stand it because they're bashful sometimes, but the old ladies always interfere, and make you walk right straight up to the chalk, whether or no. Marry or cut stick—you mustn't stand in other people's moonshine. That's the way they talked to me, and druv' me right into my own moonshine. They said marrying was fun!—pooty fun to be sure!"

"Well, Gammy, I see clear enough you're in a scrape; but it's a scrape accordin' to law, and so you can't help your sad sitivation. You must make the best of it. Better go home and pacify the old lady—larrupings don't do any good as I see—they're not wholesome food for anybody except hosses and young children"—and Montezuma yawned drearily as if anxious to terminate the colloquy.

"The fact is, Montey—to tell you a secret—I've a

great mind to walk off. I hate domestic uneasiness, and there's more of that at my house than there is of eatables and drinkables by a good deal. I should like to leave it behind me. A man doesn't want much when he gets experience and comes to look at things properly—he learns that the vally of wives and other extras is tantamount to nothing—it's only essentials he cares about. Now I'm as hungry as a poor box, and as thirsty as a cart load of sand—not for water, though; that's said to be good for navigation and internal improvements, but it always hurts my wholesome, and I'm principled against using the raw material—it's bad for trade. I can't go home, even if there was any use in it; and so I believe I'll emigrate—I'll be a sort of pinioneer, and fly away."

"It can't be allowed, Gammy Gambril. If you try it and don't get off clear, the law will have you as sure as a gun—for this 'ere is one of them 'are pints of law what grabs hold of you strait—them husbands as cut stick must be made examples on. If they wasn't, all the hebiddies in town would be cutting stick. To allow such cuttings up and such goings on is taking the mortar out of society and letting the bricks tumble down. Individuals must sometimes keep in an uneasy posture, for the good of the rest of the people. The world's like a flock of sheep, and if one runs crooked all the rest will be sure to do the same."

Gamaliel elevated his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders in contempt at the application of the abstract principle to his individual case, and then reverted to his original train of thought. After rising to his feet, he turned his eyes upward and struck a classical attitude.

"Marrying fun!" ejaculated he—"yes, pooty fun! very pooty!"

"Keep a goin' ahead," said Montezuma Dawkins,

poking him with a stick,—"talk as you go, and let's hear the rights of it."

"When I was a single man, the world wagged along well enough. It was jist like an omnibus: I was a passenger, paid my levy, and hadn't nothing more to do with it but sit down and not care a button for any thing. S'posing the omnibus got upsot—well, I walks off, and leaves the man to pick up the pieces. But then I must take a wife and be hanged to me. It's all very well for a while; but afterwards, it's plaguy like owning an upsot omnibus."

"'Nan?" queried Montezuma—"What's all that about omnibusses?"

"What did I get by it?" continued Gamaliel, regardless of the interruption. "How much fun?—why a jawing old woman and three squallers. Mighty different from courting that is. What's the fun of buying things to eat and things to wear for them, and wasting good spreeing money on such nonsense for other people? And then, as for doing what you like, there's no such thing. You can't clear out when people's owing you so much money you can't stay convenient. No—the nabbers must have you. You can't go on a spree; for when you come home, missus kicks up the devil's delight. You can't teach her better manners—for constables are as thick as blackberries. In short, you can't do nothing. Instead of 'Yes, my duck,' and 'No, my dear,'—'As you please, honey,' and 'When you like, lovey,' like it was in courting times, it's a riglar row at all hours. Sour looks and cold potatoes; children and table-cloths bad off for soap—always darning and mending, and nothing ever darned and mended. If it wasn't that I'm partickelarly sober, I'd be inclined to drink—it's excuse enough. It's heartbreaking, and it's all owing to that I've such a pain in

ny gizzard of mornings. I'm so miserable I must stop and sit on the steps."

"What's the matter now?"

"I'm getting aggrawated. My wife's a savin' critter—a sword of sharpness—she cuts the throat of my felicity stabs my happiness, chops up my comforts, and snips up all my Sunday-go-to-meetings to make jackets for the boys—she gives all the wittels to the children, to make me spry and jump about like a lamp-lighter—I can't stand it—my troubles is overpowering when I come to add 'em up."

"Oh, nonsense! behave nice—don't make a noise in the street—be a man."

"How can I be a man, when I belong to somebody else? My hours ain't my own—my money ain't my own—I belong to four people besides myself—the old woman and them three children. I'm a partnership concern, and so many has got their fingers in the till that I must bust up. I'll break, and sign over the stock in trade to you."

Montezuma, however, declined being the assignee in the case of the house of Gambril, and finally succeeded in prevailing upon him to abandon, at least for the present, his design of becoming a "pinioneer," and to return to his home. But before Gambril closed the door, he popped out his head, and cried aloud to his retiring friend,

"I say, Montezuma Dawkins!—before you go—if you know anybody that wants a family complete to their hands, warranted to scold as loud and as long as any, I'll sell cheap. I won't run away just yet, but I want cash, for I'll have another jollification a New Year's Eve, if I had as many families as I've got fingers and toes!"

THE CROOKED DISCIPLE,

OR, THE PRIDE OF MUSCLE.

NATURE too frequently forgets to infuse the sympathies into the composition of the human race, and hence the world is afflicted with a flood of evils. Imperfect as mankind may be in a physical point of view, their moral defects are immeasurably greater, and these chiefly flow from the dearth of sympathy. Social offences, as well as crimes, are in general born from this cause, and the sins of humanity are to be charged upon selfishness, the weed that chokes all wholesome plants in the garden of the heart, and exhausts the soil. It manifests itself in a variety of ways. In one instance, being combined with other essentials, it makes a mighty conqueror; in another, a petty larcenist; one man beats his wife and sots at an alehouse; another sets the world in a blaze, and dying, becomes the idol of posterity; all from the same cause—a mind concentred on itself.

The forms which govern society were intended to counteract the aforesaid neglect of dame nature, and to keep selfishness in check; it having been early discovered that if every one put his fingers in the dish at once, a strong chance existed that the contents thereof would be spilt, and all would be compelled to go home hungry. It was equally clear that if each individual

tucked up his coat tails, and endeavoured to monopolize the fire, the whole company would be likely to catch cold. The canon was therefore issued that "after you" should be "manners;" and that, however anxious one may be to get the biggest piece, he should not obey the promptings of nature by making a direct grab; but rather effect his object by indirect management—such as placing the desired morsel nearest himself, and then handing the plate—a species of *hocus pocus*, which puts the rest of the company in the vocative, and enables the skill of civilization quietly to effect that which in earlier times could only be accomplished by superior force, and at the hazard of upsetting the table. If sympathy were the growth of every mind, politeness and deference would be spontaneous; but as it is not, a substitute—a sort of wooden leg for the natural one—was invented, and hence "dancing and manners" are a part of refined education. Wine glasses are placed near the decanter, and tumblers near the pitcher, that inclination may receive a broad hint, and that the natural man may not rob the rest of the company of their share of comfort, by catching up and draining the vessels at a draught. Chairs stand near the dinner table to intimate that, however hungry one may be, it is not the thing to jump upon the board, and, clutching the whole pig, to gnaw it as a school-boy does an apple; while plates, with their attendant knives and forks, show that each one must be content with a portion, and use his pickers and stealers as little as possible. To get along smoothly, it was also ordained that we must smile when it would be more natural to tumble the intruder out of the window; and that no matter how tired we may be, we must not, when another is about taking our seat, pull it from under him, and allow him to bump on the floor.

Although education has done much to supply deficiencies, and to make mock sympathy out of calves' heads when the real article is not to be found, yet education, potent as it is, cannot do all things. "Crooked disciples" will exist from time to time, and to prove it, let the story be told of

Jacob Grigsby.

Of crooked disciples, Jacob Grigsby is the crookedest. His disposition is twisted like a ram's horn, and none can tell in what direction will be the next turn. He is an independent abstraction—one of that class, who do not seem aware that any feelings are to be consulted but their own, and who take the last bit, as if unconscious that it is consecrated to that useful divinity "manners;" lads, who always run in first when the bell rings, and cannot get their boots off when any body tumbles overboard; who, when compelled to share their bed with another, lie in that engrossing posture called "catty-cornered," and when obliged to rise early, whistle, sing and dance, that none may enjoy the slumbers denied to them;—in short, he strongly resembles that engaging species of the human kind, who think it creditable to talk loud at theatres and concerts, and to encore songs and concertos which nobody else wants to hear. Grigsby was born with the idea that the rest of the world, animate or inanimate, was constructed simply for his special amusement, and that if it did not answer the purpose, it was his indefeasible right to declare war against the offender. When a boy, he was known as a "real limb"—of what tree it is unnecessary to specify. He was an adept in placing musk melon rinds on the pavement for the accommodation of those elderly gentlemen whose skating days were over, and many a staid matron received her most impressive lessons in ground and lofty

tumbling, by the aid of cords which he had stretched across the way. Every child in the neighbourhood learnt to "see London" through his telescope, and he was famous for teaching youngsters to write hog Latin by jerking pens full of ink through their lips. At school he was remarkable for his science in crooking pins, and placing them on the seats of the unsuspicious, and ever since he has continued to be a thorn in the side of those who are unlucky enough to come in contact with him.

Grigsby has now grown to man's estate—a small property in most instances, and in his it must be simply the interest of his whiskers, which extend some inches beyond his nose and chin—he having nothing else clear of embarrassment. He is said to be more of a limb than ever, his unaccommodating spirit having increased with his trunk. The good qualities which were to appear in him are yet in the soil, no sprouts having manifested themselves. He is savagely jocular in general, and jocosely quarrelsome in his cups in particular. He stands like a bramble in life's highway, and scratches the cuticle from all that passes.

This amiable individual is particularly fond of cultivating his physical energies, and one of his chief delights is in the display of his well practised powers. He sometimes awakens a friend from a day dream, by a slap on the shoulder which might be taken for the blow of a cannon ball. His salutation is accompanied by a grasp of your hand, so vigorously given that you are painfully reminded of his affectionate disposition and the strength of his friendship for a week afterwards; and he smiles to see his victims writhe under a clutch which bears no little resemblance in its pressure to the tender embrace of a smith's vice. To this Herculean quality Grigsby always recurs with satisfaction, and indeed it must be

confessed that superiority, either real or imagined, is a great source of pleasure in this mundane sphere. There are few who do not derive satisfaction from believing that, in some respect, they are more worthy than their neighbours—and self-love, if the truth were known, performs many curious operations to enable its possessor to enjoy the delight of thinking that there are points in which he is unsurpassed. Should his countenance be of the most unprepossessing cast, he gazes in the mirror until convinced that whatever is lost in beauty, is gained in expression. Should he have a temper as rash and unreasonable as the whirlwind, it is to him but a proof of superior susceptibility and of an energetic will; if thin, he is satisfied that he possesses a free unencumbered spirit; and if nature has provided him with a super abundance of flesh, he comforts himself with the idea of an imposing aspect, and of being able, physically at least, to make a figure in the world. The melancholy man, instead of charging his nervous system with treachery, or his stomach with disaffection, finds a stream of sunshine in his gloom, from the impression that it is left to him alone to see reality divested of its deceptive hues—and smiles sourly on the merry soul who bears it as if existence were a perpetual feast, and as if he were a butterfly upon an ever-blooming prairie.

The pride of art likewise comes in as a branch of this scheme of universal comfort. The soldier and the politician rejoice in their superior skill in tactics and strategic—and even if foiled, charge the result upon circumstances beyond their control; while even the scavenger plumes himself upon the superior skill and accuracy with which he can execute the fancy work of sweeping round a post: but none feel the pride of which we speak more strongly than those who are addicted to the practice of

gymnastics. They have it in every muscle of their frames; their very coats are buttoned tight across the breast to express it; and it is exhibited on every possible occasion. In their dwellings, wo upon the tables and chairs—and they cannot see a pair of parallels or cross bars without experimenting upon them.

At a period when Grigsby was in the full flush of his gymnastic powers, he returned from a supper late at night, with several companions. After Grigsby had created much polite amusement by torturing several dogs and sundry pigs, they attempted a serenade, but they were not in voice; and after trying a cotillion and a galopade in front of the State House, which were not quite so well executed as might have been desired, they separated, each to his home—if he could get there. Grigsby strolled along humming a tune, until his eye happened to be greeted by the welcome sight of an awning-post. He stopped, and regarded it for a long time with critical gravity.

"This will answer famously," said he. "Tom brags that he can beat me with his arms; but I don't believe it. Any how, his legs are no great shakes. There's no more muscle in them than there is in an unstarched shirt collar; and I don't believe, if he was to practise for ten years, he could hang by his toes, swing up and catch hold. No, that he couldn't; I'm the boy, and I'll exercise at it."

It is however much easier to resolve than to execute. Mr. Grigsby found it impossible to place himself in the requisite antipodean posture.

"Why, what the deuse is the matter? All the supper must have settled down in my toes, for my boots feel heavier than fifty-sixes. My feet are completely obfuscated, while my head is as clear as a bell. But 'never

despair' is the motto—here's at it once more," continued he, making another desperate but ineffectual effort.

An individual with a white hat and with his hands deeply immersed in the pockets of his shooting jacket, now advanced from the tree against which he had been leaning, while chuckling at the doings of Mr. Grigsby.

"Hay, whiskers, what's the fun in doing that, particularly when you can't do it?" said he.

"Can you hang by your toes, stranger? Because if you can, you'll beat Tom, in spite of his bragging."

"I don't believe I can. The fact is, I always try to keep this side up with care. I never could see the use of shaking a man up like a bottle of physic. I can mix myself to my own taste without that."

"You've no taste for the fine arts, whatever you may have for yourself. Gymnastics stir up the sugar of a man's constitution, and neutralize the acids. Without 'em, he's no better than a bottle of pepper vinegar—nothing but sour punch."

"Very likely, but I'll have neither hand nor foot in hanging to an awning-post. If it was like the brewer's horse in Old Grimes, and you could drink up all the beer by turning your head where your feet should be, perhaps I might talk to you about it."

Grigsby, however, by dint of expatiating on the beneficial tendency of gymnastics, at last prevailed upon the stranger to make the attempt.

"Now," said he, "let me bowse you up, and if you can hang by your toes, I'll treat handsome."

"Well, I don't care if I do," replied the stranger with a grin, as he grasped the cross-bar—"hoist my heels and look sharp."

Jacob chuckled as he took the stranger by the boots intending to give him a fall if possible, and to thrash him

if he grumbled; but the victim's hold was insecure, and he tumbled heavily upon his assistant, both rolling on the bricks together.

"Fire and tow!" ejaculated Grigsby.

"Now we're mixed nicely," grunted the stranger, as he scrambled about. "If any man gets more legs and arms than belong to him, they're mine. Hand over the odd ones, and let's have a complete set."

'This will never do," said Grigsby, after they had regained their feet, and still intent on his design. "It will never do in the world—you're so confoundedly awkward. Come, have at it again; once more and the last."

"Young people," interposed a passing official, "if you keep a cutting didoes, I must talk to you both like a Dutch uncle. Each of you must disperse; I can't allow no insurrection about the premises. If you ain't got no dead-latch key, and the nigger won't set up, why I'll take you to the corporation free-and-easy, and lock you up till daylight, and we'll fetch a walk after breakfast to converse with his honour on matters and things in general."

"Very well," answered Grigsby—"but now you've made your speech, do you think you could hang by your toes to that post?"

"Pooh! pooh! don't be redikalis. When matters is solemn, treat 'em solemn."

"Why, I ain't redikalis—we're at work on science. I'm pretty well scienced myself, and I want to get more so."

"Instead of talking, you'd better paddle up street like a white-head. Go home to sleep like your crony—see how he shins it."

"I will," said Grigsby, who likes a joke occasionally,

and is very good humoured when it is not safe to be otherwise—"I will, if you'll tell me what's the use. In the first place, home's a fool to this—and as for sleeping, it's neither useful nor ornamental."

"Do go, that's a good boy—I don't want to chaw you right up, but I must if you stay."

"I snore when I'm asleep—and when I do, Tom puts his foot out of bed till it's cold, and then claps it to my back. He calls it firing me off on the cold pressure principle."

"What a cruel Tom! But why don't you keep your mouth shut? You should never wear it open when you're asleep."

"If I did, my dreams would get smothered. Besides, I like to look down my throat, to see what I'm thinking about."

"Don't quiz me, young man. Some things is easy to put up with, and some things isn't easy to put up with; and quizzing a dignittery is one of the last. If there is any thing I stands upon, it's dignitty."

"Dignitty made of pipe-stems, isn't it?"

"My legs is pretty legs. They ain't so expressive as some what's made coarser and cheaper; but they're slim and genteel. But legs are neither here nor there. You must go home, sonny, or go with me."

"Well, as I'm rather select in my associations, and never did admire sleeping thicker than six in a bed at the outside, I'll go home, put a woollen stocking on Tom's foot, and take a pint of sleep: I never try more, for my constitution won't stand it. But to-morrow I'll swing by my toes, I promise you."

"Go, then. Less palaver and more tortle."

"*Tortelons nous*—good night; I'm off to my *lit*."

The *censor morum* wrapping himself in his conse-

quence, paused, looked grave until Grigsby turned the corner, and then, relaxing his *dignitty*, laughed creakingly, like a rusty door.

"Hee! hee! hee!—that's a real fine feller. He's too good for his own good—makes something of a fuss every night—always funny or fighting, and never pays his debts. Hee! hee! hee! a real gentleman—gives me half a dollar a New Year's—a real—past two o'clock and a cloudy morning!—sort of a gentleman, and encourages our business like an emperor, only I haven't got the heart to take advantage of it."

* * * * *

Jacob Grigsby moved homeward, his temper souring as he proceeded and as the pleasant excitement of the evening began to wear off. Some people, by the way, are always good humoured abroad, and reserve their savage traits for home consumption. Of this class is Grigsby.

Where he boards, the rule is to stow thick—three in a bed when the weather is warm, and, in the colder season, by way of saving blankets, four in a bed is the rule. Now, even three in a bed is by no means a pleasant arrangement at the best, when the parties are docile in their slumbers, and lie "spoon fashion," all facing the same way, and it is terrible if one of the triad be of an uneasy disposition. Grigsby's "pardeners," however, are quiet lads, and there is an understanding among the three that turn about shall be the law in regard to the middle place, which therefore falls to his share every third week—one week in, and two weeks out—the soft never to be monopolized by any one individual, and nobody to turn round more than once in the course of the night. Grigsby is borne down by the majority; but when it is his week in, he is worse than the armed rhinoceros or the Hyrcan tiger, so ferocious are his ebullitions of wrath.

It happened to be his week "in," the thought whereof moved his ire, and he ascended the stairs with the energetic tread of an ox, set fire to the cat's tail with the candle, and poked a long nine down Carlo's throat.

"Ha!" said Jacob, as he kicked open the door, surveyed his sleeping bedfellows, and flashed the light in their eyes—"mighty comfortable that, anyhow; but I'll soon spoil it, or I'm not a true Grigsby."

He put out the light, and in full dress—boots, hat, great coat, body coat, and pantaloons—muddy as he was, scrambled over the bed two or three times, until he established himself in the central station between his co mates. He rolled and he tossed, he kicked and he groaned, until the whole concern were as wide awake as himself.

"Why, Jacob, you've got your boots on," said they.

"The fact is, fellows, the cold in my head is getting worse, and sleeping in boots draws down the inflammation. It's a certain cure."

"But you don't intend sleeping with your hat on your head, do you?"

"Didn't I tell you I've got holes in my stockings? If I don't keep my hat on, I'll be sure to have the rheuma tism in my big toe."

"Well, we won't stand it, no how it can be fixed."

"Just as you like—go somewhere else—I've no ob jection. I'm amazing comfortable."

"Why, thunder and fury!" said one, jerking up his leg, "your boots are covered with mud."

"That *are* a fact—you've no idea how muddy the streets are—I'm all over mud—I wish you'd blow up the corporation. But hang it, give us a fip's worth of sheet and a 'levy s worth of blanket. That's the way I like 'em mixed—some lean and a good deal of fat."

So saying, Jacob wound himself up in the bed-clothes

with a prodigious flounder, denuding his companions entirely.

Grigsby's co-mates however, knowing that "who would be free, themselves must strike the blow," declared war against the manifold outrages of their oppressor, and, notwithstanding his gymnastic powers, succeeded in obtaining the mastery. Much enraged, they resolved upon carrying him down stairs and placing him under the hydrant as a punishment for his violations of the social compact, and were proceeding to put their determination in force, when Bobolink and the rest of the boarders, alarmed at the noise, popped out of their chambers.

"What's the fraction—vulgar or decimal?" said Bobolink.

"Vengeance!" panted Grigsby—"revenge! I'm insulted—let me go!"

The cause of quarrel was explained—all cried shame upon Mr. Jacob Grigsby, and Mr. Bobolink constituted himself judge on the occasion.

"They kicked me!" roared the prisoner.

"Yes," replied Bobolink, "but as they hadn't their boots on, it wasn't downright Mayor's court assault and battery—only an insult with intent to hurt—assault and battery in the second degree—a species of accidental homicide. Perhaps you were going down stairs, and they walked too quick after you—toeing it swift, and 'most walked into you. What was it for?"

"Look ye," said Grigsby—"it's very late—yes, it's nearly morning, and I didn't take time to fix myself for a regular sleep, so I turned in like a trooper's horse, and that's the whole matter."

"Like a trooper's horse—how's that?"

"I'll explain," said one of the spectators—"to turn

in like a trooper's horse is to go to bed all standing, ready for a sudden call—parade order—winter uniform—full dress—a very good fashion when you've been out to supper—convenient in case of fire, and saves a deal of trouble in the morning when you're late for breakfast."

"Well, I never heard tell of the likes on the part of a white man. They served you right, and my judgment is, as you won't be quiet, that you be shut in the back-cellar till breakfast time. I'm not going to have any more row. If you don't like it, you can appeal afterwards."

"Never heerd the likes!" said Jacob contemptuously; "ain't a bed a bed—ain't my share of it, my share of it?—and where's the law that lays down what sort of clothes a man must sleep in? I'll wear a porcupine jacket, and sleep in it too, if I like—yes, spurs, and a trumpet, and a spanner."

"Put him in the cellar," was the reply, and in spite of his struggles the sentence was laughingly enforced.

"Bobolink, let's out, or I'll burst the door—let's out—I want vengeance!"

"Keep yourself easy—you can't have any vengeance till morning. Perhaps they'll wrap some in a bit of paper, and keep it for you."

But in the morning Grigsby disappeared, and returned no more

FYDGET FYXINGTON.

The illustrious Pangloss, who taught the metaphysico-theologo-cosmolo-nigology at the Westphalian chateau of the puissant Baron Thundertentronckh, held it as a cardinal maxim of his philosophy, *que tout est au mieux;* that "it's all for the best." Pangloss was therefore what is called an optimist, and discontent—to use the favourite word of the slang-whangers—was repudiated by him and his followers. This doctrine, however, though cherished in the abstract, is but little practised out of the domain of Thundertentronckh. The world is much more addicted to its opposite. "All's for the worst" is a very common motto, and under its influence there are thousands who growl when they go to bed, and growl still louder when they get up; they growl at their breakfast, they growl at their dinner, they growl at their supper, and they growl between meals. Discontent is written in every feature of their visage; and they go on from the beginning of life until its close, always growling, in the hope of making things better by scaring them into it with ugly noises. These be your passive grumbletonians. When the castle was on fire, Sir Abel Handy stood wringing his hands, in expectation that the fire would be civil enough to go out of itself. So is it with the passive. He would utter divers maledictions upon the heat, but would sit still to see if the flame could not be scolded into going out of itself.

The active grumbletonians, however, though equally opposed in practice to the metaphysico-theologo-cosmolo-nigology, are a very different race of mortals from the passives. The world is largely indebted to them for every comfort and convenience with which it abounds; and they laugh at the inquiry whether their exertions have conduced to the general happiness, holding it that happiness consists chiefly in exertion—to which the passives demur, as they look back with no little regret to the lazy days of pastoral life, when Chaldean shepherds lounged upon the grass. The actives are very much inclined to believe that whatever is, is wrong; but then they have as an offset, the comfortable conviction that they are able to set it right—an opinion which fire cannot melt out of them. These restless fellows are in a vast majority; and hence it is that the surface of this earthly sphere is such a scene of activity; hence it is that for so many thousand years, the greater part of each generation has been unceasingly employed in labour and bustle; rushing from place to place; hammering, sawing, and driving; hewing down and piling up mountains; and unappalled, meeting disease and death, both by sea and land. To expedite the process of putting things to rights, likewise, hence it is that whole hecatombs of men have been slaughtered on the embattled field, and that the cord, the fagot, and the steel have been in such frequent demand. Sections of the active grumbletonians sometimes differ about the means of making the world a more comfortable place, and time being short, the labour-saving process is adopted. The weaker party is knocked on the head. It saves an incalculable deal of argument, and answers pretty nearly the same end.

But yet, though the world is many years old, and the "fixing process" has been going on ever since it

emerged from chaos, it seems that much remains undone, with less time to do it in. The actives consequently redouble their activity. They have called in the aid of gunpowder and steam, and in this goodly nineteenth century are kicking up such a terrible dust, and are setting things to rights at such a rate, that the passives have no comfort of their lives. Where they herd in nations, as in Mexico, the actives cluster on their borders and set things to rights with the rifle; and when they are solitary amid the crowd, as among us, they are fretted to fiddlestrings, like plodding shaft horses with unruly leaders. They are environed with perils. In one quarter, hundreds of stately mansions are brought thundering to the ground, because the last generation put things to rights in the wrong way, and in another quarter, thousands are going up on the true principle. Between them both, the passive is kept in a constant state of solicitude, and threads his way through piles of rubbish, wearing his head askew like a listening chicken, looking above with one eye, to watch what may fall on him, and looking below with the other, to see what he may fall upon. Should he travel, he is placed in a patent exploding steamboat, warranted to boil a gentleman cold in less than no time; or he is tied to the tail of a big steam kettle, termed a locomotive, which goes sixty miles an hour horizontally, or if it should meet impediment, a mile in half a second perpendicularly. Should he die, as many do, of fixo-phobia, and seek peace under the sod, the spirit of the age soon grasps the spade and has him out to make way for improvement.

The passive grumbletonian is useless to himself and to others: the active grumbletonian is just the reverse. In general, he combines individual advancement with public prosperity; but there are exceptions even in that class—men, who try to take so much care of the world

that they forget themselves, and, of course, fail in their intent.

Such a man is Fydget Fyxington, an amelioration-of-the-human-race-by-starting-from-first-principles-philosopher. Fydget's abstract principle, particularly in matters of government and of morals, is doubtless a sound rule; but he looks so much at the beginning that he rarely arrives at the end, and when he advances at all, he marches backward, his face being directed toward the starting place instead of the goal. By this means he may perhaps plough a straight furrow, but instead of curving round obstructions, he is very apt to be thrown down by them.

Like most philosophers who entertain a creed opposed to that of the illustrious Pangloss, Fydget may be fitly designated as the fleshless one. He never knew the joy of being fat, and is one of those who may console themselves with the belief that the physical sharpness which renders them a walking *chevaux de frise*, and as dangerous to embrace as a porcupine, is but an outward emblem of the acuteness of the mind. Should he be thrust in a crowd against a sulky fellow better in flesh than himself, who complains of the pointedness of his attentions, Fydget may reflect that even so do his reasoning faculties bore into a subject. When gazing in a mirror, should his eye be offended by the view of lantern jaws, and channelled cheeks, and bones prematurely labouring to escape from their cuticular tabernacle, he may easily figure to himself the restless energy of his spirit, which like a keen blade, weareth away the scabbard—he may look upon himself as an intellectual "cut and thrust"—a thinking chopper and stabber. But it may be doubted whether Fydget ever reverts to considerations so purely selfish, except when he finds that the "fine points" of

his figure are decidedly injurious to wearing apparel and tear his clothes.

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Winter ruled the hour when Fydget Fyxington was last observed to be in circulation—winter, when men wear their hands in their pockets and seldom straighten their backs—a season however, which, though sharp and biting in its temper, has redeeming traits. There is something peculiarly exhilarating in the sight of new-fallen snow. The storm which brings it is not without a charm. The graceful eddying of the drifts sported with by the wind, and the silent gliding of the feathery flakes, as one by one they settle upon the earth like fairy creatures dropping to repose, have a soothing influence not easily described, though doubtless felt by all. But when the clouds, having performed their office, roll away, and the brightness of the morning sun beams upon an expanse of sparkling, unsullied whiteness; when all that is common-place, coarse, and unpleasant in aspect, is veiled for the time, and made to wear a fresh and dazzling garb, new animation is felt by the spirit. The young grow riotous with joy, and their merry voices ring like bells through the clear and bracing air; while the remembrance of earlier days gives a youthful impulse to the aged heart.

But to all this there is a sad reverse. The resolution of these enchantments into their original elements by means of a thaw, is a necessary, but, it must be confessed, a very doleful process, fruitful in gloom, rheum, inflammations, and fevers—a process which gives additional pangs to the melancholic, and causes valour's self to droop like unstarched muslin. The voices of the boys are hushed; the whizzing snow-ball astonishes the unsuspicious wayfarer no more; the window glass is pe

mitted to live its brief day, safe from an untimely fracture, and the dejected urchin sneaks moodily from school. So changed is his nature, that he scarcely bestows a derisive grin upon the forlorn sleigh, which ploughs its course through mud and water, although its driver and his passengers invite the jeer by making themselves small to avoid it, and tempt a joke by oblique glances to see whether it is coming.

Such a time was it when Fydget was extant—a sloppy time in January. The city, it is true, was clothed in snow; but it was melancholy snow, rusty and forlorn in aspect, and weeping, as if in sorrow that its original purity had become soiled, stained, and spotted by contact with the world. Its whiteness had in a measure disappeared, by the pressure of human footsteps; wheels and runners had almost incorporated it with the common earth; and, where these had failed in effectually doing the work, remorseless distributers of ashes, coal dust, and potato peelings, had lent their aid to give uniformity to the dingy hue. But the snow, "weeping its spirit from its eyes," and its body too, was fast escaping from these multiplied oppressions and contumelies. Large and heavy drops splashed from the eaves; sluggish streams rolled lazily from the alleys, and the gutters and crossings formed vast shallow lakes, variegated by glaciers and ice islands. They who roamed abroad at this unpropitious time, could be heard approaching by the damp sucking sound which emanated from their boots, as they alternately pumped in and pumped out the water in their progress, and it was thus that our hero travelled, having no caoutchouc health-preservers to shield his pedals from unwholesome contact.

The shades of evening were beginning to thicken, when Fydget stopped shiveringly and looked through the glass

door of a fashionable hotel—the blazing fire and the numerous lights, by the force of contrast, made an outside seat still more uncomfortable.

The gong pealed out that tea was ready, and the lodgers rushed from the stoves to comfort themselves with that exhilarating fluid.

"There they go on first principles," said Fydget Fyxington with a sigh.

"Cla' de kitchen da'," said one of those ultra-aristocratic members of society, a negro waiter, as he bustled past the contemplative philosopher and entered the hotel —"you ought to be gwang home to suppa', ole soul, if you got some—yaugh—waugh!"

"Suppa', you nigga'!" contemptuously responded Fydget, as the door closed—"I wish I was gwang home to suppa', but suppers are a sort of thing I remember a good deal oftener than I see. Every thing is wrong—such a wandering from first principles!—there must be enough in this world for us all, or we wouldn't be here; but things is fixed so badly that I s'pose some greedy rascal gets my share of suppa' and other such elegant luxuries. It's just the way of the world; there's plenty of shares of every thing, but somehow or other there are folks that lay their fingers on two or three shares, and sometimes more, according as they get a chance, and the real owners, like me, may go whistle. They've fixed it so that if you go back to first principles and try to bone what belongs to you, they pack you right off to jail, 'cause you can't prove property. Empty stummicks and old clothes ain't good evidence in court.

"What the deuse is to become of me! Something must—and I wish it would be quick and hurra about it. My clothes are getting to be too much of the summer-house order for the winter fashions. People will soon

see too much of me—not that I care much about looks myself, but boys is boys, and all boys is sassy. Since the weather's been chilly, when I turn the corner to go up town, I feel as if the house had too many windows and doors, and I'm almost blow'd out of my coat and pants. The fact is, I don't get enough to eat to serve for ballast."

After a melancholy pause, Fydget, seeing the coast tolerably clear, walked in to warm himself at the fire in the bar-room, near which he stood with great composure, at the same time emptying several glasses of comfortable compounds which had been left partly filled by the lodgers when they hurried to their tea. Lighting a cigar which he found half smoked upon the ledge of the stove, he seated himself and puffed away much at his ease.

The inmates of the hotel began to return to the room, glancing suspiciously at Fydget's tattered integuments, and drawing their chairs away from him as they sat down near the stove. Fydget looked unconscious, emitting volumes of smoke, and knocking off the ashes with a nonchalant and scientific air.

"Bad weather," said Brown

"I've noticed that the weather is frequently bad in winter, especially about the middle of it, and at both ends," added Green. "I keep a memorandum book on the subject, and can't be mistaken."

"It's raining now," said Griffinhoff—"what's the use of that when it's so wet under foot already?"

"It very frequently rains at the close of a thaw, and it's beneficial to the umbrella makers." responded Green.

"Nothin's fixed no how," said Fydget with great energy, for he was tired of listening.

Brown, Green, Griffinhoff, and the rest started and stared.

"Nothin's fixed no how," continued Fydget rejoicing in the fact of having hearers—"our grand-dads must a been lazy rascals. Why didn't they roof over the side walks, and not leave every thing for us to do? I ain't got no numbrell, and besides that, when it comes down as if raining was no name for it, as it always does when I'm cotch'd out, numbrells is no great shakes if you've got one with you, and no shakes at all if it's at home."

"Who's the indevidjual?" inquired Cameo Calliper, Esq., looking at Fydget through a pair of lorgnettes.

Fydget returned the glance by making an opera glass with each fist, and then continued his remarks: "It's a pity we ain't got feathers, so's to grow our own jacket and trousers, and do up the tailorin' business, and make our own feather beds. It would be a great savin'—every man his own clothes, and every man his own feather bed. Now I've got a suggestion about that—first principles bring us to the skin—fortify that, and the matter's done. How would it do to bile a big kittle full of tar, tallow, beeswax and injen rubber, with considerable wool, and dab the whole family once a week? The young 'uns might be soused in it every Saturday night, and the nigger might fix the elderly folks with a whitewash brush. Then there wouldn't be no bother a washing your clothes or yourself, which last is an invention of the doctor to make people sick, because it lets in the cold in winter and the heat in summer, when natur' says shut up the porouses and keep 'em out. Besides, when the new invention was tore at the knees or wore at the elbows, just tell the nigger to put on the kittle and give you a dab, and you're patched slick—and so that whole mobs of people mightn't stick together like figs, a little sperrits of turpen-

tine or litharage might be added to make 'em dry like a house-a-fire."

"If that fellow don't go away, I'll hurt him," said Griffinhoff *sotto voce.*

"Where's a waiter?" inquired Cameo Calliper edging off in alarm.

"He's crazy," said Green—"I was at the hospital once, and there was a man in the place who—"

"'Twould be nice for sojers," added Fyxington, as he threw away his stump, and very deliberately reached over and helped himself to a fresh cigar, from a number which Mr. Green had just brought from the bar and held in his hand—"I'll trouble you for a little of your fire," continued he, taking the cigar from the mouth of Mr. Green, and after obtaining a light, again placing the borrowed Habana within the lips of that worthy individual, who sat stupified at the audacity of the supposed maniac. Fydget gave the conventional grin of thanks peculiar to such occasions, and with a graceful wave of his hand, resumed the thread of his lecture,—"'Twould be nice for sojers. Stand 'em all of a row, and whitewash 'em blue or red, according to pattern, as if they were a fence. The gin'rals might look on to see if it was done according to Gunter; the cap'ins might flourish the brush, and the corpulars carry the bucket. Dandies could fix themselves all sorts of streaked and all sorts of colours. When the parterials is cheap and the making don't cost nothing, that's what I call economy, and coming as near as possible to first principles. It's a better way, too, of keeping out the rain, than my t'other plan of flogging people when they're young, to make their hides hard and waterproof. A good licking is a sound first principle for juveniles, but they've got a prejudice agin it."

"Waiter!" cried Cameo Calliper.

"Sa!"

"Remove the incumbent—expose him to the atmosphere!"

"If you hadn't said that, I'd wopped him," observed Griffinhoff.

"Accordin' to first principles, I've as good a right to be here as any body," remarked Fydget indignantly.

"Cut you' stick, 'cumbent—take you'sef off, trash!" said the waiter, keeping at a respectful distance.

"Don't come near me, Sip," growled Fydget, doubling his fist—"don't come near me, or I'll develope a first principle and 'lucidate a simple idea for you—I'll give you a touch of natur' without no gloves on—but I'll not stay, though I've a clear right to do it, unless you are able—yes, sassy able!—to put me out. If there is any thing I scorns it's prejudice, and this room's so full of it and smoke together that I won't stay. Your cigar, sir," added Fydget, tossing the stump to Mr. Green and retiring slowly.

"That fellow's brazen enough to collect militia fines," said Brown, "and so thin and bony, that if pasted over with white paper and rigged athwart ships, he'd make a pretty good sign for an oyster cellar."

The rest of the company laughed nervously, as if not perfectly sure that Fydget was out of hearing.

* * * * * *

"The world's full of it—nothin' but prejudice. I'm always served the same way, and though I've so much to do planning the world's good, I can't attend to my own business, it not only won't support me, but it treats me with despise and unbecoming freedery. Now, I was used sinful about my universal language, which every body can understand, which makes no noise, and which don't

convolve no wear and tear of the tongue. It's the patent anti-fatigue-anti-consumption omnibus linguister, to be done by winking and blinking, and cocking your eye, the way the cat-fishes make Fourth of July orations. I was going to have it introduced in Congress, to save the expense of anchovies and more porter; but t'other day I tried it on a feller in the street; I danced right up to him, and began canœuvering my daylights to ask him what o'clock it was, and I'm blow'd if he didn't swear I was crazy, up fist and stop debate, by putting it to me right atween the eyes, so that I've been pretty well bung'd up about the peepers ever since, by a feller too who couldn't understand a simple idea. That was worse than the kick a feller gave me in market, because 'cording to first principles I put a bullowney sassinger into my pocket, and didn't pay for it. The 'riginal law, which you may see in children, says when you ain't got no money, the next best thing is to grab and run. I did grab and run, but he grabb'd me, and I had to trot back agin, which always hurts my feelin's and stops the march of mind. He wouldn't hear me 'lucidate the simple idea, and the way he hauled out the sassinger, and lent me the loan of his foot, was werry sewere. It was unsatisfactory and discombobberative, and made me wish I could find out the hurtin' principle and have it 'radicated."

Carriages were driving up to the door of a house bril liantly illuminated, in one of the fashionable streets, and the music which pealed from within intimated that the merry dance was on foot.

"I'm goin' in," said Fydget—"I'm not afeard—if we go on first principles we ain't afeard of nothin', and since they've monopolized my sheer of fun, they can't do less than give me a shinplaster to go away. My jacket's so wet with the rain, if I don't get dry I'll be sewed up ana

have *hic jacket* wrote atop of me, which means defuncted of toggery not imprevious to water. In I go.'

In accordance with this design, he watched his opportunity and slipped quietly into the gay mansion. Helping himself liberally to refreshments left in the hall, he looked in upon the dancers.

"Who-o-ip!" shouted Fydget Fyxington, forgetting himself in the excitement of the scene—"Who-o-ip!" added he, as he danced forward with prodigious vigour and activity, flourishing the eatables with which his hands were crammed, as if they were a pair of cymbals—"Whurro-o-o! plank it down—that's your sort!—make yourselves merry, gals and boys—it's all accordin' to first principles—whoo-o-o-ya—whoop!—it takes us!"

Direful was the screaming at this formidable apparition—the fiddles ceased—the waltzers dropped their panting burdens, and the black band looked pale and aghast.

"Who-o-o-p! go ahead!—come it strong!" continued Fydget.

But he was again doomed to suffer an ejectment.

"Hustle him out!"

"Give us a 'shinplaster' then—them's my terms."

It would not do—he was compelled to retire shinplasterless; but it rained so heavily that, nothing daunted, he marched up the alley-way, re-entered the house through the garden, and gliding noiselessly into the cellar, turned a large barrel over which he found there, and getting into it, went fast asleep "on first principles."

The company had departed—the servants were assembled in the kitchen preparatory to retiring for the night, when an unearthly noise proceeding from the barrel aforesaid struck upon their astonished ears. It was Fydget snoring, and his hearers, screaming, fled.

Rallying, however, at the top of the stairs, they pro-

cured the aid of Mr. Lynx, who watched over the nocturnal destinies of an unfinished building in the vicinity, and who, having frequently boasted of his valour, felt it to be a point of honour to act bravely on this occasion. The sounds continued, and the "investigating committee," with Mr. Lynx as chairman, advanced slowly and with many pauses.

Lynx at last hurriedly thrust his club into the barrel, and started back to wait the result of the experiment. "Ouch!" ejaculated a voice from the interior, the word being one not to be found in the dictionaries, but which, in common parlance, means that a sensation too acute to be agreeable has been excited.

"Hey!—hello!—come out of that," said Lynx, as soon as his nerves had recovered tranquillity. "You are in a bad box whoever you are."

"Augh!" was the response, "no, I ain't—I'm in a barrel."

"No matter," added Lynx authoritatively; "getting into another man's barrel unbeknownst to him in the night-time, is burglary."

"That," said Fydget, putting out his head like a terrapin, at which the women shrieked and retreated, and Lynx made a demonstration with his club—"that's because you ain't up to first principles—keep your stick out of my ribs—I've a plan so there won't be no burglary, which is this—no man have no more than he can use, and all other men mind their own business. Then, this 'ere barrel would be mine while I'm in it, and you'd be asleep—that's the idea."

"It's a logo-fogie!" exclaimed Lynx with horror—"a right down logo-fogie!"

"Ah!" screamed the servants—"a logo-fogie!—how did it get out?—will it bite?—can't you get a gun?"

"Don't be fools—a logo-fogie is a sort of a man that don't think as I do—wicked critters all such sort of people are," said Lynx. "My lad, I'm pretty clear you're a logo-fogie—you talk as if your respect for me and other venerable institutions was tantamount to very little. You're a leveller I see, and wouldn't mind knocking me down flat as a pancake, if so be you could run away and get out of this scrape—you're a 'grarium, and would cut across the lot like a streak of lightning if you had a chance."

"Mr. Lynx," said the lady of the house from the head of the stairs,—she had heard from one of the affrighted maids that a "logo-fogie" had been "captivated," and that it could talk "just like a human"—"Mr. Lynx, don't have any thing to say to him. Take him out, and hand him over to the police. I'll see that you are recompensed for your trouble."

"Come out, then—you're a bad chap—you wouldn't mind voting against our side at the next election."

"We don't want elections, I tell you," said Fydget coolly, as he walked up stairs—"I've a plan for doing without elections, and police-officers, and laws—every man mind his own business, and support me while I oversee him. I can fix it."

Having now arrived at the street, Mr. Lynx held him by the collar, and looked about for a representative of justice to relieve him of his prize.

"Though I feel as if I was your pa, yet you must be tried for snoozling in a barrel. Besides, you've no respect for functionaries, and you sort of want to cut a piece out of the common veal by your logo-fogieism in wishing to 'bolish laws, and policers, and watchmen, when my brother's one, and helps to govern the nation when the

President, the Mayor, and the rest of the day-watch has turned in, or are at a tea-party. You'll get into prison."

"We don't want prisons."

"Yes we do though—what's to become of functionaries if there ain't any prisons?"

This was rather a puzzling question. Fyxington paused, and finally said:

"Why, I've a plan."

"What is it, then—is it logo-fogie?"

"Yes, it upsets existing institutions," roared Fyxington, tripping up Mr. Lynx, and making his escape—the only one of his plans that ever answered the purpose.

NEAL'S CHARCOAL SKETCHES.

BOOK THE SECOND.

"BOOTS:"

OR, THE MISFORTUNES OF PETER FABER.

It was a lovely autumnal morning. The air was fresh, with just enough of frost about it to give ruddiness to the cheek and brilliancy to the eye. The rays of the sun streamed brightly up the street; knockers, door-plates, and bell-handles, beamed with more than usual lustre; while they who had achieved their breakfasts, and had no fear of duns, went, according to the bias of their musical fancy, either whistling or singing through the town, as if they had finally dissolved partnership with care, and had nothing else to do for the remainder of their natural lives but to be as merry as grigs and as frolicsome as kittens. Every one, even to the heavy-footed, displayed elasticity of step and buoyancy of motion. There were some who seemed to have a disposition to dance from place to place, and evidently found it difficult to refrain from a pirouette around the corner, or a pigeon-wing across the way, in evidence of the lightheartedness that prevailed within. The atmosphere had a silent music in it, more delicious than orchestral strains, and none could resist its charm, who were not insensible in mind and body to the innocent delight which is thus afforded to the healthful spirit. There are mornings in this variable climate of ours more exhilarating than the wines of the ban-

quet. There are days which seem to be a fête opened to all the world. The festive hall, with its blaze of chandeliers and its feverish jollity, has no pleasure in its joys to equal nature's holyday, which demands no hollow cheek or haggard eye in recompense. Enjoyment here has no remorse.

No wonder, then, that young men slapped their comrades on the back with a merry laugh, and dealt in mirthful salutations. Nor could it cause surprise that old men poked their cronies with a stick, and thought that it was funny. Ay, there are moments when our frail humanity is forgotten — when years and sorrow roll away together — when time slackens its iron hold upon us — when pain, tears, disappointments, and contrition, cease to bear down the spirit, and for a little moment grant it leave to sport awhile in pristine gleefulness — when, indeed we scarcely recognise our care-worn selves, and have, as it were, brief glimpses of a new existence.

Still, however, this is a world of violent contrasts, and of painful incongruities. Some of us may laugh; but while we laugh, let us be assured of it that there are others who are weeping. It is pleasant all about you here, within your brief horizon, but the distance may be short to scenes most sadly different. Smiles are on your brow, as you jostle through the street, yet your elbow touches him whose heart is torn with grief. Is there a merry-making in your family — are friends in congregation there with mirth, and dance, and song? How strange to think that it is scarce a step to the couch of suffering or the chamber of despair. The air is tremulous, perchance, with sighs and groans; and though our joyous strains overwhelm all sorrow's breathings, yet the sorrow still exists even when we hear it not.

And so it was on this autumnal morning. While the very air had delight in it, and while happiness pervaded the atmosphere, there was a little man who felt it not — poor little man — poor grim little man — poor queer little man — poor

little man disconsolate. Sadness had engrossed the little man. For him, with no sunshine in his heart, all outward sunshine was in vain. It had no ray to dispel the thick fogs of gloom that clouded round his soul; and the gamesome breezes which fluttered his garments and played around his countenance, as if to provoke a smiling recognition, met with as little of response as if they had paid courtship to the floating iceberg, and they passed quickly by, chilled by the hyperborean contact. The mysterious little man — contradictory in all his aspects to the order of the day — appeared, as he walked toward the corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets — Justice's peculiar stand, where "Black Marias" most do congregate, and where his honor does the honors to that portion of society who are so unfortunate and so maladroit as to be caught in their transgressions and to be arrested in their sins — he appeared, we say, as he approached this awful corner, to be most assuredly under duress, as well as an enlistment under general affliction — a guard of functionaries — a body-guard, though not of honor, seemed to wait upon him — the grim little man and the queer little man. There was a hand too — ponderous in weight — austere in knuckle — severe in fist — resting clutchingly upon the collar of the little man, as if to demonstrate the fact that he only was the person to be gazed at — the incident, the feature, the sensation of the time — though the little man resisted not. He had yielded to his fate, sulkily, it may be, but submissively. Pale was the little man's face — most pale; while his hat was generally crumpled in its circumference, and particularly smashed in the details of its crown, having the look, abused hat, of being typical of its owner's fortunes — an emblem, as it were, of the ups and the downs, the stumbling-places and the pitfalls wherewith its owner's way through life is diversified. He had a coat, too — though this simple fact can not be alluded to as distinctly characteristic — most men wear coats whose aspirations go beyond the roundings of a jacket. But our little

man's coat was peculiar — "itself alone," speaking of it merely as a coat. There were two propositions — either the coat did not belong to him, or else he did not belong to the coat — one of these must have been true, if it were proper to form an opinion upon the usual evidences which go to settle our impression as to the matter of proprietorship in coats. The fitness of things is the great constituent of harmony in coats, as in all other matters; but here was a palpable violation of the fitness of things, a coat being a thing that ought always to fit, or to come as near to that condition as the skill of the tailor, or the configuration of the man, will allow. It may possibly be that mischance had shrunk the individual's fair proportions, and had thus left his garments in the lurch — the whole arrangement being that of a very small kernel in an uncommonly-extensive shell. It may be mentioned also, in the way of illustration, that the buttons behind were far below their just and proper location — that its tails trailed on the ground; while in front the coat was buttoned almost around its wearer's knees — not so stringently, however, as to impede progression, for its ample circumference allowed sufficient play to his limbs. Thus the little man was not only grim, and queer, and sorrowful, but was also picturesque and original. There was at least nothing like him to be seen that day, or any other day; and, as he walked, marvellous people held up their hands and wondered — curious people rubbed their eyes and stared — sagacious people shook their wise heads in disapproval; and dubious people, when they heard of it, were inclined to the opinion that it must be a mistake altogether, and "a no such thing." A boy admiringly observed, that it was his impression that "there was a good deal of coat with a very small allowance of man," like his grandmother's pies, which, according to his report, were more abundantly endowed with crust than gifted with apples; as if the merit of a pie did not consist mainly in its enclosures. To confess the truth, it might as well be can-

didly granted at once, that but for the impediment of having his arms in the sleeves, the little man might have turned round in his coat, without putting his coat to the inconvenience of turning round with him.

The case — we do not mean the coat, but the case, in general and inclusive — offered another striking peculiarity. In addition to the somewhat dilapidated pair which already adorned his pedal extremities, the little man, or Mr. Peter Faber — for such was the appellation in which this little man rejoiced, when he did happen to rejoice — for no one ever was lucky enough to catch him at it — Mr. Peter Faber carried another pair of boots along with him — one in each hand — as if he had used precaution against being sent on a bootless errand, and took the field like artillery, supplied with extra wheels. But it was not that Mr. Peter Faber had feloniously appropriated these boots, as ill-advised persons might be induced to suppose. But each man has his idiosyncrasy — his peculiarities — some trait which, by imperceptible advances, results at last in being the master-passion, consuming all the rest; and boots — an almost insane love of boots — stood in this important relation to Mr. Peter Faber. In happier days, when the sun of prosperity beamed brightly on him, full of warmth and cheeriness, Peter Faber had a whole closet full of boots, and a top-shelf full of blacking — in boxes and in bottles — solid blacking, and that which is diluted; and Peter Faber's leisure hours were passed in polishing these boots, in admiring these boots, and in trying on these boots. Peter knew, sadly enough, that he could not be regarded as a handsome man — that neither his face nor his form was calculated to attract attention as he passed along; but his foot was undeniably neat — both his feet were — and his affection for himself came to a concentration at that point.

Some men there are who value themselves upon one quality — others may be discovered who flatter themselves on the possession of another quality — each of us is a sort

of heathen temple, with its peculiar idol for our secret worship. There are those who pay adoration to their hair. Whiskers, too, have votaries. People are to be met with who attitudinize with their fingers, from a belief that these manual appendages are worthy to be admired, because they are white, or chance to be of diminutive order. Many eyes have double duty to perform, that we may be induced to mark their languishing softness or to note their sparkling brilliancy. To smile is often a laborious occupation to those who fancy they are displayed to advantage in that species of physiognomical exercise; and there are persons of the tragic style, who practise frowning severity in the mirrors, that they may "look awfully" at times. Softnesses of this kind are innumerable, rendering us the most ridiculous when most we wish to please. The strongest have such folly; and the weak point in Peter Faber's character lay in his foot. Men there are who will make puns, and are yet permitted to live. Peter Faber cherished boots, and became the persecuted of society! Justice is blind.

On the previous night, in the very hours of quietness and repose, there came a strange noise of rattling and bumping at the front door of the respectable house of the respectable family of the Sniggses—people by no means disposed to turbulence themselves, or inclined to tolerate turbulence in others. It so happened, indeed, on this memorable occasion, that Sniggs himself was absent from the city; and the rest of the family were nervous after dark, because his valor had temporarily been withdrawn from their protection. Still, however, the fearful din continued, to the complete and terrified awakening of the innocent Sniggses from the refreshment of balmy slumber. And such a turmoil—such hurrying to and fro, under the appalling influence of nocturnal alarm. Betsy, the maid-of-all-work, crept in terror to the chamber of the maternal Mrs. Sniggs. Betsy first heard the noise and thought it "washing-day;" but discovering her mistake, Betsy aroused the matron with the somewhat indefinite news,

though rather fearful announcement, that "they are breaking in!"—the intelligence, perhaps, being the more horrible because of its vagueness, it being left to the excited imagination to determine who "they" were. Then came little Tommy Sniggs, shivering with cold and fear, while he looked like a sheeted ghost in the whiteness of his nocturnal habiliments. Tommy and Betsy crawled under the bed, that they might lie hid in safety. Nor were Mary, and Sally, and Prudence, and Patience, slow in their approach; and they distributed themselves within the bed and beneath, as terror chanced to suggest. Never before had the Sniggs family been stowed away with such compactness—never before had there been such trembling and shaking within the precincts of that staid and sober mansion.

"There it goes again!" shivered Mrs. Sniggs, from beneath the blankets

"They're most through the door!" quivered Betsy, under the bed.

"They'll take all our money!" whimpered Prudence.

"And all our lives, too!" groaned Patience.

"And the spoons besides!" shrieked Mary, who was acting in the capacity of housekeeper for that particular week.

"Pa!" screamed Tommy, under the usual impression of the juveniles, that, as "pa" corrects them, he is fully competent to the correction of all the other evils that present themselves under the sun.

"Ma!" ejaculated the others, seeking rather for comfort and consolation, than for fiercer methods of relief. But neither "pa" nor "ma" seemed to have an exorcising effect upon the mysterious bumpings, and bangings, and pantings, and ejaculations, at the front door.

In the process of time, however, becoming a little familiarized to the disturbance, Mrs. Sniggs slowly raised the window, and put forth her nightcapped head, it having been suggested that by possibility it might be a noise emanating from Mr. Sniggs, or "pa" himself, returning unexpectedly.

"Who's there?" said Mrs. Sniggs.

"Boots!" was the sepulchral reply.

"Is it you, dear—you, Sniggs?"

"If you mean 'me' by saying 'you,' it is me—but I'm not 'dear'—boots is 'dear'—Sniggs, did you say? Who's Sniggs? If he is an able-bodied man, send him down here to bear a hand, will you?" and another crash renewed the terrors of the second story, which sought vent in such loud and repeated shrieks, that even the watchman himself was awakened, and judiciously halting at the distance of half a square, he made his reconnaisance with true military caution, concluding with an inquiry as to what was the matter, that he might know exactly how to regulate his approaches to the seat of war. An idea had entered his mind, that perhaps a ghost was at the bottom of all this uproar; and though perhaps as little afraid of mere flesh and blood as most people of his vocation, he had no fondness for taking spectres by the collar, or for springing his rattle at the heels of a goblin, holding it—the principle, and not the ghost—as a maxim that, if such folks pay no taxes and are not allowed to vote, they are not entitled to the luxury of an arrest, for the ordinances of the city do not apply to them.

"Even if it is not a ghost nor a sperrit—and I'm not very fond of any sort of sperrits but them that comes in bottles," said he, having now approached near enough to hear the knocking, and to see a dark object in motion at the top of Mr. Sniggs's steps—"perhaps it's something out of the menagerie or the museum—something that bites or something that hooks; and I can not afford to have my precious corporation used for the benefit of the city's corporation. The wages is too small for a man to have himself killed into the bargain."

"But maybe it's a bird!" continued he, as he caught a glimpse of Peter's coat-tail fluttering in the wind—"sho-o-o-o!"

But no regard being paid to the cry, which settled the

"BOOTS!" WAS THE SEPULCHRAL REPLY.—*Book* II, *page* 14.

point that there was no bird in the case—"sho-o-o!" being a part of bird language, and only comprehensible by the feathered race—the watchman slowly advanced, until he saw that the mysterious being was a man—a little man—apparently levelling a blunderbuss and pulling at the trigger.

"Who said shoe, when it's boot?" inquired the unknown figure, still seemingly with a gun at its shoulder, and turning round so that the muzzle appeared to point dangerously at the intruder.

"Hallo! don't shoot! maybe it will go off!" cried the watch, as he ducked and dived to confuse the aim and to avoid the anticipated bullet.

"Don't shute! I know it don't shute—that's what I want it to do—I'm trying to make it shute with all my ten fingers," was the panting reply, as the apparently threatening muzzle was lowered for an instant and raised again—"and as for its going off, that's easy done. What I want, is to make it go on."

Luckily for Charley's comfort, he now discovered that the supposed blunderbuss was Peter Faber's leg; and that the little man had it levelled like a gun, in the vain attempt to pull a Wellington boot over that which already encased his foot. He sighed and tugged, and sighed and tugged again. The effort was bootless. He could not, to use his own words, make it "shute." The first pair, which already occupied the premises, would not be prevailed upon to admit of interlopers, and Peter's pulling and hauling were in vain.

It was the banging of Peter's back against the front door of Mrs. Sniggs's mansion that had so alarmed the family; and now as he talked, he hopped across the pavement, still tugging at the boot, and took his place upon the fire-plug.

"Pshaw!—baint it hot!" said Peter. "Drat these boots! they've been eating green presimmings. I guess their mouths are all drawed up, just as if they wanted to whistle 'Hail Kerlumby.' They did fit like nothing when I tried 'em on this morning; but now I might as well pull at the

door-handle and try to poke my foot through the keyhole My feet couldn't have growed so much in a single night, or else my stockings would have been tore; and I'm sure these are my own legs and nobody else's, because they are as short as ever and as bandy. Besides, I know it's me by the patches on my knees. That's the way I always tell."

"Are you quite sure," inquired the watch, "that you didn't get swopped as you came up the street? You've got boot, somehow or other. But come, now," added he authoritatively, and putting on the dignity that belongs to his station, "quit being redickalis, and tell us what's the meaning of sich goin's on in a white man, who ought to be a credit to his fetching up. If you're a gentleman's son, always be genteel, and never cut up shindies, or indulge in didoes. What are you doing with them 'are boots? That's the question, Mr. Speaker."

"Doing with my boots? What could I do without my boots, watchy?" added Peter, in tones of the deepest solemnity, as he laid his boots upon his lap and smoothed them down with every token of affection. "Watchy, though you are a watchy, you've got a heart with the sensibilities in it —nothing of the brickbat about you, is there, watchy? If you are ugly to look at, it's not your fault, and it's not your fault that you're a watchy. I can see with half an eye that you're a man with feelings; and you know as well as I do that we must have something to love in this world—you love your rattle—I love my boots—better nor they love me, I'm afraid," and Peter grew plaintive.

The watchman, however, shook his head with an expression of "duberousness," which, like the celebrated nod of Lord Burleigh, seemed to signify a great deal relative to the thoughts existing within the head that was thus shaken. It vibrated, as it were, between opinions, oscillating to the right, under the idea that Peter Faber was insane from moral causes, and pendulating to the left with the impression that

he was queer, perchance, from causes which come upon the table of liquid measure.

Peter's thoughts, however, were too intent upon the work he had in hand and desired to get on foot, to pay attention to any other insinuation than that of trying to insinuate his toes into the calfskin. Sarcastic glances and nods of distrust were thrown away upon him. He asked no other solace than that of bringing his sole in contact with the sole of his new boot. On this his soul was intent.

"It's not a very genteel expression, I know," said the nocturnal guardian, "and it may seem to be rather a personal insinivation, though I only ask it in a professional way, and not because I want to know as a private citizen—no, it's in my public campacity, that I think you've been drinking—I think so as a watchman, not as David Dumpy. Isn't you a a leetle corned?"

"Corned! No—look at my foot—nor bunioned either," replied Peter, as he commenced another series of tugging at the straps; and with a look of suspicion, he added: "That 'tarnal bootman must have changed 'em. He's guv me some baby's boots. But never mind—boots was made to go on, and go on they must, if I break my back a driving into 'em. Hurra!" shrieked our hero, "bring on your wild cats!"

With this exclamation—which amounts with those who use it, to a determination to do or die—Peter screwed up his visage and his courage to what may be truly denominated "the terrible *feet*," and put forth his whole strength. Every nerve was strained to its utmost tension; the tug was tremendous; but alas! Cesar was punctured as full of holes as a cullender, by those whom he regarded as his best friends; many others have been stuck in a vital part by those who were their intimate cronies; and how could Peter Faber hope to escape the treachery by which all great men are begirt? When exerting the utmost of his physical strength, the traitorous straps gave way. Two simultaneous cracks

were heard; a pair of heels, describing a short curve, flashed through the air, and Peter, with the rapidity of lightning, turned a series of backward somersets from the fire-plug, and went whizzing like a wheel across the street. Now the half-donned boot appeared uppermost, and again his head followed his heels, as if for very rage he was trying to bite the hinder part of his shins, or sought to hide his mortification at his failure, not only by swallowing his boots, but likewise by gobbling up his whole body.

"Why, bless us, Boots!" said the Charley, following him like a boy beating a hoop, "this is what I call rewarsing the order of natur. You travel backerds, and you stop on your noddle. I thought you was trying to go clean through the mud into the middle of next week. An't you most knocked into a cocked hat?"

"Cocked fiddlesticks!" muttered Peter. "Turn us right side up, with care. That's right — cocked hat, indeed! when you can see with half an eye, if you've got as much, it's my boots vot vont go on. A steam-engine — forty horse power — couldn't pull 'em on, if your foot was a thimble and your legs a knitting-needle. Don't you see it was the straps as broke? Not a good watchy!" continued Peter, as he dashed the boots on the pavement, and made a vain attempt to dance on them, and "tread on haughty Spain."

"Well, now, I think I am a good watchy; for I've been watching you and your boots for some time."

"What's a man, if he a'n't got handsome boots; and what's the use of handsome boots, if he a'n't got 'em on? As the English gineral said, what's beauty without bootee, and what's bootee without beauty? Look at them 'are articles — fust I bought 'em, and then I black'd 'em, and now they turn agin me, and bite their best friend, like a wiper. Don't they look as if they ought to be ashamed?"

"Yes, I rather think they do look mean enough."

"Who cares what you think? Have you got a bootjack

in your pocket?—no, not a bootjack—I want a pair of them 'are hook-em-sniveys, vot they uses in the shops. I don't want a pull-offer; I want a pair of pull-oners."

"If you will walk with me, I'll find you a pair of hook-em-sniveys in less than no time."

If you will, I'll go; because I must get my boots on somehow, and hook-em-sniveys will do it if anything will. There's no fun in boots what won't go on; you can't make anything of 'em except old clothes-bags and letter-boxes, and I a'n't got much use for articles of the sort—seeing as how clothes and letters are scarce with me."

"Can't you use them for book-keeping by double-entry? That's the way I do. I put all my cash into one old boot, and all my receipts into the other. That's scientific double-entry simplified—old slippers is the Italian method."

"No, I can't. I does business on the fork-out system. I don't save up, only for boots; and as soon as I gets any money, I speculates right off in something to eat, and lives upon the principal."

Peter gathered up his boots, and half reclining upon the watchman, wended his way to the common receptacle, where, after discovering the trick played upon him, and finding that the "hook-em-sniveys" were not forthcoming, he shared his wrath between the boots which had originally betrayed him, and the individual who had consequently betrayed him. At length,

"Sweet sleep, the wounded bosom healing,"

restored Peter to himself and that just estimate of the fitness of things, which teaches that it is not easy—even for a man who is as sober as a powder-horn—to pull a pair of long boots over another pair, particularly if the latter happen to be wet and muddy. Convinced of this important truth, Peter put his boots under his arm, and departed to get the

straps repaired, and try the efficacy of "hook-em-sniveys" where the law could not interfere.

And such was the close of this remarkable episode in the life of the grim little man and the queer little man, whose monomania had boots for its object.

THE MAN THAT DANCED THE POLKA

OR, THE OAK AND THE VIOLET.

He danced the polka!

And here, if we were addicted to epigrammatic brevity, our narrative might close, with the short and simple enunciation of a fact which involves the moral of Lankley Towers —all, perhaps, that entitles him to special attention as a subject of biography.

He danced the polka!!

We like this condensation, winding up the virtues of a man, Napoleon-like, into that compactness of parcel which seems to contain much more than volumes. There is a classic nudity about it, scorning the tinsel of pretence; and whether inscribed upon the rolls of fame, or carved upon a tombstone, what could be more likely to arrest attention or to be long remembered, than —

He danced the polka!!!

The effect is obvious. As the ages pass along, there would be pausing on the march, and pondering by the way. Successive centuries must stop—here, over Lankley's "sad remainders"—to wonder at the epitaph. Why was it that he danced the polka?—how was it that he danced the polka?—what is the polka, and who was Lankley? Our era would gain an immortality.

Antiquarian research might show that many danced the polka, at the period referred to; and that an ability to perform the feat was a passport through the world of social life; but nicer observation might detect, that while the many danced the polka, in the thoughtlessness of mere muscular agitation, wiggling hither aud waggling thither, without ulte-

rior design, and reversing heel and toe, as Korponay prescribes, with no originality of mind, Lankley Towers availed himself of the polka as an aid to enterprise. To him, the polka was a stratagem—a conspiracy—a *coup d'etat.* His polka had a purpose.

Some men succeed by plodding industry—there are others who make their way, through force of intellect—the whisker and mustache have oft worked wonders; but it was left for Lankley Towers to accomplish all he wished by "a wise and masterly" recourse to the polka. He neither crawled, nor crept, nor rushed, up to the heights of fortune. He danced up, to tunes of Strauss and Jullien, as the army of Italy was animated to the crossing of the Alps by the inspiring strains of the *Marseillaise.*

Not that there was any peculiar physical adaptation in Lankley Towers, leading to brilliant achievements as a carpet knight. Though a gentleman, in the most extended sense of the term—longitudinally, few could measure more in feet and inches—yet he had little pretension to beauty in other respects. He was a man, no doubt, of elevated views, capable of lighting his cigar at the street lamp, and of looking into the windows of the second story. No inquiries could be requisite on any occasion, to ascertain if Mr. Lankley Towers were present; and, in a crowd, he, better than other people, might discover exactly what was the matter. Others may brag of a long line of ancestors—Lankley could boast of being a long line in himself. But he discovered at last. when the cash his father bequeathed to him had melted from his grasp—how incidents of that sort sharpen the philosophy—that a man requires some degree of latitude to live, however upright may be his intentions, and however erect his bearing. And so—

He danced the polka.

"Lankley Towers," observed his uncle Tobias, when Lankley was in process of paying a domiciliary visit to the

uncle aforesaid, in the vain hope of raising the wind — his uncle, on this fiscal occasion, like a prudent man, as he was, volunteering a monitory check, in the way of advice, instead of a monetary check, in the way of the bank, as Lankley desired — "Lankley Towers, I can not afford to keep you in wind any longer — you are too long in this respect already, and I am getting short. I'm nearly blown myself, by this tightness in the money-market, which has given me a sympathetic constriction in the region of the chest. Financially speaking, I've got the asthma."

"But, uncle, I want some cash so bad."

"To be sure — to want money is always bad; and that is one of the reasons why I won't lend. If you didn't want it so bad, there might be some chance of getting it back. But when people want money bad, as you call it, the whole affair becomes bad. Why don't you do something for yourself?"

"What shall I do?" asked Lankley, mournfully. "I've borrowed from everybody, and don't know how to do anything else."

"Can't you get a situation as a lighthouse? They might whitewash you up, and hang a lamp on your hat — or there's Mr. Morse and his magnetic telegraph — how would you like to be one of the posts, with a wire to your head?"

"Uncle," replied Lankley, in accents of reproach, "don't talk ironically about wires to a fellow's head; and never speak disrespectfully of nature's doings, in regard to the article of legs. If you won't lend me any money, pray have respect for my feelings. I'm sensitive about the legs, especially when my pockets are empty. I never twitted you, uncle, because your legs are mere abridgments of works upon the understanding."

"Well, well; I only desired that you should make yourself useful in one way or in another; and such legs as yours are as good a method of getting along, as any I could think of. If you were to lie down they would make a tolerable railroad. Always trust to your legs, Lankley, since you

have been so extensively favored in this respect. It is more than probable your genius lies in that extraordinary locomotive apparatus—you may as well trust to your legs now—there's no money hereabouts—nothing over to-day, unless it be done over."

"Trust to my legs!" repeated Lankley, as he walked away at the utmost compass of his stride, so that people looked after him in admiration, as if the "shears" from the navy-yard, or the machinery for raising blocks at the Girard college, had wandered forth to take a walk; "trust to my legs!—many a true word may be spoken in jest—but how to render my legs available? Creditors are troublesome; and there is Texas; but Texas is annexed. Oregon!—bother enough there about parallels, without me and my legs. And besides, what's the use of changing the scene, when the performance will be all the same? If I can't borrow here, how can I borrow anywhere else?"

"Legs!" and Lankley Towers stood still in silent meditation.

In these times of excitement, the very children returning from school will dance the polka—with arms a-kimbo, and with vibrating heads, they skip along the street, singing, "*la, la, riddle, tiddle, right tum, looral—right tum, dight tum, tooral, looral,*" and looking coquettishly, first over one shoulder and then over the other, as they twist themselves into every variety of grotesque form. The polka is everywhere; in highways and in byways; and no wonder that it jostled Lankley Towers, in the midst of his disconsolate reflections. Lankley Towers had himself—and who had not?—shared in the general enthusiasm; and knew somewhat of the mystic dance of the nineteenth century. The instinct of discipline prevailed involuntarily.

"Right dum, dight tum—tooral, looral," sang Lankley Towers, casting himself rapidly into a series of attitudes. The people laughed, and the little dogs barked.

But with Lankley it was a moment of inspiration. The

flint and steel, dissevered, each lie in icy coldness. No flash of fire appears; and thus may our genius slumber, like the flint or like the steel, until some happy contact wakes the sheeted flame. A falling pippin—or was it the dandy-gray-russet?—hit Newton on the head, and aroused him to a knowledge of nature's choicest secrets—a knock, we doubt not, that led to the after scourging of the schools, that sluggish intellect might be similarly enlivened. Why not throw apples now at pupils' heads?—for just such an apple to the head of Lankley Towers, was the accidental polka of the street striking upon his uncle's parting words—"Trust to your legs."

"I will," said Lankley; and, with a firm resolve, he hastened home, to dress for a polka party, at Muscovado's.

It was a brilliant scene—beauty was there—whisker, imperial, mustache, goatee—all thronged at Muscovado's. But Lankley heeded not—looming over all, his eyes were ever downward bent—for Celestina Muscovado—the heiress to more thousands than our arithmetic dare calculate—was the antipodes of Lankley—a condensation of all excellence; and it was she that Lankley sought.

Relatively, Celestina Muscovado was like the church, while Lankley spired and steepled at her side—one might almost hear the bells a ringing in his head; and as you travelled by, it was no more than natural to give an upward glance, to see the clock and learn the time of day. When "timorous accent and dire yell," proclaimed a conflagration, it was common to call up to Lankley to ask in what direction lay the fire. But Miss Celestina Muscovado, though a person of considerable weight in the world, took a different direction, preferring breadth to altitude; and she became the *beau ideal* of the "roly-poly" style of feminine loveliness. No wonder, then, she looked with favor upon Lankley Towers—no wonder, then, he took the hint.

"There is no grace or beauty," whispered he, "in these

Patagonian girls — grenadiers — fit only to reach things from a top-shelf."

"Why, yes, Mr. Towers," blushingly said Miss Celestina Muscovado, "a lady may be too tall."

"A great deal too tall, Miss Muscovado — horrid tall, too many of them. I never could admire this wire-drawn attenuation in a woman. Give me the stature of a sylph — a fairy — rounded into grace and comfort — divinely human — humanly divine."

"Certainly," simpered Celestina Muscovado; "a lady may be too meager, as well as too tall."

"Both are common faults; and with my susceptibility to the truly beautiful — ah, Miss Muscovado, my susceptibility — my capacity to love and to admire — is intense — it's awful — with my susceptibility, then, I seldom go out into the world — it shocks me so — I am happy only at friend Muscovado's. Here only is my soul content."

"Fie, Mr. Lankley Towers! A'n't you 'shamed?" and Miss Celestina Muscovado tapped him with her fan.

Lankley had touched the proper chord. The response was as he wished; and, like the celebrated Mr. Brown, it was not in his nature to "give it up so." He proceeded upon the Brunonian theory of perseverance; and displayed his knowledge of human nature by proving a practical acquaintance with the fact that, next to ourselves, we admire and love the opposite to ourselves.

"Such pigmy little fellows!" murmured Towers, in disdain, drawing up to such a height that Miss Celestina Muscovado could scarcely see his countenance. "Most men are so diminutive now-a-days — nothing heroic or magnificent about them. If there's anything I do despise, it is these little men."

"They ought always to be tall — I doat on a tall gentleman," said Miss Muscovado, impulsively, but checking herself with bewitching confusion.

"Such a lovely contrast it makes, Miss Muscovado — the

lordly and majestic oak — man — reaching almost to the skies; and the modest violet — woman — finding peace, happiness, and joy, beneath his shelter and protection. But now, woman is the oak; and man is a saucy little 'johnny jump-up' at her feet. There is a very small quantity of the true poetics to be met with in these degenerate days, Miss Muscovado:" and Lankley looked down, as it were, from the garret-window of his elevation, upon Miss Muscovado in the "airey."

"Oh, Mr. Towers!"

"Ah, Miss Celestina!"

What a moment — no "tirkle" doves were ever happier. Let us not interrupt a silence so eloquent.

"Just observe, Miss Muscovado," at length whispered Lankley, recovering from the abstraction, with a sigh of tenderness; "look at those little men and monstrous women dancing in the polka. Where, where, I ask you, in this gay assemblage, do we behold a picture of what should be?— where is the oak, and where the violet?"

"Not there — not there!" and Miss Celestina Muscovado buried the light of her countenance in the most gossamer of all pocket-handkerchiefs.

Lankley Towers felt convinced that his genius had been developed, and that it must prevail.

The oak and the violet were seen dancing together at intervals throughout the evening; and when they were not dancing, they retired into the recesses of a window, engaged in earnest discoursings, which it is not for us to betray to the gossiping ear of the public. Their conduct, however, did not escape from observation, for Miss Celestina Muscovado was an envied prize.

"I say, Ned, do you see," remarked a very little dandy, with more of whisker to his countenance than his physical frame appeared calculated to sustain — "do you see how that lightning-rod fellow, Lankley Towers, is flirting with Celes-

tina?—'bominable, isn't it?—such an ugly rascal, too—she won't listen to me at all. What taste!—I'll try a little more chicken salad."

"When I asked her to dance, she said she was engaged—engaged every set. I've half a mind to affront him; and I will, after I have some terrapin—there's terrapin, I hope—and a glass or two of champagne," observed Ned.

"Lankley Towers is after the spoons," growled another of the great rebuffed, who being after the "spoons" himself, was, therefore, a good judge of motive in the case; "and if there's any whiskey-punch—punch sooths one's feelings so—I'll go and tell old Muscovado that fortune-hunters are about."

"He knows that already," muttered somebody else, who had been rejected on the same score by the Muscovado family; and he consoled himself with a little brandy and water, as the best tonic in his peculiar emergency. "What will you get by telling? Better make a bargain with Lankley Towers, and help him off with Celestina, for a per-centage on the profits of the speculation."

Thus all was excitement at Muscovado's polka party. Everybody about the room was talking of Lankley Towers's unblushing impudence in thus openly aspiring to the hand of Miss Celestina Muscovado; and when they danced, everybody scrambled to witness the performance and to sneer at the happy man. The little dandy, in his ocean of whisker, stood in gloom, with folded arms, having a sensation which is peculiar in such cases, and is known in surgery as the dislocation of the nose. Ned actually jumped upon a waiter to obtain a better view of that which wrung his heart; while old Muscovado shook his head in vain. The oak and the violet had a harmony that nothing could derange. The sneers of the gentlemen at Lankley Towers, and the tittering of the 'adies at Celestina Muscovado, fell harmlessly around that happy pair.

PERRY WINKLE; OR, "JUST WHAT I EXPECTED."—*Book* II, *page* 30.

"Tell Celestina — Miss Muscovado" — for the old gentleman piqued himself upon preserving the dignities and proprieties before the servants — we should like to see you slap him on the back and call him "Bob," as you do some people — "tell my daughter that breakfast waits," said paternity, as it sat revolving the costs and meditating on the annoyances of the preceding night.

But Miss Muscovado, as Miss Muscovado, was no longer in existence. Instead of retiring to her chamber at the conclusion of the polka party, she had merely stolen up stairs for an apparel suitable to the occasion, and had escaped to somebody else's cab, where our tall friend awaited her arrival; and in a very brief space of time she had been metamorphosed into Mrs. Lankley Towers, thus realizing the allegory of the oak and the violet. Muscovado, notwithstanding the sweetness of his name, became greatly acidulated — sharp to a degree — he jumped about the room and dashed his wig into the fire — he whirled a teapot through the looking-glass. He swore he never could, and never would, and never should, forgive his short daughter with that endless husband; but, alas, he had no daughter but Mrs. Lankley Towers, and who else could supervise the house?

Before many months had elapsed, old Muscovado, at his own fireside, was stumbling over a pair of illimitable legs, which had gained fame and fortune for their owner, and had enabled him to "marry in" and "hang up his hat" in the quietude of domestic felicity. Not a care wrinkled the happy front of the fortunate possessor of these far-reaching limbs. They were needed no longer — if they could be longer — to carry him about to borrow from his friends; for Muscovado footed all the bills, and the proprietor thereof took upon himself no heed either of to-day or to-morrow. Who was this lucky one, do you ask? — why, who but he that took his uncle's advice and "trusted to his legs?" — who could it be but —

THE MAN THAT DANCED THE POLKA?

PERRY WINKLE:

OR, "JUST WHAT I EXPECTED."

Mr. Perry Winkle has one advantage—though it is rather of a melancholy description—over the rest of the world; and his superiority in this respect, as there are but few who can claim to be largely distinguished from the mass of men by a feature which may be called decidedly their own, entitles him to be looked upon as a hero, and to have things written about him. Perry Winkle does not follow in the beaten track, like a horse in a mill. He has an idea or two completely to himself; and he diverges from the macadamized ways of other people, to make a detour through the grass. This singularity, even if it be presumed that, with the unconsciousness which is an attribute to genius, he is not aware of the fact, must be regarded as a great happiness in Perry Winkle. It may chance to send him down embalmed to future ages; and it can not be otherwise than a source of comfort to departed Perry Winkles, to have the name remembered when its owner is gone. The consideration is one for which multitudes freely render up their lives, often without obtaining it; and a single posthumous puff from the tin trumpet of chubby-cheeked fame, is thought to be a solid equivalent for any amount of sacrifice. To Perry Winkle, however, it will be an involuntary offering. He seeks not the bubble reputation, and it is probable that his indifference on this score will secure to him a prize for which others toil in vain.

But it must be confessed, that Perry Winkle's claim to notice is rather moral and metaphysical, than of that active

nature which is the more easily recognised. He has not been in battles, and he never so much as tried to kill people; he would scarcely have been distinguished as a soldier. A gun, particularly when the muzzle is grinning toward his person, excites no pleasurable emotions in Perry Winkle. He has an aversion to cold steel, and finds no music in the report of firearms.

What, then, is this strange characteristic which is so much enlarged upon, as rendering Perry Winkle a person in whose presence we should instinctively and respectfully take off our hats? If Perry Winkle is notable mainly for doing nothing, what did he do to achieve his greatness?

Perry Winkle *thinks*. He ruminates, cogitates, meditates, contemplates, speculates, hesitates, and vegetates. Perry muses. There are nine muses already; but Perry increases the number to ten.

Doing is one thing; and, as the world is constituted, doing is a useful thing enough in its way. It would be improper to speak of it in terms of disparagement. We often find it obligatory to be doing. But yet, this "to do"—the "greatest to do" that can possibly occur—what is it in qualities of the true sublime, compared to that unseen and mysterious process which is known as thinking? There is force in thinking.

Some people think all the hair off their heads. Shakspere and Julius Cesar were bald, as if the brain, like physical labor, works better without its jacket, and is never free in its energies and unembarrassed in its operations until it strips to the task. But without fully developing this idea, which no doubt will at some future day lead to important results, as regards the intellectual constitution of man, let it now be remarked, that it is wrong to reprove people for seeming to do nothing. There may be much of wisdom in the twiddling of thumbs. Who knows what a vast amount of thought may be performed when the individual appears only to whittle a stick?—It was so with Perry Winkle. He is always think-

ing, and is remarkable, among other remarkabilities, for the very little he can contrive to do, which augurs greatness with the certainty of a gimlet, though citizens of the more worldly cast regard it as a bore.

And though Perry Winkle may in strictness be said to think for himself, he is not of an exclusive nature, and frequently thinks for other people, without standing on ceremony, or waiting to be asked; and it is his constitutional point, as well as his characteristic trait, never to anticipate anything but disaster. In this way, though he can not be spoken of as exempt from calamity, he certainly does contrive to escape from the disappointments which cast a shadow over the lives of the most fortunate. Contrary to the practices of a sanguine people, mischance with Perry is the rule, while success forms the exception; and his predictions are so often verified by the result—he made a great hit at the time "morus multicaulis" was in fashion—that he almost regards himself, to this extent at least, as gifted with a species of second-sight, and as nearly equal to the "seventh son of a seventh son," which he would doubtless have been, if his father and himself could each have had six elder brothers. It is indeed true that his forebodings are precisely the same in all cases. Whatever he attempts, or whatever other folks may chance to do, Mr. Perry Winkle anticipates the worst; and his sagacity is more frequently vindicated by the event than is usual with those who seek to peer into futurity. When enterprises are embarked in, Perry Winkle indicates a shipwreck. When neighbors are sick, Perry Winkle is beforehand with the doctor in assurances that they can not recover; and when the vessel is on the breakers, or the voice of mourning is heard, can any one deny that Perry Winkle was right? When he was the smallest slip of a boy, did he not say he was sure the rope of a swing would break; and did it not break, to the essential damage of Perry's bones?—didn't he know it would be so? How often has he shrieked to children as they climbed the fence or projected

themselves from windows, that they would surely fall; and did they not fall as soon as the startling announcement reached their ears? No wonder Perry Winkle looks upon himself as one as prophetically gifted as the famed Cassandra; and, happier than the croaking Trojan lady, he is presumed to derive a certain degree of pleasure from the fulfilment of his melancholy vocation.

Others, perhaps, may find it difficult to realize Perry Winkle's satisfactions; but they are real to him, even if incomprehensible to them. For instance—when the boat was capsized by a flaw of wind, and the cold and dripping Perry Winkle was fished up inanimate from the bottom of the river, ordinary individuals in his extremity, would have been quite unable to extract agreeable emotions from such a catastrophe. Still less could they imagine how joy was to be deduced from it, when the humane but unskilful rescue, hoisted the water-logged Perry Winkle up by the heels, as if he were to be put to dry, like a herring. Nor would they have been a whit the more successful in ascertaining the comfort of it, when the exhausted man was rolled about bumpingly, upon a barrel, to wake up by rude knockings any remnant of life that might still reside within him.

It was a rough method of resuscitation. In the opinion of those who are large in their experiences, and have tried this species of entertainment in addition to their other sports, it is considerably worse in itself, than the preliminary act of being drowned, which no one yet has ventured to set down as altogether funny. But the first gleam of consciousness was a ray of sunshine to Perry Winkle; not because he had been restored to existence—Perry Winkle is rather indifferent than otherwise on that score, considering it a little unworthy of the true philosopher to have "vitativeness large"—but because it illustrated an idea. It could not be denied that the shakes and bruises to which he had been so remorselessly subjected were vexatious, pain being a downright evil. as every one who has had a chance to know, must be aware.

The clustering embellishments of his craniology—for Perry had not then thought much of his hair off—had been not a little diminished, leaving grievous reminiscences behind, by the boat-hook and other means resorted to for the purpose of drawing him from the bosom of the deep. His cuticle exhibited many fractures, as distressing to look upon as they were doleful to endure; and he was half-smothered, besides, by the curious crowd of idlers on the wharf, who were studying the curative art upon his proper corporation, and were trying a vast detail of experiment on his personal identity. After they had held him up manually by the heels, and were somewhat pleased with the antipodean spectacle, they pro tracted their recreation more at leisure by using a block and tackle with the same object, as if it were intended to flay the victim; so that when Perry snapped his eyes for the first time, he thought, naturally enough, that he had got to another world, where our order of things is reversed, and where "topsy-turvy" is the habitual practice; or that he had floated off to the cannibals, and was now being "dressed for dinner," not where he eats, but where he is eaten. And to be bundled hither and yon upon a barrel, which could not be described as travelling upon springs, let those do so who like it. Perry Winkle is not of their sort.

But he had other sufferings to undergo. There was one man who thought that he had a specific for bringing the dead to life, by the application of Scotch snuff; and Perry Winkle's reluctant nose received a liberal supply, it being supposed that such an appeal to his senses was not to be resisted by any one who intended to oblige his friends by revisiting the glimpses of the moon. To be sure, it was immediately declared, when his nose spiritedly resented the insult, that he was coming to, on the ground that "he sneezed fust rate," as any nose having pretensions to vitality would have done when thus assailed; but whatever of delectation might have been found in a "fust-rate sneeze" under such circumstances, we do not, for our own part, believe that it

was enhanced by the renewed application which it induced, under the popular impression that if a little is good, a great deal more must be better; until, in despite of his earnest, but inarticulate remonstrances, Perry Winkle's weeping eyes were as full of the pungent preparation as his persecuted proboscis, and until the hapless man, whom water had spared, was in no little danger of being snuffed out like a farthing rushlight, escaping from Neptune to perish under the auspices of that sternutatory divinity who, in Highland garb, figures at the door of the tobacconist. Perry Winkle was never good "at a pinch."

Nor was it an exquisite delight, in addition, to be fumigated freely with the worst kind of "long nine," by that party of practitioners who held it as a cardinal maxim, that one's chances of existence are to be estimated by the vigor with which he may be provoked to cough. And then, again, the spirits which were forced down his throat to "warm him up," were rather remarkable for strength than for flavor, and excoriated as they went. It was not enough that Perry Winkle had been drowned and had been compelled to take the trouble to come to life, without the slightest regard to his own personal views upon a matter which so nearly concerned him — for he might have preferred, had he known all that was in waiting for him, to have continued as he was and where he was, among the little fishes, to be nibbled quietly; but he had likewise the task imposed upon him, to get well of his doctors — to patronize the Balm of Columbia, that his hair might grow anew — to recover from the effects, not only of his suspended animation, but likewise of his suspended body, which had been hung contrary to the manner congenial to bodies, and had a right, therefore, to be indignant — to forget his unwilling ride upon a barrel, to which he had been compelled, as if he were qualified for the work, like a bandy Bacchus, or had been formally sentenced to be broken upon the wheel — to be oblivious moreover, of snuff, cigars, and spirits, which, pleasant

sins though they be to some among the human family, are not to be considered as temptations, when used upon the individual remedially and *nolens volens.*

Who, let us ask again, after so many miles of parenthesis, would have been gratified, like Perry Winkle—not that he was still in positive existence—there are people to be met with who, though neither useful nor ornamental, could contrive to be pleased at that—but because his own lugubrious predictions had been verified?

"Atchee!" sneezed Perry, as he sat upon the barrel—"atchee!—stop off the snuff to this 'ere injine—every man smoke himself. I tell you—you—sir, with cigars at a cent a grab, and a hatful for a thank'ee, I'm not the glass works, all chimbly. Am I drowned, or am I not?—quit punching me in the ribs, and don't blow them bellowses down my throat any more. I've got breath enough already to last a week, and you can't blow a man any more alive than he's got room for. Am I still in the United States of Amerekey, agoing to the election, or have I lost my vote and gone somewheres else by water? Am I defunct?—hat's the question, Mr. Cheerman."

On being furnished with all the information he required, Perry Winkle indulged in that creaking and rather sinister apology for a laugh, which is habitual to him. It is his idiosyncratic laugh. One can always tell when Winkle laughs, that a disaster has occurred. Mischief is at hand—mischief which Perry had foretold.

Perry Winkle only laughs when other people would cry. His mother took it for granted, when that sound was heard, that something had been broken. It invariably indicated that a screw was loose. Perry Winkle laughed o' this fashion, when Dobbin threw him over the fence. He looked up and laughed in Dobbin's face, because he had said, when his father placed him on the horse's back, that he knew he would get a tumble, and he did—just as he expected. Perry Winkle's laughs are mainly of that kind

which are said to be produced "on the wrong side of the mouth." He constructs them there.

"Hee! haugh! heugh!" laughed Perry, with a groaning sound; "I was just as sure this would happen jist so, as I am that I got up this morning. I'll leave it to old Tarpaul himself, if I didn't say his hulk of a boat would never do with its new sail—didn't I say she was too crank, with a great shot-tower of a mast—didn't I say that the first puff of wind would make his six-acre lot of a mainsail pull us right over; and weren't we upsot beautiful in less than half an hour? He wanted to shorten sail; but I wouldn't let him alter his stupid arrangements, and made him keep 'em as they were, so we could see who was right and who knowed best. He! he! who-o-o!" and Perry groaned again. "Didn't I tell 'em all we'd soon be down to David Joneses, riding sturgeons and chasing catfish, if things were kept so, and didn't I make the fellows keep 'em so, because they snickered and said I was a loblolly know-nothing? And then—smack!—didn't the breeze come, turning us head over heels, and this side up with care, in less than half a jiffy? I told you how it would be, said this little gentleman, as we went ca-splash into the water. Fool who, said I, about working a sailboat? I haven't had such a laugh for a year, and I wouldn't be done laughing yet if Tarpaul had not tuck me by the legs and pulled me right under water. Water sort of spoils jokes—spoils them tee-totally, as a body may say, when it's mixed more than half and half. Fishes can't have much fun, seeing that water is put into everything they've got."

And Perry continued to chuckle and to groan alternately, until at last he fell back exhausted, as he muttered, "I told them so—I know'd exactly how it would be. If we had all been drowned, it would have been no more than right. Who asked these people to hook me out? But perhaps it's just as well, if somebody else has gone to Joneses—not that I wish them bad luck, but because I know'd how it would be"

Assurances being given, however, that his companions were also safe, Perry said: "Well, there's some consolation yet—how old Tarpaul, and Ned, and Dick, and the rest, will try to sneak round the corner when they see this child a coming up the street with his mouth wide open, to ask 'em who it was that know'd best about that boat of theirs. Pretty fellows, to be sure, to take a man out sailing and treat him to a capsize!—I'll make 'em confess that if it hadn't been for me, not one of 'em would be here now; and I almost wish I hadn't come to life, so I might tell everybody whose fault it was that Perry Winkle had been brought to an untimely end, in the very flower of his youth and beauty. They'd never have heard the last of it."

It will thus be seen that Perry Winkle is deficient in tha. joyous and buoyant trait of character which is classified by the phrenologists under the name of "hope," and which forms, not only the mainspring of enterprise, but likewise consti utes the chief charm of existence. The Perry Winkles are not at all given to hopefulness. Even when the sun sets, they are not quite sure that he purposes to rise again; or are at least doubtful whether they will be in a condition to witness the spectacle. Perry has no pleasurable anticipations. His hopes, if he may be represented as having any, are rather of the funereal cast—hopes with crape round their hats and white handkerchiefs to their eyes—hopes for the worst. No matter how gay the vista may seem to the ordinary spectator, Perry Winkle always contrives to discover the coroner, with an inquest, sitting at the other end of it, busily engaged in finding a verdict. Shaking his head in advance, Perry "knew how it would be—didn't he tell 'em so?"

It was a peculiarity of the earliest development. When Perry Winkle filled a smaller space in society, being rather a bud than a rose—before he became a full-grown tulip—it was his chance sometimes to be sent for what, in the vernacular of Philadelphia, is called, elegantly enough, a "pen

neth of milk," to enable the elderly Winkles to take their tea, as Winkles often do. In such cases, it generally happened that a doleful plaint was soon to be heard at the door of the paternal mansion. Perry Winkle had returned in tears—Macbeth had but a barren sceptre in his gripe, notwithstanding the fuss he made to obtain it; and in Perry Winkle's grasp there was no other image of authority than the handle of the jug. The cunning fiend had juggled with him as well as with the king of Scotland. But the unfortunate youth had so much of an advantage that he, even at that early period of his existence, "know'd how it would be, if they would send him over there by that big dog"—though, perhaps, it was not so much the fault of the "big dog" himself that the calamity so invariably occurred, as it was attributable to the little Perry's own conduct, as he stood in his worn cap and dilapidated check apron, gazing fearfully at the "big dog" *couchant* on his master's step—now making an imperfect attempt to run past, and then retreating with a doubtful heart—again saying "get out," before the "big dog" had stirred, and shaking the aforesaid apron to alarm the canine dignitary. It was scarcely an erroneous conclusion on the part of the "big dog," lazily inclined as he for the most part was, and as big dogs, thus distinguished from nervous and petulant little dogs, are apt to be, to imagine that something of an active nature was expected of him. Under this belief, the "big dog" would rise to his feet, and as Perry Winkle then shrieked and ran away, the "big dog" would briskly follow after and tear, not his own trowsers, but those of Perry Winkle—not so much in wrath, as under the impulse of a sense of duty. The "big dog" thought himself invited to do so—he no doubt regarded himself as conferring a favor when he did so. And as Perry Winkle made it a practice to drop the entire jug as he fled, and only to pick up the handle thereof, the "big dog" regarded this feat as included in the performance, and looked upon it as necessary on his part to continue tearing the trowsers until the jug operation was completed;

after which he returned, with no little of self-satisfaction in his air, to the original door-step.

Dogs, like men, are under the influence of public opinion. If they are treated as if they were expected to bite, they will often act up to the reputation — good or bad, as it may chance to be — which has been made for them in advance. It may, however, not be amiss to intimate that, as Perry always contrived to come home without the penny, as well as being minus in regard to the jug, a suspicion was afloat that he labored a little to fulfil his own predictions as to how it "would be," and that, having previously expended the coined money in the purchase of dainties, he put himself in the "big dog's" way to secure an excuse. But of this no certain assurances are to be obtained. It is certain, at least, that the dog was not in the secret, and Perry keeps his own counsel.

At school, too — for Perry Winkle had been at school for a time, and knew nearly as much when he came away as he did when he went — he seldom had the pleasure of an acquaintance with his lessons, though he always "know'd how it would be," when appealed to by the rattan on the subject of extending his knowledge. "Jist what I expected," Perry would declare; "I couldn't say one word of it when master called me up — not a single word — and I know'd exactly how it would be, before I tried. It's always so; and it's no use sending me to school for the old man to cure his dyspepsy by dusting my jacket. He says it's all for my own good! Pretty good, I don't think! It hurts him more than it does me, hey? Then why don't he hand over the rattan, and take a regular lambasting himself? I'd larrup him all day, and never charge nothing for the job — I'll thank him for it some day, will I? — jist wait till I'm grow'd up, and ketch him out by Fairmount or somewheres — that's all."

Perry played truant, and when detected, said he "know'd exactly how it would be — he couldn't get to school, if he tried ever so hard;" and his academic experiences were brought

to a close before he had "completed his education" and learned everything up. A star went out at that time.

Perry Winkle, then, is not the possessor of those faculties which enable men to advance themselves in the world. He contemplates disaster from the outset, and gives himself a moral defeat before he has entered upon the action. And hence his career through life, so far as his disposition to hold back can be called a career, is a series of mishaps. Being always satisfied that the undertaking will prove unfortunate, and pursuing it, or rather lagging after it, in such a spirit, he probably contributes not a little to the fulfilment of his own predictions. All that has sustained him is, as before hinted, the enjoyment which he derives from being a true prophet.

Although Mr. Winkle has, in his time, had many situations which were desirable enough, yet he continued to "know how it would be," and never failed to be turned out of employment. "Jist as he expected," he never got from his bed in time to open the store. He "know'd he would forget to lock the door," and thieves carried off the goods. He "know'd he would never remember to take home the parcels," and customers were indignant. When he had a little shop of his own, and affairs promised well enough, he would fasten the front entrance, and go round to the tavern to prophesy about matters and things in general; and even then he "know'd exactly how it would be," and that people always would keep a coming to the shop when he was not there. And finally, when he was sold out by Venditioni Exponas, or some other gentleman of the same unceremonious family, Perry Winkle sat upon the counter drumming with his heels, and remarking to his sympathizing companions, as they crowded in upon receipt of the news, "well, it's jist what I always expected — it's my luck — it has to be so. Didn't I tell you that I'd bust up some day or other, and hasn't it come true, exactly as I said it would? I'll leave it to any man here whether I didn't say so; and here

is old Venditioni Exponas, to prove that I'm never mistaken. Somebody ought to treat—sorrow's dry."

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Perry Winkle," responded old Venditioni Exponas, putting his great white hat more firmly on his head, and knocking the ivory tip of his big stick with emphasis upon the counter: "I'll tell you exactly how it is, and then you may look upon yourself as having learned something at last. This way you have got of knowing how things will be, is the very reason why they come to be so. If you won't get off the track when the locomotive's coming, anybody might know how it will be. You must take the trouble to jump out of the way, or you'll be run over. Stir your stumps—that's the doctrine. A good many curious concerns have been invented, but there's no machine yet to take care of people. They have to do it for themselves. Steam is marvellous, and clock-works are surprising—start 'em and they'll go—wind 'em up and they'll run—and you can either turn in to sleep, or step out to see the soldiers. But self-keeping shops have not been discovered. Can a steam-engine fork over the change for a five-dollar note?—can it measure off goods, hand a chair to the ladies, make a bow, or say thank'ee, ma'am? No—you must mind your shop yourself, if you want your shop to mind you. A shop is more jealous than a sweetheart—you must keep paying it attention all the time, studdy."

"I know'd it would be so," observed Perry Winkle, as Mr. Exponas turned indignantly away, to make an inventory of the goods; "it's jist what I expected—constables is sassy, always. They think that people's things are only made to be seized and sold out, and that human natur' was sent down here jist to have writs served upon it, or to be tuck up for debts and assault and battery. But it's no more than what I expected—and I knew it was my fate some time or other to be bully-ragg'd in the legal way. When they built the debtor's apartment, they had me in their eyes."

THE MORAL OF GOSLYNE GREENE:

WHO WAS BORN TO A FORTUNE.

That man is a moral.

He is historically complete — a hero who has achieved his climax and has survived his catastrophe — one of those luckless wights who outlive themselves, and tarry on the stage when their drama is over, posthumous to the action of the piece. Nothing can be more poetically ungraceful than to exist too long, and to go slouching down the world on the wrong side of your crisis, like the stupid stalk of an exploded rocket.

To be a moral —

Morals, in their plurality of number, are entitled to respect; but make it, gentle reader, ambitious though you chance to be, a matter both of solicitude and solicitation, that you may never, in the singular point of view, obtain the sad pre-eminence of being elevated to the rank of a moral, to be stuck with a pin upon a card in the cabinet of ethical entomology, as a theme for lectures. The moral deducible from one's own experiences, is in some sort antagonistical to himself. It rises at the other end of the plank, and soars to importance as a text, just as he declines from the equipoise of a true balance. When, for instance, we are in the mire, our moral is at its superlative height of interest; and, generally speaking, the individual is capable of affording the most impressive moral when his morals are in their extreme state of dilapidation. It is too much to ask, even of a philanthropist, that he should himself be a moral; but, luckily,

there are volunteers enough to supply the demand. As we said before—

That man is a moral.

You may see it in the sad dejection of his visage—in his pallid cheek and in his vacant aspect. There is also that indescribable air of shabby gentility in his well-worn garments, which belongs almost exclusively to the man who is a moral, had we no manifestation in his habitual deportment that he has done with ambition and has parted with his hope. He moves, as it were, in solitude, though bustling crowds may throng the street. Amid the din of business or the hum of pleasure, there seems to be a circlet of silence about him; and people unconsciously feel it as he approaches, that this man is a moral. They have at once an inclination to sympathize with him, they can not tell why, and yet to avoid him, they know not wherefore. Faces lengthen as he comes, and there is a passing chill in the atmosphere. The very children are disposed to circumnavigate him, by a detour to the right or left, as if they were aware that a lesson, and a lesson somewhat of the hardest, is before them. There is no mistaking the fact. A broken spirit buttons to the chin. Misanthropy, even if it is fortunate enough to possess the article, displays no collar to its shirt; for what cares it for vanity? And the man who has no expectation to feed his energies, indicates forlornness by a gloomy slam of the hat, that he may see and not be seen, knowing that it is by the eyes alone we learn aught of each other, and that if they be shaded from the view, we are isolated and apart. We can not err. He who loiters in the highways when others hurry by—he who reposes in public squares when nothing else is there but a truant dog or two in race through the grass, must be a moral, a completed moral—a deduction and an inference from the aggregate of active humanity, to be read and pondered over at the close of the fable. He is something that was—something which now only appears to be.

THE MORAL OF GOSLYNE GREENE, WHO WAS BORN TO A FORTUNE.—*Book* II, *page* 43.

But why was he — why was Goslyne Greene — for it is of him we speak — why was this man loaded with a moral? why is it his hard fate to be a locomotive homily and a perambulating sermon? For no other reason, than that it was his mishap to begin at the wrong end of existence, and to construct his story downward.

Yes, it is indeed a terrible thing — we dread to mention it — the pen falters as we write the fearful words, and we look round with apprehension lest others may be involved in the same awful concatenation of circumstances; but still, cheered by the fact that such shocking calamities do not often happen, and that, on this favored side of the Atlantic at least, the course of events contributes to preserve the human race from being thus oppressed, we summon up courage to announce the fact, that it was the unutterable wo of Goslyne Greene — poor unoffending infant — to be born to a fortune! — that it was his disaster to come into the world as heir to cash, to stocks, to bond and mortgage, to real estate — to money in hand, to dividends, to interests, and to rents. He cried — afflicted child — when he was thus inauspiciously ushered into life, and for several days, and nights too, if tradition is to be credited, he continued to upraise his tiny and inarticulate voice, as if in remonstrance at the wrong which had been done to him. Nay, he was long a wailing babe, pained in anticipation by his melancholy moral. "Good gracious," exclaimed the nurse, "what ails the boy!" and the choicest drugs that chymic art could offer, went soothingly down his vocal throat, but without affecting the pacification of Goslyne Greene. It was not physical, but metaphysical, aid that he needed, and Mrs. Jones was incapable of the ministration.

Unhappy Goslyne Greene! — and yet his mother received visits of congratulation, and people shook his father by the hand. There were rejoicings in the mansion. Matrons and maids strove gleefully to welcome the little stranger; and every one who gazed upon him, endeavored by the

force of imagination, to discover family resemblances in his round undeveloped features, or, at least, beauty in his infantile ugliness. Our Goslyne was a love, a darling—the image of its "ma"—a counterpart of "pa." The phrenologists promised genius, and there was reason to apprehend, in short, that Crichton would no longer have the monopoly of being "admirable," and that the river would be set on fire at last, through the gifts of Goslyne Greene. But while, in this respect, he only shared the common lot—for we are all prodigies in the cradle—still Goslyne had lace upon his cap and velvet to his couch, with splendor all about. Born to a fortune! Enviable creature!—Why did he thus wrinkle up his pudgy nose and weep with direful squalls? The more he was kissed, the more he was caressed, the more he was admired and felicitated, the more angrily did he sob and shriek. It may be that his unsophisticated perceptions saw little else than bitter irony in the flattering compliments that were bestowed upon him, and could discover small reason for being glad that another sufferer had been added to the roll, for the benefit mainly of the tailor, the physician, and the undertaker, which, it is to be presumed, is the philosophy of our indignant uproar at the commencement of this sublunary career.

Besides, what had Goslyne done to be thus doomed to a fortune? He appeared to have as much intellect as other babes. His voice was as strong—his back as straight—his legs and arms as capable as theirs; and yet he was to be denied the natural and lawful use of his gifts and faculties. No wonder his cries were unremitting, and that his wrath rose as the state of the case was made obvious by the thronging of his courtiers.

In truth, Goslyne Greene was himself not at all to blame in the premises. His father had toiled with but a single hope that his son might be born to a fortune; and that hope had been accomplished, as hopes sometimes are, to prove perhaps that the success of our wishes is not always the

most desirable thing that could happen to us. "Goslyne will be rich, any how," said the old gentleman, in the midst of his labors, as if he found consolation in the fact, and as if he had thus secured his son's welfare and happiness beyond he reach of doubt.

The majority of the world will probably agree in opinion with the elder Mr. Greene; for it is the popular sentiment that the fact of being rich, and not the process of getting rich, is the happiness. But, in this case, and probably in many others, the reverse was the truth. The father had a pleasant life enough under the influence of an absorbing object, while the son is a man with a moral; and it may be that people are often overruled in this matter, for the advantage of posterity. Who knows but that the follies and extravagances of those who have either the command of wealth or the prospect of it—their speculations and their splendors—their "operations" and their magnificence—are, after all, but an element in the plan of wisdom, intended at intervals to afford a new impulse by a reduction to the primitive, healthful, and energetic state of having more wants and wishes than we have the means to supply? A dabble in the stocks does not always turn out profitably; cotton sometimes is heavy on our hands, and real estate will sulkily retrograde, when, by the calculation, it ought to have advanced. But are we sure that such events are a visitation of unmitigated disaster? May not that dusky spectre, a dun, "hated of gods and men," whose portentous tap causes the heart to quake and the pocket to quiver, have a mission of far greater importance than to make the mere demand for money? Superficially considered, it was a sad business when *morus multicaulis* toppled from its airy height, and brought so many to the earth along with it. To find one's fifty-dollar twigs suddenly reduced to the level of sixpenny switches, is by no means a pleasant waking from golden dreams; and to decline from the damask luxury of a chario. to plain pedestrianism, is a sinking in poetry which affects

the mind by the force of contrast. People, for the most part, are not pleased with changes of so violent a character, and have a decided aversion to the downward movement, whatever they may have done to render it indispensable. And yet reverses are often medicinal. There is much of virtue in an alternative. The necessity for walking, which is thus imposed, may be the only prescription to bring the mind and body back to their native vigor. Both are liable to be invaded by an apoplectic pursiness, which demands severe training to preserve us from lethargy, and to afford room for the salutary play of our faculties. The spirit, like the corporeal fabric in which it is enclosed, is exposed to the danger of growing rotund, asthmatic, indolent, and unwieldly; and perchance, even as regards those for whom we labor, if our vision were keen enough to embrace the whole scheme of this earthly struggle, we might be induced to look upon a financial catastrophe now and then, as a providential interference, and to rejoice over the enlivening incident of being ruined occasionally, as if it were a capital prize in the lottery of adventure — like a shower-bath — a sharp shock to the nerves; but, in its reaction, exceedingly tonic and refreshing.

The elder Mr. Greene, however, was rather of a practical cast than of a meditative nature, content in the outward seeming of things without cracking for the kernel; and it is not at all likely that he would have credited it, even if you had told him so, that the primitive Goslyne is the safest bird, and that, when it is compelled to nibble over a somewhat arid common for a living, the position is better than if the nutriment were gathered to its neb. Observe, now, when a man's pockets are stimulantly vacant — when a new coat is rather an abstract idea than a palpable presence — when the pleasure of having a good dinner to-day, is enhanced by a small and appetizing degree of doubt as to the nature of the viands which will grace his board to-morrow, what a quick, lively, interesting little creature he becomes. How

his manners are improved; how his temper is ameliorated; how all sorts of morbidities and misanthropies are shaken to the winds, as too expensive for indulgence, and how evil habit is dispensed with until the purse may admit of such gentlemanlike recreations; while, on the other hand, who arises willingly from his coach, or has a spontaneous disposition to go to bed at reasonable hours? Why, what a languid time we would have of it, if it were only requisite to form a wish to insure its gratification. Even our planetary duty of revolving upon an axis, and of strolling round the sun, for the sake of varieties of light, and for a patronizing encouragement of the little seasons, might come to be neglected from a want of inducement to take the trouble of rolling; and we should lose caste in the solar system by being too indolent to perform our gyrations, or to extend the shadow of eclipse.

The elder Mr. Greene would have stared at an attempt to demonstrate, that perhaps one's real felicity is to be estimated rather by what one wants, than by what one has; and, though realizing the truth in his own person, that the pursuit is often more of a pleasure than the possession, he would have thought it strange enough, if he had been told that it is frequently a misfortune to be free from care.

But Goslyne Greene verified a fact, the knowledge of which had been denied to his paternal predecessor. Though surrounded by mere conventional thinkers — by those who think they think, and labor under the delusion of supposing they have opinions of their own, when they only reflect the image presented to them — and who, by dint of reiteration had worn out Goslyne's original and instinctive aversions to his peculiar position in the world, manifested by juvenile whimpers, which had more of wisdom in them than is often to be found in the gravest nod of a snow-crowned head — still Goslyne returned at last, but rather circuitously, it must be confessed, to the primary sentiment, and perfected the moral. In the long interval, however, he was "sophis-

ticate;" and, like the mass of mankind, took things for true because everybody says so, when perhaps this species of universal concession is rather a suspicious circumstance, and should awaken scrutiny.

"Born to fortune" came, therefore, pleasantly enough to the ears of Goslyne Greene. He soon learned to consider himself as an exempt from the discipline of the drill sergeant. The filings and facings which necessity imposes were nothing to him. There was no reason why his step should be regulated, or why he should be obliged to march to measure. Goslyne had a gun before he had any conception of the purposes of that complicated contrivance. Goslyne had a pony, with a "colored gentleman" appurtenant, to hold him on the saddle. Goslyne had a watch before he knew there was such a thing as time, and before he had the slightest idea of the trouble he would hereafter have to kill the horological enemy, which was destined to hang so heavy on his hands. Other children must dream of drums and sigh for drums till Christmas; but drums were attainable by Goslyne every day in the year; and drums, thus reduced to their sheepskin realities—the drum in fact, and not the drum of imagination—became a weariness. It is not our business to invalidate proverbs, and the birds may have it their own way; but an anticipated drum is in every respect more fascinating than any quantity of drums in hand; and the philosophy of this has an extended application. Goslyne, however, had no anticipations. Almost from the very outset, he was compelled to puzzle himself to imagine new pleasures, and to harass his mind to conceive a want. Now, there are few distresses more essentially distressing than to want a want. Other difficulties may be surmounted; but when we experience a difficulty because we have not got a difficulty, what is to be done? Goslyne had many fatiguing hunts through the region of his fancy, in the hope that under some unsuspected, untried bush, he might be lucky enough to beat up an unsatisfied desire. How often did he wish that there was something which he had not, that

he might enjoy the sport of wishing that he could have it — a common amusement enough, but one with which Goslyne was not at all familiar; and it was this very deficiency that goaded him on to his moral.

From the force of circumstances, Goslyne unavoidably became an indolent boy. People did everything for him, when it is childhood's happy impulse to do all things, however imperfectly, for itself, and when it joyfully seeks the wisdom of experience, by an endless variety of experiments, triumphing through tears, tumbles, breakages, and damage of all sorts and sizes. But Goslyne was supervised and carefully tended; and being born to a fortune, the mountain came to the little Mahomet, instead of Mahomet going to the mountain. He rarely, indeed, had the opportunity of improving himself by a fall down stairs on his own special account; and probably never gathered knowledge by an uninterrupted dabble in a tub of water. If he would climb the fence, John lifted him to the top; and if he wanted to make a horse of the poker, an expensive toy was substituted, to the death of all ingenuity and imagination. Goslyne was tamed and tranquillized at last into a nice boy, and his mind, like his body, lost relish for adventure. He looked to others for his entertainment, and required grimaces to be made at him to create his laughter. John beat the hoop, while Goslyne looked on; and Tom turned heels over head, that Goslyne might enjoy the sport without risking a bruise. It was a business to amuse the child, when that is a business belonging chiefly to the child itself.

Goslyne had not even elasticity enough left for mischief, it was so tiresome when the edge of its novelty had been somewhat blunted by repetition. What fun is there in the demolition of windows, when one would just as soon pay for the broken glass as not? Who would fatigue himself to run down all manner of streets, when half a dollar is sure to stop the pursuit? Why poach for fruit upon forbidden ground, when cash can procure much better fruit, with John to go

for it, and with no agitation of trouble and excitement? Goslyne had not discovered that this "trouble" constitutes the poetry of almost everything within the range of human enjoyment. We are born to trouble; and it is lucky that it is so, or how should we fill up our time? It might not, perhaps, be difficult to demonstrate that the abrogation of domestic and scholastic "correction," which is yielding to the progress of innovating philanthropy, has made the present generation less jocund than its predecessors. For who can deny that it was an exquisite pleasure to "'scape whipping," when that description of appeal to the feelings was in fashion? But the enlivening sensations thus derivable were not accorded to the wealthy Goslyne Greene, as being an enjoyment suitable only to the plebeian order. No wonder he yawned—nobody ever ventured to put him in a rage by thwartings and contradiction. How could he do otherwise than stagnate?

In the matter of acquirement at school and at college, the achievements of Mr. Greene were just about what would be anticipated from his earlier training; and he arrived at the conclusion to have it so, by two converging processes of thought, which were brief, and did not impose a heavy tax upon the reasoning powers.

"Learning things is a trouble," said Goslyne, "and I hate trouble. What's the use of being rich, if we are to have trouble?"

This was the first stretch of his intellect; and he reposed upon its laurels for a considerable series of years, when, his faculties being fully matured, he reflected as follows:—

"What do people take trouble for—what do they learn things for? Why, to get a living. But I have got a living already, and more than a living. Then, what's the use?"

And Goslyne ceased to think further on the subject, lest he should injure the delicate organization of his brain by the entertainment of abstruse propositions. He, therefore, yawned and sauntered through academic groves until he

reached the estate of manhood, together with the estate which his father had accumulated for him.

Now came the most arduous part of the effort to live pleasurably without trouble—to gather roses without a thorn. Never was humanity more perplexed. The tiresome fiend was close at Goslyne's heels wherever he might be, whether vegetating at home or hurrying in travel. He tried change of place. He tried horses and dogs. Gay companions wearied him. Amusements became insipid. There appeared to be no end to the day, and the night was equally as "tardy-gaited." The delights of the table seemed to promise well, and he endeavored to fill up intervals by Apician indulgences; but he was too inactive in body to carry on gormandizing to advantage for any length of time; and he found that to vibrate between the cook and the physician, with a preponderating tendency toward the man of medicine, was a species of trouble for which, on the whole, he had very little fancy. Enlistments under the banner of Bacchus proved equally unproductive; and in games of hazard, he suffered a certain degree of annoyance when he lost his money, with no compensating satisfaction when he won the money of other people, as he had always cash enough, and had undergone no such experience in a deficiency thereof to give zest to pecuniary acquisitions.

He labored to persuade himself once upon a time that he had fallen in love, undertaking to be sentimental in "yellow kids," and paying particular attention to costume. The lady's brothers borrowed his money, drank his wine, smoked his cigars, rode his horses, broke his carriages, and treated him in every way as "one of the family;" while the lady herself dragged him from company to company, from concert to theatres, caused him to come for her and to go for her, and danced him through a whole winter; so that, when they were just about to fix the "happy day," the timely thought struck him, in the midst of a yawn of unusual width and weariness, that he did not like the affair altogether, and

that he would take no more "trouble" in relation to it. There was much talk about horsewhips, about breaches of promise, express and implied, about the pulling of noses, horizontal and vertical, coupled with hints concerning hair-triggers and percussion caps.

"As for assaults and battery, suits at law, and permitting fellows to fire at you as if you were the target in a shooting-gallery, it's decidedly too much trouble," yawned Goslyne Greene. "Tell 'em to send in a bill of how much it comes to for letting me off, and I'll pay. It's cheaper than being shot, and not half so much trouble as matrimony seems to be."

But the star of Goslyne Greene had reached its culminating point, and began to wane. His fortunes had suffered much from his mode of living, and more from an unwillingness to encounter the "trouble" to look after his affairs.

Mr. Thimblerig, who had kindly undertaken to manage all investments for him, and to increase his cash by profitable speculation, thought it proper one fine morning to depart for Texas, leaving no particular explanatory remarks behind him, and, indeed, leaving the remarks to be made by other people, though he left nothing else that was portable or convertible, either of his own or belonging to the estate of Goslyne Greene. Goslyne had an idea that he ought to feel as a goose is reputed to feel.

"I always had a suspicion that Thimblerig was a little of a rascal," thought he; "but then the fellow was so handy, and saved such a deal of trouble."

There was something left, to be sure. Thimblerig had not completely swept the board; but, in such cases, it often happens that it never rains without pouring. A commercial crisis swept over the land. Banks exploded; speculations vanished into thin air; money loaned was not worth seeking after. The work begun by his faithless agent was now perfected, and Goslyne Greene was reduced, like mighty Cesar, to the petty measure of his physical dimensions, without cir-

cumstance or accompaniment — a simple Goslyne, independent of feathers.

"I'm afraid there's going to be trouble," said he, as he looked at the collapsed condition of his purse. "But never mind — I can borrow."

The theory of borrowing, as Goslyne had learned it, by occupying the place of a lender, is essentially different from the practice of borrowing when one tries it on his own account. The world has various aspects, according to the position from which it is viewed; and when an individual "born to a fortune" gets into the reverse attitude, and seeks to do as he has been done by, the difference is striking. Goslyne was surprised to find, when he endeavored to live upon other people as other people had lived on him, that it was rather a severe and an unpleasant method of operation.

"Well, if I'd had any idea of this before," said he, when disappointed in an effort to raise five dollars in the way of a friendly loan, "it would have saved a deal of trouble, and a considerable quantity of money."

But it was rather too late in the day with the unfortunate Goslyne Greene, to unlearn everything and to begin his life anew. He had no qualifications for the task either, even if the inclination had not been lacking; and he discovered, painfully enough, that being "born to a fortune," where it is much easier to make money, difficult as that process may be, than to keep it when it is made, is not always the greatest kindness that our guardian angel can bestow. Riches with us is a bird of an incredible power of wing, and has qualities of escape and evasion which skill itself is often unavailing to combat. The bird was gone from Goslyne; but having had no training as a fowler, there was no help, and he was obliged to trust his future life to chance.

He ekes out a precarious existence on the reluctant kindness of former friends, and by appeals to the feelings of his kinsfolk, who, however near in former times, are now disposed to be "distant relations" in regard to him. He is,

nevertheless, as averse to trouble as ever, when there is a possibility of avoiding it, and rarely removes from hotel or boarding-house until the politeness of the landlord induces him to say, that he will forgive arrearage for the sake of hastening Mr. Goslyne Greene's departure from the premises.

"And that is what I call behaving like a gentleman," says Mr. Greene; "it saves a deal of trouble in the adjustment of accounts; and as I don't understand figures, people are so apt to impose upon me."

Latterly, however, he begins to think that this mode of settlement is too much to the advantage of the opposite party, and that he, being at the trouble of looking out for a new domicil, should have something to boot, in the shape of a small subsidy or an order upon a ready-made clothing establishment, just for the sake of symmetry and to make the matter perfectly square; and he proposes to carry out the idea when the next occasion offers itself. Whether his conduct in thus obtaining credit, is altogether creditable, is left to the reader to decide. It is enough for us to have presented "The Moral of Goslyne Greene, who was born to a fortune," that they who are not thus distinguished may rejoice over their peculiar happiness in being with the majority on this question, and esteem themselves lucky in beginning life at its smaller and lower end.

JOHNNY JUMPUP,

THE RISING SON.

Life is full of difficulties—a trying time it is altogether, not only in the Oyer and Terminer, but likewise in other places quite as remote from justice as the courts of law. Everybody lives, after a fashion. They must do it, or embrace an alternative that is disagreeable; but there are many who find that to live, easy and natural as some people may think it, is one of the most troublesome jobs they ever undertook. But after we rise above the mere first principles of existence, and have succeeded in making tolerably sure of a reasonable supply of breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, clothing and house-room included, which is elementary living—the practical and physical part, on which we are to erect the romance, the poetry, and the ornament—then comes the grandest perplexity of all, where emulation exists, and where ambition flourishes, to prevent the individual—just as like as not me, or may be you—from being completely absorbed in the mass of mankind, as only one in the statistical returns of the census, and to fashion for him a distinctive feature of some sort, that shall single him out from the general family of the race, and cause others to designate him with "extended finger," as he circulates among the crowd. Merely to live, and to breathe, and to be the inert consumer of a certain amount of provant and provision, is that to content a soul replete with ardor, hungry for preferment, and athirst to be distinguished?

No—it is required that we should be a sensation—an electric spark—something on the thunder and lightning

principle—rather than a mere negative quality, with nothing of the flash or sparkle about it. But how?—ay, there's the rub—how are we to be a shock to the nerve of the millions?

"That's Stiggins!" say they; and if every eye is turned at the word, to gaze with wonder and amaze at him who rejoices in the euphonious appellation of Stiggins—if the name of Stiggins hath associations connected with it, either for good or for evil—admiring love or malignant hate—which are sufficient to attract the regards of all to its lucky possessor, who so happy as "Stiggins," standing as he does, upon a pedestal, to receive the homage of the bystanders.

"That's Stiggins!" is the cry, which Stiggins, in proud humility, affects not to hear, while Stiggins is inwardly rejoicing at the glances which rest upon his lineaments.

"Hey!—where?—what?—which is Stiggins?"

"Oh, show me Stiggins!"

"Won't he wait till I run home for my wife?—she's half dead to see Stiggins."

"Lawks!—do tell!—and is that Stiggins? I've seen Stiggins at last, with my own eyes, I have."

Do not pretend that you do not envy Stiggins—the happy Stiggins. When such a state of things as we now attempt to describe, waits on any of the Stigginses, it may be set down at once that he has seated himself upon the utmost "rung" of felicity's ladder—that he is at the high topgallant of his joy—has completed his pyramid and has capped his climax. Stiggins need not stay—he may leave the world now just as soon as he pleases—there is little left for him to do.

Why, say'st thou, should Stiggins cease from effort and permit himself to be evaporated—why?

Because this is fame—this is the laurel of renown—this, the *Ultima Thule* of vaulting ambition—all that Stiggins can do in the way of elevating himself above the swampy level of the rest of creation.

"Stiggins!"—with a "Hurrah for Stiggins," or "A groan for Stiggins"—either way—be not particular—his leafy laurelled chaplet is completed. Stiggins has, you see, conquered a notoriety and climbed unto an apex—a feat rarely to be accomplished more than once in a lifetime, it being a settled rule—there's so many of us—that no one shall have more than a day.

Why should Stiggins be now exploded, and go off, like a rocket, from the busy stage.

Because, when we are as high as we can go, the notoriety that has been attained must thenceforth be on the wane, with a greater or less degree of rapidity, according to the extent of our skill and tact in the nourishment, cherishment, and preservation of our passing glory. It is doleful to be one of the "have beens"—melancholy to wander about as a member of the "used to was" family—and he who is the idolater of fame, will find it the best policy, if he desires to be remembered, to disappear in the full meridian of his greatness, instead of waiting till it is night. For still, it wanes, do what we will to the contrary; and he who is hailed with shouts of applause whenever he presents himself in public, should be as busy with his hay as possible, now that the sun is shining; for very soon he will decline into nothing more than one of the multitude, and be left to wonder what has become of the thronging circle of his admirers. The truth is, that the public can not afford to be puffing up anybody's balloon for a length of time, and are apt, after a while to permit it to drop down in a state of collapse. But to dismiss such saddening reflections upon the mutabilities of things, let us repeat once more, like a chubby-cheeked Fame in full blast upon a speaking-trumpet—

"That's Stiggins!"

Let Stiggins rejoice in his distinction: for no matter how he conquered it, and it avails not why it is accorded to him, it can not be denied that he—Stiggins—is now what we may call a thing of glory and a matter of renown.—Is it not

for this that the writer burns the midnight oil; and, like the cuttle-fish, darkens all around him by an inky flood? — Fame! — "*monstrari digito*" — "there he goes!" — does not the warrior fight for it, bleed for it, die for it? And what toils, what dangers, what perils, do we not cheerfully undergo for such reward, unsubstantial as it may appear? — Notoriety — distinction! — ambition craves; and there is not a path to such attainment, be it lofty, or be it depressed, that is not crowned with eager and jostling competitors, only to hear the welcome whisper as they pass, that "this is Stiggins."

There are all sorts of ways essayed to climb the steeps of renown. Some of us write books — others fight in battles — the duello is resorted to by many — others keep race-horses, while there be men in the pursuit of fame, who will eat you a hundred or two of oysters at a single sitting, on a wager, and down in a cellar.

Fame — we must have fame, if we can get it — a little something peculiar to ouselves, that shall set up and maintain a difference — perceptible and admitted — between us and all the rest — "myself alone," with nothing to be seen of the like pattern in any other person's house, even if the radiation from our name should not be enabled to cast its beams beyond the most limited circle; and hence it is — we are sure you wince under it yourself — that no man likes to be confounded in the minds of persons, indifferent as they may be to him in the main, with any other man, either on the score of a similarity of name, or on any account whatever. There can not, indeed, be a worse compliment than not to know that Brown is Brown, or that Smith is Smith, or Jones is Jones; for though there be, as proved by the directory, many Browns, several Smiths, and not a few of the Joneses, yet each individual, not only of these names, but of all other names that may be suggested, feels that he is, pre-eminently, the person of that name, not to be mistaken or to be overlooked; and when, awkwardly, as it often hap-

pens, an unconsciousness of our existence or of who we are, is exhibited—it is a folly to seek to palliate the offence by soothings or apologies—our self-love is writhing under a wound. "Beg pardon—didn't know you!"—Yet we have been here, or there, or elsewhere, all the time—yea, figuring just as largely as we could upon our little stage—and still you were not aware that we had ever been born at all, supposing us to be anybody in general, or nobody in particular! Say no more—we are essentially snubbed; and you can not make it better by these bungling efforts to explain away the original error.

But be careful for the future—never, while you live, be so rash as to admit to any person's face that you never chanced to hear of him before—never, while you live, be induced to confess that you mistook him for somebody else, because there are so many of that name. Better try to play with lions as you would with common people, than thus to trifle with a man's identity—it's dangerous; for it is a jar, brimming full of bitterness, for any man to discover that the identity which occupies all his thoughts, all his time, and all his care, is yet so little of an identity, that he has not been able to assume a distinctive aspect in the eyes of the community which surrounds him.

"That's Stiggins!"

"Yes—but who is Stiggins?"

Now, we ask you—"on your apparel"—is not such a cruel query as that enough to be—apoplectically—the death of the hardiest, toughest, knottiest Stiggins, that ever floated on the tide of time? "Unknown," as they say in the bills of mortality, would not that be fatal to the most vital of us? And then, to hear our dear self spoken of so cheaply as "a Mr. Stiggins"—"one Mr. Stiggins"—or, worse than either, "some Mr. Stiggins," as if, with all our toil, we had been so far a failure as not to be able to project ourselves a single notable inch beyond the level of undistinguished Stigginsism. It is sufficient to cause any person,

however averse to hydropathy, and antago istical to the cold water principle, to cast himself into the river, as the nearest attainable approach to *felo-de-se.*

And here we have it why it is, that indisputable distinction, whatever be its kind, is so flattering and so precious that mankind counts no cost too great that may be required to make it sure; and that everybody fondles it so affectionately when it has been obtained, often believing, indeed, that we do possess it when we have it not.

And so, too, in paternal and maternal affection. It is not to be controverted that the child is yet to be born, which, in the eyes of those to whom it more immediately appertains, is not gifted by nature with faculties that will never allow it to be absorbed in insignificancy, or to be taken and mistaken for any other child. "There can be no mistake in this child," as they say in popular phraseology. It is a bright particular star in the firmament of babydom. Look, now—you see, as it reaches forward to inflict endearing scratches upon the accommodating nose which you so politely extend toward it for infancy's special amusement, you see that it "takes notice," differently from common children, and thus gives indubitable evidences of a latent genius. Perhaps it talks sooner—that's the force of genius—or may be it talks later—that's the slumbering and growing strength of genius—than other children talk. It recognises its "da-da"—its proud da-da—in a way that is certainly peculiar to itself; and it goes on, step by step, in developing one evidence of coming greatness after another evidence of coming greatness, so that we are at last stupified to find, on encountering the test of downright experiment and of actual collision with the world, that our prodigy was merely a prodigy when in bud, the genius and the greatness not having survived an emancipation from the nursery; and then, the prodigy having itself been, in all likelihood, deluded into a belief that it is a prodigy, is compelled, painfully and slowly, to discover its real value, and to acquiesce in being placed, for the rest

of its existence, in a position merely subordinate — a task which, in many cases, is so replete with mortifications that it is but imperfectly performed, and the sufferer goes through life groaning under the erroneous impression that he came upon the stage before the world was sufficiently advanced to comprehend his merits, and that he is decidedly "The Unappreciated One."

At all events, it is clear that the world is ever full of wonderful babies — but not remarkable at any time for a superabundance of wonderful men.

But Johnny Jumpup, however, as any one with half an eye, may discover from his portrait — an authentic likeness, now first published — is safe — certain of his distinction, from the very outset. He — Johnny — is not to be mistaken for anybody else — for, physically and longitudinally — by feet and by inches — he — Johnny — rises far above all cavil and all dispute. He looks down upon them with disdain. His elevation — Jumpup's — is not to be reached by others, unless recourse be had to a chair or to a pile of bricks. But Johnny is up already; and there is no such thing as the getting of him down, unless he should be *razeed*, by a cannon-ball, of which, we think, there is no likelihood at present.

As you may have had occasion to remark, the family of the Jumpups are none of your lowly-minded people, who feel and act as if they were intruders in the walks of men. Not at all — the Jumpups know they have as good a right to be here as anybody — they doubt, indeed, whether their right to be here is not a shade or two better than that of anybody with whom they are acquainted, having always, as Sylvester Daggerwood quaintly expresses it, "a soul above buttons;" but as everybody else does not place them so far above buttons as they place themselves, the Jumpups pant for that distinction to which all must bow. The Jumpups thought of the making of money in the first instance, as perhaps the shortest cut to glory; and it is of material assistance; and so they toiled and they traded — bargained, sold,

swopped, exchanged, and "chiselled," day in and day out, till Dame Fortune, finding herself so vehemently besieged, could resist no longer, and yielded herself to their persevering arms. Eldad Jumpup—the father of Johnny—eventually become one of the richest men about—bowed to at the exchange—chairman of all sorts of meetings—heading subscriptions, and having a voice potential in mercantile and monetary affairs. But in this respect, others contrived at last to be as renowned as he—the name of Jumpup could not stand here alone, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar;" and then Eldad Jumpup endeavored to attain originality by the effort to conjoin literature to commerce; and he purchased a large assortment of books in exquisite binding—had his portrait painted, in a library—himself with pen in hand, thinking hard over a pile of octavoes, as if crammed with their contents, and endeavoring to give voice to the inspiration awakened. But there is a marvellous difference between the buying of books and the reading of books—between the wish for literary laurel, and the processes of gathering the plant; and Eldad Jumpup very often found himself awakened from unexpected slumber, there in the library, by the sonorous fall of the selected volume from his unconscious hand, books proving rather soporific to one so long accustomed to stirring realities and active competitions.

"Ho! ho!" cried Eldad, "this will never do. I'll hire some fellow to read these books for me, and make a division of the labor."

So he had recourse in the next instance to what may be called the hospitalities—town-house, country-house, dinners, and so forth. But even then, people would contradict him at his own table, and talk of him as "no great shakes," when he wanted to be "a great shakes"—what's the use of living, if you are not considerable of a "shakes"?—they would so talk of him at the very moment when they were fattening their lean and withered frames with his viands and at his expense.

But had he not Johnny? When his own hopes of being a peculiar and leading feature were thus foiled and so blighted, was there not Johnny? What could be done to manufacture Johnny Jumpup into a great man?—Johnny not being troubled with any traits different from common traits, except that as regards eating and sleeping he could do a larger business than any one else. In these regards Johnny was clever —undeniably.

"That boy's always asleep," observed Eldad, gravely; "he shows no other genius now—can't sing—can't draw—won't talk—doesn't like to run about, and never made anything in his life—nothing but sleep. Extraordinary boy—sleeping so much must mean something, I'm sure of that —but what does it mean? I'd like to know. It's his genius, I guess, growing in his head while he's asleep—it don't want to be disturbed now, but by'm'by it will come out in a perfect blaze of glory. If it don't, I'll turn him out as an impostor.

"And besides, now I think of it, when Johnny is not asleep, Johnny is always eating. That's wonderful, too—very wonderful. It's the genius—some sort of genius—getting into the stomach that makes Johnny so hungry—genius is always hungry, more or less; because, you see, it wants nourishment. So, what between sleeping and eating, I don't see how Johnny Jumpup can very well fail of being a great man, because it's quite clear he doesn't waste any of his strength or trifle away any of his ideas—nobody ever gets an idea from Johnny—he's too cunning for that."

All at once, Johnny's genius did make itself apparent; and the real meaning of the phenomena of much eating and incessant sleeping, so strongly exhibited in his case, became obvious to the meanest capacity. His abilities took an upward direction, drawing him out, though Johnny said nothing on the subject himself—drawing him out, story after story, like a telescope or a portable fishing-rod. He ate, and he slept, and he grew—every week let out a new tuck

from his trowsers, and his arms went a considerable distance through the sleeves of his jacket. There was no denying it, that Johnny was destined, in one way at least, to be a great man, and to be discovered easily in the thickest of the crowd So was it that the paternal desires were realized. Nobody else had such a Johnny.

* * * * * * *

And now comes the delicate consideration as to whether in the main, it be best for us or not, that our wishes in regard to ourselves or our offspring should be realized. When we look into things with our philosophic eye alone, closing all other eyes, it will often be apparent that a supposed blessing is often a misfortune, and that it is, after all, better for us to be just as we are, rather than any other way. Admire the extent of Johnny Jumpup as much as you please — you that are brief and dumpy — we fear that Johnny could, if he would, tell a very different story about the matter.

For instance, Johnny Jumpup is invariably in the way. "Gracious alive! — do, Johnny, double yourself up, instead of poking your legs all over the room, to break people's necks."

Long as he is, people are ever short with Johnny on the subject of his extensions, forgetting too, in their wrath at being unintentionally tripped, that Johnny "suffers some" in the process as well as they.

"Oh, Johnny! you're only fit to hand things down from high shelves, or to look into second-story windows. They'd better hire you to light the lamps, or to whitewash ceilings."

"Oh, yes," says Johnny himself, "it's all very dignified and commanding, I've no doubt, to be stretched out this way, like a scaffold-pole or part of the magnetic telegraph; but that doesn't pay for the knocks I get on the head, or make the beds any longer. I can look down upon people, of course; but what's that to having to keep curled up like a coil of rope more than half the time? — It's entirely too much trouble to be a great man. Great men do well enough for

extraordinary occasions, but I'd rather be a common people for everyday wear; and I'm half inclined to wish that somebody would take me in a little, or cut me off short. It's a deal of trouble to be always trying to make one's self small; for when I feel the smallest, it's just then that I'm the largest and the most in the way. I wish I was brother to Tom Thumb. It's every way cheaper and more convenient."

Just so — who is content? — not Johnny Jumpup, with all his advantages; and we have here another lesson to be always as contented as possible with our lot. It is a doubt whether we could change it to any advantage, or whether, if we could have our children as we wish them, it would be of advantage either to them or to us. Remember Johnny Jumpup, who finds that this world, having been prepared for people of the smaller extension, is ever at war with his comforts. No one can tell how many of the swinging-lamps are destroyed by Johnny Jumpup, or how often his hat is swept from his brow by the awnings of the street. He dares not rise from his chair with precipitation, lest it prove that the ceiling is too low; and his phrenological faculties are literally beaten in by the concussions to which he is so unceasingly exposed. When he stops to shake hands with any one, he has a pain in his back from the stooping; and the boys shout after him in the street as "the man who is too long anywhere." Jumpup is modest; yet Jumpup is made the target for jokes. People hail him as "the man in the steeple," to know where the fire is; and many are the queries to learn of him what is the state of the weather up there. Poor Jumpup — wearied and vexed, how is it possible for him to hide himself from sneering observation, or to avoid the pains and the penalties of being conspicuous?

MR. KERR MUDGEON:

OR, "YOU WON'T, WON'T YOU."

THERE; now!

You see—do you not?—Nay, you may almost hear it, if you listen attentively. Mr. Kerr Mudgeon—great many of the Kerr Mudgeons about, in various places—but this Mr. Kerr Mudgeon—going to a party as he was—desirous too, as people generally are on such occasions, of looking particularly well—and all ready, to his own infinite satisfaction—all ready except the final operation of putting on his bettermost coat—has torn that important article of gentlemanly costume—one may work without a coat, you know, and work all the easier for the relief; but it is not altogether polite to leave it at home on a peg when you go to a party. Torn his coat—not through his own fault, as Mr. Kerr Mudgeon would tell you explicitly enough—he never is, never was, never can be, in fault—but because of that coat's ill-timed and provoking resistance to the operation of being donned. The coat might have known—who is ever thus to be trifled with in the process of dressing? Yes, the coat must have known. Ah, coats and the makers of coats have much to answer for. Kerr Mudgeon is ruffled, ruffles of this sort, causing a man to look none the handsomer or the more amiable for the ruffles. Such ruffles are not becoming.

"Ho! ho! won't go on, hey?" cried Mr. Kerr Mudgeon, and Mr. Kerr Mudgeon panted and Mr. Kerr Mudgeon blew, on the high-pressure principle, until the steam of his wrath had reached its highest point.

MR. KERR MUDGEON; OR, "YOU WON'T, WON'T YOU."—*Book* II, *page* 68.

It is a fearful moment with the Kerr Mudgeons when it is manifest that something must break — a blood-vessel or the furniture, or the peace of the commonwealth. Why will things animate and inanimate conspire to bring about such a crisis? Kerr Mudgeons will be sweet tempered if you will only permit them.

The coat positively refused to go on any further — the contumacious raiment. What could Kerr Mudgeon do in such a strait of perverse broadcloth?

"Tell me you won't go on," muttered Kerr Mudgeon, setting his teeth as a rifleman sets his trigger; "I'll make you go on, I will," shouted he.

There's no such word as fail with Mr. Kerr Mudgeon. Something is sure to be done when he is once fairly roused to the work. It is a rule of his to combat like with like; and so — and so — stamping his foot determinedly, and gathering all his forces for a grand demonstration against the obstinacy of tight sleeves, he carried his point as he proposed to carry it, by a rushing *coup-de-main*, to the material detriment of the fabric. — But what of that? Was it not a victory for Kerr Mudgeon? The coat had yielded to the force of his will; and if the victory had been gained at cost, is it not always so with victories! — Glory — is that to be had for nothing? — No — depreciate the cost of glory, and pray tell me what becomes of glory? — It is glory no longer. A luxury, to be a luxury, must be beyond the general reach — too expensive for the millions — too costly for the masses.

"And now — ha! ha! — ho! ho! — he! he! — come off!" shrieked Mr. Kerr Mudgeon; "now you've done all the mischief you could, come off." Kerr Mudgeon divested himself of the fractured, now humbled, peninent and discomfited coat, and followed up his first success, like an able tactician, he danced in a transport of joy upon its mangled fragments and its melancholy remains. Ghastly moment of triumph o'er a foe. Alas! Kerr Mudgeon, be merciful to the vanquished when incapacited for the war.

But no — coolness comes not on the instant — not to the Kerr Mudgeons. They have no relationship to the Kew Cumbers. They disdain the alliance; and Mr. Kerr Mudgeon's coat had been conquered only — not punished.

"That's what you get by being obstinate," added he, as he kicked the expiring coat about the room, knocking down a lamp, upsetting an inkstand, and doing sundry other minor pieces of mischief, all of which, of course, he charged to the account of the coat, as aforesaid — it was coat's fault altogether. Mr. Kerr Mudgeon is not naturally in a passion. He would not have been in a passion had it not been for the coat — not he — the coat was the incendiary cause; and we trust that every coat, frock or body — sackcoat or any other of the infinite variety of coats now in existence, with all other coats that are to be, may take timely example and salutary warning from the doleful fate of Mr. Kerr Mudgeon's coat, that there may be no sewing of tares, and an exemption from rent. A coat is never improved by participation in battle.

And this unhappy coat, which has thus fallen a victim to its incapacity to adapt itself to the form and pressure of circumstances, is by no means a singular case in the experience of Mr. Kerr Mudgeon. We mention it rather as a symbol and as an emblem of the trials and vexations that ambuscade his way through life, to vex him at unguarded moments and shake him from his propriety. Boots, it will appear, have served him just so, particularly on a warm morning when unusual effort fevers one for the day. Did you see Kerr Mudgeon in a contest with his boots, when the leather, like a sturdy sentinel, refused ingress to Kerr Mudgeon's heel, and declared that there was "no admission" to the premises, in despite of coaxings, of soap, and of the pulverizations of soap-stone? If you never saw that sight, you ought to see it, before you shuffle off this mortal coil — indeed you ought, as Kerr Mudgeon toils and pants at the reluctant boots, in the vain effort "to grapple them to his sole with hooks of

steel." Then it is most especially that a Kerr Mudgeon is "lovelily dreadful," like ocean in a storm. Whether saltpetre will explode or not, just set the Kerr Mudgeons at a tight boot, and you shall hear such explosions of tempestuous wrath as were never heard under other circumstances. The gun-cotton is like lambs-wool in comparison, as Kerr Mudgeon hops about in a state of betweenity, the boot half on, half off, declining either to go forward or to retreat. We pity that boot should Kerr Mudgeon find a failure to his deep intent. It has suffering in store — a species of storage which is never agreeable.

Corks, too — did you ever dwell upon a Kerr Mudgeon endeavoring to extract a cork, without the mechanical appliances of a screw? The getting out of corks with one's fingers is always more or less of a trial. There is donkeyism in corks; and those that will yield a little, are generally sure to break. Concession, conciliation, and compromise, demand, under these circumstances, that if the cork will not come out, it should be made to go in, to employ the ingenuity of future ages in fishing it up with slipknots and nooses. But Kerr Mudgeon with a cork — he never, "Mr. Brown," can be prevailed upon to "give it up so;" not even if you find the cork-screw for him. Rather would he hurt his hand, loosen his teeth, break his penknife, or twist a fork into an invalid condition, than allow himself to be ingloriously baffled by the contemptible oppugnation and hostility of a cork and bottle, thirsty and impatient as he may be for the imbibation of the contents thereof. If all else fail, Kerr Mudgeon enraged, and the bystanders in an agony of nervousness at the scene — "smack" goes the bottle's neck against a table, or "whack" over the back of a chair — "you won't, won't you!" — or in the more protracted and aggravating case, "smash!" goes the whole bottle to the wall; for the embellishment of paper hangings and the improvement of carpeting — Victoria!

Something is always the matter, too, with the bureau when

he would open or shut a drawer. Either it will not come out or it won't go in. That drawer must take the consequences; and doors — lucky are they to escape a fractured panel, if doors prove refractory, as doors sometimes will. Nobody can open a door so featly as a Kerr Mudgeon.

"You won't, won't you!" and so he appeals to the *ultima ratio regum*—the last reasoning of kings — which means as many of thumps, cuffs, and kicks, as may be requisite to the purpose. It is a knock-down argument.

Pooh! pooh! — how you talk of the efficacy of the soft answer in the turning away of wrath. Nonsense, Mr. George Combe, that wrath to the wrathful is only fuel to the flame. Mr. Kerr Mudgeon has no faith in passive resistance and in other doctrines of that sort. Smite his cheek, and then see what will come of the smitation. Go to him if you want "as good as you give," and you will be sure to obtain measure, exact, yea, and running over.

And so Mr. Kerr Mudgeon has always a large stock of quarrel on hand, unsettled and neat as imported — feuds everywhere, to keep him warm in the winter season. A good hater is Mr. Kerr Mudgeon — a bramble-bush to scratch withal.

"Try to impose on me," says Kerr Mudgeon, "I'd like to see 'em at it. They'll soon find I'm not afraid of anybody;" and he therefore seeks to impress that fact with distinctness on everybody's mind; and, in consequence, if anybody has unexpended choler about him — a pet rage or so, pent up, or a latent exasperation — make him acquainted with Kerr Mudgeon, and observe the effect of the contact of such a spark as Mudgeon with an inflammable magazine. Should you find yourself peevish generally, and a little crusty or so, to those around you — primed, as it were, for contention, should it be fairly offered, stop as you go to business, at Kerr Mudgeon's. He will accommodate you, and you will feel much better afterward, you will — "calm as a summer morning," as the politicians have it.

Kerr Mudgeon rides; and his horse must abide a liberal application of whip and spur, sometimes inducing it as a corollary, is a tumble to be regarded as a corollary from the saddle?—inducing it as a corollary, that Kerr Mudgeon must abide in the mire, with a fractured tibia or fibia, as the case may be. "You won't, won't you?"—and there are horses who won't when not able clearly to understand what is to be done. Now, the horse swerves, and Kerr Mudgeon takes the lateral slide. Again the steed bows—with politeness enough—and Kerr Mudgeon is a flying phenomenon over his head—gracefully, like a spread-eagle in a fit of enthusiasm. When he is *down* he says he never gives *up* to a horse.

Kerr Mudgeon delights also to quicken the paces of your lounging dog, by such abrupt and sharp appeal to the feelings of the animal as occasion may suggest; and often there is an interchange of compliment, biped and quadrupedal, thus elicited, returning bites for blows, to square accounts between human attack and canine indignation. Some dogs do not appreciate graceful attentions and captivating endearments. "Dogs are so revengeful," says Kerr Mudgeon. His dogs always run away; "dogs are so ungrateful, too," quoth he.

Unfortunate Kerr Mudgeon! What is to become of him until the world is rendered more complaisant and acquiescent, prepared in all respects to go his way?

In the street, he takes the straightest line from place to place, having learnt from his schoolboy mathematics, that this is decidedly the shortest method of going from place to place. And yet, how people jostle him, first on the right hand, then on the left? Why do they not clear the track for Kerr Mudgeon?

Then at the postoffice, in the hour of delivery.

Kerr Mudgeon wants his letters. What is more natural than that a man should want his letters?

"Quit scrouging!" says somebody, as he knocks Mr. Kerr Mudgeon in the ribs with his elbow.

"Wait for your turn!" cries somebody else, jostling Mr. Kerr Mudgeon on the opposite ribs.

Still Kerr Mudgeon struggles through the press, resolved upon obtaining his letters before other people obtain their letters, having his feet trampled almost to a mummy, his garments disarranged, if not torn, and in addition to bruises, perhaps losing his fifty dollar breast-pin, to complete the harmony of the picture; but still obtaining his letters in advance of his competitors — five minutes saved or thereabouts — what triumph! what a victory! To be sure, after such a struggle, Mr. Kerr Mudgeon consumes much more than the five minutes in putting himself to rights, and finds himself in a towering passion for an hour or two, besides groaning for a considerable length of time over his bruises and his losses, all of which might have been escaped by a few moments of patience. But then the victory — "you won't, won't you?" Was Kerr Mudgeon ever baffled by any species of resistance? Not he.

"People are such brutes," says he; "no more manners than so many pigs — try not to let me get my letters as soon as any of them, will they? I'll teach 'em that a Kerr Mudgeon is not to be trifled with — just as good a right to be first as anybody; and I will be first, wherever I go, cost what it may."

We do not know that Kerr Mudgeon ever entered into a calculation as to the profit and loss of the operation of the rule that governed his life in intercourse with society. Indeed, we rather think not. But it is probable that in the long run, it costs as much as it comes to, if it does not cost a great deal more, thus to persist in having one's way in everything. In crossing the street now, when the black and fluent mire is particularly abundant, Mr. Kerr Mudgeon insists upon the flag stones — "as good a right as anybody," and thus pushes others into a predicament unpleasant to

their boots and detrimental to their blacking, so that their understandings become clouded, as they lose all their polish. In general, such a course as this does very well—but it will sometimes happen, as it has happened, that two Kerr Mudgeons meet—the hardest fend off—and thus our Kerr Mudgeon is toppled full length into a bed much more soft than is altogether desirable, which vexes him.

Did you, of a rainy day, ever see Kerr Mudgeon incline his umbrella to allow another umbrella to pass? We are sure you never did. Kerr Mudgeon's umbrella is as good as anybody's umbrella, and will maintain its dignity against all comers, though it has been torn to fragments by the sharp points of other umbrellas, which thought themselves quite as good as it could pretend to be—and so, Kerr Mudgeon got himself now and then into a fray, to say nothing of suits for assault and battery, gracefully and agreeably interspersed. Ho! ho! umbrellas!—"you won't, won't you?"

Kerr Mudgeon walks with a cane—carries it horizontally under his arm, muddy at the ferule, perchance; and canes thus disposed, come awkwardly in contact with the crossing currents of persons and costumes. But what does he care for the soiled garments of the ladies or the angry countenances of offended gentlemen? Is not Kerr Mudgeon with his cane, as good as anybody else and his cane? Horizontally—he will wear it so. That's his way.

"The world don't improve at all," cries Kerr Mudgeon. "They may make speeches about it, and pass resolutions by the bushel; but it is my opinion that it grows obstinater and obstinater every day. It never yields an inch, and a man has to push, and to scramble, and to fight for ever to make any headway for himself—black and blue more than half the time. Every day shoots up all over rumpuses and rowses. But, never mind—the world needn't flatter itself that it's a going to conquer Kerr Mudgeon and put him down too, as it does other people. Kerr Mudgeon knows his rights—Kerr Mudgeon is as good as anybody else. Kerr

Mudgeon will fight till he dies. He was never made to yield, so long as his name is Kerr Mudgeon. It's a good name — never disgraced by movements of the knuckle-down character, and I am determined to carry on the war just as all the Mudgeons did that went before me. If a horse kicks me, I'll kick him back; and I wouldn't get out of the way, like Mr. Daniel Tucker in the song, if a thirty-two pound shot was coming up the street, or a locomotive was a whizzin' down the road. Stand up straight — that's my motto. Give 'em as good as they can bring; that's the doctrine; and while a single bit of Kerr Mudgeon remains — while any of his bones hang together, that's him squaring off right in the centre of the track, ready for you, with his coat buttoned up and a fist in each of his hands."

Kerr Mudgeon's face is settled grimly into the aspect of habitual defiance. His brows are for ever knitting, not socks or mittens, but frowns, and his mouth is knotted like a rope. When he looks around, it seems to be an inquiry as to whether any gentleman present is disposed to pugilistic encounter — if so, he can be accommodated; and the whole disposition of his garments indicates contention — war to the knife.

Kerr Mudgeon complains that he has no friends, and is beginning to stand solitary and alone, with but a dreary prospect before him, in a world that grows "obstinater and obstinater every day;" and he has yet to learn, if such learning should ever penetrate through the armor of hostility wherewith he is begirt, that perhaps, if we desire to have a smooth and easy time of it, we must ourselves begin by being smooth and easy. The belligerent ever meets with belligerents. There's no difficulty about that. There is a sufficiency of war in every atmosphere, if you are disposed to condense it upon yourself; and no one eager to enjoy the pleasure, need wander far in search of quarrels. Kerr Mudgeon finds them everywhere — "rumpuses and rowses" — But it is a shrewd doubt whether one's general comfort is

greatly promoted by the aggravation of rudeness. It is easier to bend a little to inclement blasts, than to be snapped off by perpendicular resistance — easier to go round an obstacle than to destroy your temper, and your clothing, in the exhausting effort to clamber over it, and it may be said of every quarrel in which Kerr-Mudgeonism is engaged, that probably both parties are at fault, though Kerr-Mudgeonism is, in all likelihood, the responsible party.

Yet "you won't, won't you ?" is a great temptation to combativeness and destructiveness. Is it not, all ye people of the Kerr-Mudgeon temperament ?

A BORE, IN CHARCOAL.

That's a Bore!

Everybody has heard of bores — of an immense bore — an intolerable bore, or an excruciating bore. The majority of mankind do not require to be told what constitutes a bore. The enlightenment of daily experience is sufficient for the purpose. They learn by dint of sufferings, which, at school and elsewhere — flogging it in — has long been regarded as the best method of disseminating intelligence and of making people smart. We, therefore, content ourselves with repeating —

That's a bore!

Not from the forest of Ardennes — quadrupedal and porcine. It is neither Mirabeau nor William de la Marck — nor yet is it a personal likeness, representative of each existing bore, or of all the varieties of bore. Portraiture so comprehensive is impossible. Regard it rather as the ideal of Cruikshank — a type and a symbol, having reference to bores at large — to "General Bore," of the combined forces, if we may be permitted to furnish an available title to the fanciful embodiment. We have, in truth, before us, a sketch of universal boredom, condensed into a form, that when we speak of bores, the whole matter may present itself, physically, to the eye. So —

That's a bore!

A modern bore — descended possibly from the Roman augurs, who bored in classic times. But, leaving the historical and genealogical question to more learned arbitra-

ment, it can not be disputed that the bore is of an ancient race, perforating, as it were, in days beyond the flood, and having now the whole earth as an inheritance. Such multitudes of bores — and then so unkindly, too — unfilial and unthankful. Was there ever bore — we do not believe it — a bore, but of the lesser sort — a gimlet, simply — who could be prevailed upon to acknowledge (candidly and honestly, and with no blush of shame at the relationship) that he was a downright bore, or anything of a bore? Never. Though the fact that he is a bore be apparent as the sun at noonday, still will he insist upon it — boring all the while, most likely — that he is not now, that he never has been, that he never can be, and never will be, a bore — as if, zoologically speaking, a decided bore, born a bore and educated a bore, could very well help being a bore. Bristle as he may, to be so accused, yet he must be a bore; and the best he can do, if there can be a best to the worst, is to cherish ambition in his calling, to place it beyond the reach of controversy that Linkum Fidelius is a tremendous bore — superlative — equal to Brunel and the tunnel of the Thames.

But as the annals of confession afford no instance of pleading guilty to a snore — nobody snores; though the s'norous resonance may keep the watch from sleeping — so the peculiarity of boring is broadly denied by its most persevering practitioners. It is professed by none except by those who bore the earth for Artesian wells, and by those who bore their bills through whole houses of legislation.

Nevertheless, gentle reader, smile not too securely in scorn of bores. What if it should be said that you are a bore — that we are a bore — that all of us — everything and everybody — are bores inevitably, at certain times and at certain seasons. It is melancholy, but it is true, that be as amiable and as fascinating as possibility will allow — and who more delightful than yourself, or than ourself, when we choose to set about it? — still, it is not to be disputed that there are occasions when people — they, perchance, that love us best at

other moments — will regard us both as bores — tiresomely, and with a yawn — "Good gracious, what a bore; or again, querulous and fretful — "A shocking bore!" It has been so, in word and in thought, has it not, with you? And there are no exceptions to the rule, flatter yourself never so much.

It is hydropathic, we must admit — Priessnitz, Graefen berg, and all that sort of aquatic treatment, thus to be sluiced, spiritually, with cold water, by hearing such outcry as we close the door, or to read such thought — the board have an expression — in neighbor faces as we rise to go. After all our efforts — after this deal of trouble in what we regard as our irresistible style of conversational operation — after so much care in costume (did we ever look so well?) — so much grace in attitude, moreover — topics, besides, so judiciously selected, and we so full of wit and poignancy; and then to discover — worse than annihilation! — that it is boring we have been, from first to last! — and that while we proudly hoped to gain all hearts, people were inquiring of themselves "when will he go?" coupled with unexpressed desires that you were in safe deposite at "Jericho," or borne away to a further remoteness. From this, observe ye, the uninitiated may understand what is meant by a "sinking in poetry." It is bathos realized and brought home in the utilitarian sense. To speak of "feeling flat," is descriptive enough of what humanity endures at an ordinary "flash in the pan." When a joke snaps, and people sit in dismayed silence at your inexplicable audacity — "what did he mean?" — while your cheeks are tingling — or when young gentlemen break down suddenly in an effort at dashing ease and elegance — flatness is frequent and familiar; but to be thus hurled from the topmost summit of complacent self-esteem, is a Tarpeian fall that makes a hollow in the ground, depressing far beyond the flat.

But grumble not — these are results which are not always to be avoided. The best of people, beaming in beauty or

sparkling with wit — even our friendships, and not excluding loves — yea, more attractive than all these, in the preference yielded to indispensables over the luxuries of existence — the very call to dinner, tap, tap, in the midst of our employment — if coming at the unpropitious time — are bores, just then. Who are not bores, when gentlemen have something else to do, or when the lady is surprised in "wrappers" — when you wish to dress, or have engagements more attractive?

Be content. There is no complete emancipation from boredom — from boring, or from being bored; and our wisdom teaches to balance one against the other, submitting patiently; or, in a more revengeful spirit, setting forth relentless, to inflict on others the same species of calamity that has been administered to you.

It is well, however, to refine perception, so that it may be discovered in the features of the sufferers — you could not well feel pulses — when they have had as much as constitution will enable them to bear. Note their writhings, and be as merciful as can be afforded. It is economic, also: people once bored to death are beyond reach, to be bored no more; but if allowed to escape before complete inanition is induced, one may call again to-morrow, to practise on the victim. Note when the "boree" fidgets in its chair, playing with books or twiddling with its darling little thumbs — adjusting lights which do not need adjustment — vague in answer, or abstract in look — with remarks apart, which bear not on the question — with awful pause, spasmodically broken by "How's your uncle, or your aunt?" or, "When did you see Jones?" — when it comes to this — there! — you'd better go — it is "suffigeance" now; and it may be homicide, if more protracted. It is folly when such discoveries are made — that boredom has reached its climax — to sit hour after hour in nervous meditation on retreat, as you have, yet fearing the attempt, as you often do. Vanish, gracefully or disgracefully. "Stand not," as Lady Macbeth judiciously

remarked, when bored that her husband misbehaved before the tea-party — "stand not on the order of your going, but go at once." It is useless — who has not tried it? — to wait until incident occurs to afford facility for retirement, unless there is boldness enough to elbow something over that will break. Nor can reliance for a start be placed on any but ourselves; for how often is it found that each is waiting for the other, and that a single move dissolves the whole array? In vain — the boys, vociferous enough at other times, are not disposed to raise alarms of fire for your accommodation; and we do not know that earthquakes come by wishing for a shock.

When thoughts like these are springing to the mind, it admits not of question — we are boring terribly; and if no better way suggests itself, it is wise to faint at once, that we may be carried out — the open air will do us good. Set it in a note-book, that whenever it is felt that our chair and ourselves are becoming one and indivisible — that we would rejoice to escape if we had hardihood for the deed, but that escape becomes more awkward and impracticable as the time wears on, then are we bores upon the larger scale, fit to be used in pump construction. Then, should our literary researches be confined to Xenophon and the retreat of the ten thousand, or to the study of Moreau in the Black forest. How got the French away from Moscow?

But not to drive any one to despair as an irremediable bore — we should regret to hear of an unusual recourse to pistols, cord, or poisons, following close upon the promulgation of this boring article — not then to induce summary methods of shuffling coils, with smooth bore or with rifle, it affords pleasure to add that there is hope of redemption for those who are yet capable of feeling the sensations which we have thus imperfectly attempted to describe. They are accidental bores — involuntary — and without malice prepense. They have compunctious visitings afterward — they call themselves hard names — dolt, perhaps, or booby — in

returning home — "how could I?" — and in disrobing them for bed, each silliness, real or supposed, that they may have uttered — each folly of excitement — each *platitude* — verging on the green, or tending to the soft — that has been perpetrated, rises up remorseful — spectre-like and in gigantic exaggeration — to self-accusing eyes. — If we had not said this, or if we had not done that — if we had retired in only tolerable time, or could have comprehended the suppressed irony that induced us "not to be in a hurry," when it had already been proved, to a very great extent, that we were not in a hurry, by any manner of means. The gapings, too — checked, but yet perceptible — unnoticed, but remembered — how well we understand them now! — "Alas, gosling, goose, and gander, that I am, to have taken compliment for reality, and to have 'walked in, won't you,' when 'walk off' was the true translation of the phrase!" and Borem buries his head in the pillow, as if it were possible when bored by one's self — the worst of all possible bores — to get rid of one's self, by any practicable process.

To such as these, as before announced, there is hope of redemption. But what may be called the "Bore Proper" — the bore ingrain — he who does it a purpose, and, as it were, makes a living at it, thinking that the world rejoices in him and would not have it otherwise, he is fit only for the Hospital of Incurables, and must be given up.

But now let us make inquiries, on the score of humanity and benevolence, as to

Who bores?

What bores?

The one idea is exceedingly apt to bore — a single barrelled bore shoots close — as, for instance, when you see him coming, and know to an exactitude the very thing he will talk about, endeavoring, for the hundredth time, to afford enlightenment on a subject we already understand, or relative to which we care not the value of a button. That's a bore, as it ambuscades us in the street, or trenches upon

time intended for other purposes. It is prudent, therefore, to be chary and watchful of your one idea. However important it may seem to its possessor, other folks may have a different bias, and are not likely to desire to trot far upon any hobby-horse but their own; and so philosophers, politicians, philanthropists, inventors, speculators, and innovators, of every description and degree, are all given more or less to boring. And though politeness may seem to feel an interest, it is a fair presumption, more than half the time, that politeness is not to be believed. We are obliged to politeness always, for its sacrifices, but have little faith in its complaisance. It may say "bore," when we are gone—it does so generally.

Self—how delicious to chatter of one's self!—delicious, but full of danger—self, then, as a theme for speeches, is, in the most of cases, quite boreal—hyperboreal—other selves being present, each one of which prefers itself to every other self, and only listens to yourself, that, on the reciprocity principle, it may afterward be permitted to talk of itself. Try to remember that all these people round about, are selves of their own, complete and perfect in their individuality, and that as they are to you, so are you to them—simply an external circumstance—a shadow and an accident. If you catch yourself talking of yourself, recollect yourself before you commit yourself, and ask yourself how you would like it, if yourself were bored after this fashion. It is hard, undoubtedly; but it is necessary to learn how to put yourself in your pocket.

"The shop"—mind the shop—is assuredly a bore, if much of the shop be offered. We all have shops, of one kind or of another, which, in the main, is quite enough; and few there are who care much to be indoctrinated with the particulars of the circumjacent shops. When leaving the shop, then, let us be sure that all appertaining to the shop is also left. In society, the gentleman—and not to be a bore is essential to that coveted character—is one who vol-

unteers no evidence of his avocation. He talks not of bullocks—prates not of physic or of surgery—refrains from cotton, and leaves his stocks in the money-market, except briefly and in reply to question—and for the plain reason that he is aware that others have shops—that they love their shops as much as he loves his shop, and that if shops are to be lugged in, why not their shops as well as his shop?—While thus "sinking the shop," it may be taken rather as an ill compliment to be questioned much about the shop, there being reason to suspect that an imagination exists that you can talk of nothing else but the shop. Think of it by day—dream of it, if you will, by night—and above all, attend to it industriously; but do not take it with you into other people's houses.

We might perhaps keep boring on, like Signor Benedict, who would still be talking—that was a bore—when nobody heeded him—for these general charges admit of minute specification. We could speak of invalid bores, who find delight in the recapitulation of sufferings; who dote on the doctor, and who bore for sympathy when there is none to spare, and as if none were hurt but them—of melancholy bores, who seek to draw a funeral veil across the joyous day—of misanthropic bores, who sulk and groan—of argumentative bores—combative and disputatious—who can not acquiesce, and must contest each point, in a war of posts, with armor ever on—of literary bores, who lend you books, and after catechize, to see that you have read them—be sure at least to cut the leaves before you send the volume back——of oratorical bores, who practise speeches and grind logic on you—of the bore critical, who would better all things, and of the bore grammatical, who parses what you say—of bores too formal and the bore familiar. But it all resolves itself to this—that he who talks only to please himself, like him who sings or whistles at your elbow, is tending boreward, engrossed in his own gratification, and that the truly kind and considerate are not apt to bore, except by accident. A

little thought, and they will know what to talk about, and when to leave off talking; while the opinionated and the selfish will persist in boring — for they lack perception and benevolence; and perhaps, as a general rule, it may be set down, paradoxically, and differing from guns, that

THE GREATEST BORES HAVE THE SMALLEST CALIBRE.

LOOK AT THE CLOCK:

OR, A PRETTY TIME OF NIGHT.

"TINKLE!"

There are people, of the imaginative sort, who undertake to judge of people's character from people's hand of write, pretending to obtain glimpses of the individual's distinctive traits through the rectilinear and curvilinear processes of that individual's pen; and we shall not, for "our own poor part," undertake to deny that "idiosyncracy," meaning thereby the mental and physical peculiarities of our nature, may be discoverable in whatever we do, if there were wit enough to find it out. We are probably pervaded by a style as much our own and none of our neighbor's, as the style of our nose, making each man, each woman, and each child, himself, herself, and itself, alone; and perhaps the time may come, if it be not here already, when the wise ones—professors and so forth—will be able to discover from a glimpse of our thumbs, what we are likely to prefer for dinner. Indeed, we know it to be theoretical in certain schools—in the kitchen, for instance, which is the most orthodox and sensible of the schools—that, as a general rule, the leading features of character are indicated by the mode in which we pull a bell, and that, to a considerable extent, we may infer the kind of person who is at the door—just as we do the kind of fish that bobs the cork—by the species of vibration which is given to the wire. Rash, impetuous, choleric, and destructive, what chance has the poor little bell in such hands? But the considerate, modest, lowly, and retiring—do you ever know such people to break things? Depend

upon it, too, that our self-estimate is largely indicated by our conduct in this respect. If it does not betray what we really are, it most assuredly discloses the temper of the mind at the moment of our ringing.

"Tinkle!"

Did you hear?

Nothing could be more amiable or unobtrusive than that. It would scarcely disturb the nervous system of a mouse; and whoever listened to it, might at once understand that it was the soft tintinnabulary whisper of a gentleman of the convivial turn and of the "locked out" description, who, conscious probably of default, is desirous of being admitted to his domiciliary comforts upon the most pacific and silent terms that can be obtained from those who hold the citadel and possess the inside of the door.

"Tinkle!"

Who can doubt that he—Mr. Tinkle—would take off his boots and go up stairs in his stocking-feet, muttering rebuke to every step that creaked? What a deprecating mildness there is in the deportment of the "great locked out!" How gently do they tap, and how softly do they ring; while, perchance, in due proportion to their enjoyment in untimely and protracted revel, is the penitential aspect of their return. There is a "never-do-so-any-more-ishness" all about them—yea—even about the bully boys "who wouldn't go home till morning—till daylight does appear," singing up to the very door; and when they

"Tinkle!"

It is intended as a hint merely and not as a broad annunciation—insinuated—not proclaimed aloud—that somebody who is very sorry—who "didn't go to help it," and all that—is at the threshold, and that if it be the same to you, he would be exceeding glad to come in, with as little of scolding and rebuke as may be thought likely to answer the purpose. There is a hope in it—a subdued hope—

"Tinkle!"

—that perchance a member of the family—good-natured as well as insomnolent—may be spontaneously awake, and disposed to open the door without clamoring up Malcolm, Donalbain, and the whole house. Why should every one know? But—

"Tinkle—tankle!!"

Even patience itself—on a damp, chilly, unwholesome night—patience at the street-door, all alone by itself and disposed to slumber—as patience is apt to be after patience has been partaking of potations and of collations—even patience itself can not be expected to remain tinkling there—"pianissimo"—hour after hour, as if there were nothing else in this world worthy of attention but the ringing of bells. Who can be surprised that patience at last becomes reckless and desperate, let the consequences—rhinoceroses or Hyrcan tigers—assume what shape they may?

There is a furious stampede upon the marble—a fierce word or two of scathing Saxon, and then—

"Rangle—ja-a-a-ngle—ra-a-a-ng!!!"——the sound being of that sharp, stinging, excruciating kind, which leads to the conclusion that somebody is "worse" and is getting in a rage.

That one, let me tell you, was Mr. Dawson Dawdle, in whom wrath had surmounted discretion, and who, as a forlorn hope, had now determined to make good his entrance—assault, storm, escalade—at any hazard and at any cost. Dawson Dawdle was furious now—"savagerous"—as you have been, probably, when kept at the door till your teeth rattled like castinets and cachuchas.

Passion is picturesque in attitude, as well as poetic in expression. Dawson Dawdle braced his feet one on each side of the door-post, as a purchase, and tugged at the bell with both hands, until windows flew up in all directions, and nightcapped heads, in curious variety, were projected into the gloom. Something seemed to be the matter at Dawdle's.

"Who's sick?" cried one

"Where's the fire?" asked another.

"The Mexicans are come!" shouted a third. But Dawson Dawdle had reached that state of intensity which is regardless of every consideration but that of the business in hand, and he continued to pull away, as if at work by the job, while several observing watchmen stood by in admiration of his zeal. Yet there was no answer to this pealing appeal for admittance—not that Mrs. Dawson Dawdle was deaf—not she—nor dumb either. Nay, she had recognised Mr. Dawdle's returning step—that husband's "foot," which should, according to the poet—

"Have music in't
As he comes up the stair."

But Dawdle was allowed to make his music in the street, while his wife, obdurate, listened with a smile bordering, we fear, a little upon exultation, at his progressive lessons and rapid improvements in the art of ringing "triple-bob-majors."

"Let him wait," remarked Mrs. Dawson Dawdle; "let him wait—'twill do him good. I'm sure I've been waiting long enough for him."

And so she had; but, though there be a doubt whether this process of waiting had "done good" in her own case, yet if there be truth or justice in the vengeful practice which would have us act toward others precisely as they deport themselves to us—and every one concedes that it is very agreeable, however wrong, to carry on the war after thi. fashion—Mrs. Dawson Dawdle could have little difficulty in justifying herself for the course adopted.

Only to think of it, now.

Mrs. Dawson Dawdle is one of those natural and prope people who become sleepy of evenings, and who are rathe apt to yawn after tea. Mr. Dawson Dawdle, on the othe hand, is of the unnatural and improper species, who are no sleepy or yawny of evenings—never so, except of mornings. Dawson insists on it, that he is no chicken to go to roost at

sundown; while Mrs. Dawson Dawdle rises with the lark. The larks he prefers, are larks at night. Now, as a corrective to these differences of opinion, Dawson Dawdle had been cunningly deprived of his pass-key, that he might be induced "to remember not to forget" to come home betimes — a thing he was not apt to remember, especially if good companionship intervened.

Thus, Mrs. Dawdle was "waiting up" for him.

* * * * * *

To indulge in an episode here, *apropos* to the general principle involved, it may be said, pertinently enough, that this matter of waiting, if you have nerves — "waiting up," or "waiting down," choose either branch of the dilemma — is not to be ranged under the head of popular amusements, or classified in the category of enlivening recreation. To wait — who has not waited? — fix it as we will — is always more or less of a trial; and whether the arrangement be for "waiting up" — disdainful of sleep — or for "waiting down" — covetous of dozes — it rarely happens that the intervals are employed in the invocation of other than left-handed blessings, on the head of those who have caused this deviation from comfortable routine; or that, on their tardy arrival — people conscious of being waited for, always stay out as long and as provokingly as they can — we find ourselves at all disposed to amiable converse, or complimentary expression.

And reason good. If we lie down, for instance, when my young lady has gone to a "polka party," or my young gentleman has travelled away to an affair of the convivialities, do we ever find it conducive to refreshing repose, this awkward consciousness, overpending like the sword of Damocles, that sooner or later the disturbance must come, to call us startingly from dreams? Nor after we have tossed and tumbled into a lethargy, is it to be set down as a pleasure to be aroused, all stupid and perplexed, to scramble down the stairway for the admission of delinquents, who — the fact

admits of no exception — ring, ring, ring, or knock, knock, knock away, long after you have heard them, and persist in goading you to phrensies, by peal upon peal, when your very neck is endangered by rapidity of movement in their behalf. It is a lucky thing for them when they so ungratefully ask, "why you didn't make haste," as they always do, or mutter about being "kept there all night," as they surely will, that despotic powers are unknown in these regions, and that you are not invested with supreme command. But now get thee to sleep again, as quickly as thou canst, though it may be that the task is not the easiest in the world.

"Waiting up," too, this likewise has its delectations. The very clock seems at last to have entered into the conspiracy — the hands move with sluggish weariness, and there is a laggard sound in the swinging of the pendulum, which almost says that time itself is tired, as it ticks its progress to the drowsy ear. There is a bustle in the street, no doubt, as you sit down doggedly to wakefulness; and many feet are pattering from theatre and circus. For a time the laugh is heard, and people chatter as they pass, boy calling unto boy, or deep-mouthed men humming an untuned song. Now doors are slammed, and shutters closed, and bolts are shooting, in earnest of retirements for the night. Forsaken dogs bark round and round the house, and vocal cats beset the portico. The rumbling of the hack dwindles in the distance, as the cabs roll by from steamboat wharf and railroad depot. You are deserted and alone — tired of book, sated with newspaper, indisposed to thought. You nod — ha! ha! — bibetty bobetty! — as your hair smokes and crackles in the lamp. But it is folly now to peep forth. Will they never come? No — do they ever, until all reasonable patience is exhausted? Yes — here they are! — pshaw! — sit thee still — it is but a straggling step; and hour drags after hour, until you have resolved it o'er and o'er again, that this shall be the last of your vigils, let who will request it as a favor, that you will be good enough to sit up for them. I wouldn't do it.

So it is not at all to be marvelled at that Mrs. Dawson Dawdle — disposed, as we know her to be, to sleepiness at times appropriate to sleep — was irate at the nonappearance of Mr. Dawson Dawdle, or that, after he had reached home, she detained him vengefully at the street-door, as an example to such dilatoriness in general, for it is a prevailing fault in husbandry, and that, in particular, being thus kept out considerably longer than he wished to keep out — too much of a good thing being good for nothing — he might be taught better, on the doctrine of curing an evil by aggravation — both were aggravated.

But the difficulty presents itself here, that Mr. Dawson Dawdle has a constitutional defect, beyond reach of the range of ordinary remedial agents. Being locked out, is curative to some people, for at least a time — till they forget it, mostly. But Dawson Dawdle is the man who is always too late — he must be too late — he would not know himself if he were not too late — it would not be he, if he were not too late. Too late is to him a matter of course — a fixed result in his nature. He had heard of "soon," and he believed that perhaps there might occasionally be something of the sort — spasmodic and accidental — but, for his own part, he had never been there himself. And as for "too soon," he regarded it as imaginative altogether — an incredibility. The presumption is, that he must have been born an hour or so too late, and that he had never been able to make up the difference. In fact, Dawson Dawdle is a man to be relied on — no mistake as to Dawson Dawdle. Whenever he makes an appointment, you are sure he will not keep it, which saves a deal of trouble on your side of the question; and at the best, if an early hour be set, any time will answer in the latter part of the day. Dawson Dawdle forgets, too: how complimentary it is to be told that engagements in which we are involved are so readily forgotten! Leave it to the Dawdles to forget; and never double the affront by an excuse that transcends the original offence. Or else Dawson

Dawdle did not know it was so late; and yet Dawson might have been sure of it. When was it otherwise than late with the late Mr. Dawson Dawdle?

"Well," said he, at the bell-handle all this time, "well, I suppose it's late again—it rings as if it was late; and somehow or other, it appears to me that it always is late, especially and particularly when my wife tells me to be sure to be home early—'you, Dawson, come back soon, d'ye hear?' and all that sort o' thing. I wish she wouldn't—it puts me out, to keep telling me what I ought to do; and when I have to remember to come home early, it makes me forget all about it, and discomboberates my ideas so that I'm a great deal later than I would be if I was left to my own sagacity. Let me alone, and I'm great upon sagacity; but yet what is sagacity when it has no key and the dead-latch is down? What chance has sagacity got when sagacity's wife won't let sagacity in? I'll have another pull at the bell—exercise is good for one's health."

This last peal—as peals, under such circumstances, are apt to be—was louder, more sonorous, and in all respects more terrific, than any of its "illustrious predecessors," practice in this respect tending to the improvement of skill on the one hand, just as its adds provocation to temper on the other. For a moment, the fate of Dawson Dawdle quivered in the scale, as the eye of his exasperated lady glanced fearfully round the room for a means of retaliation and redress. Nay, her hand rested for an instant upon a pitcher, while thoughts of hydropathies, douches, shower-baths, Graefenbergs, and Priessnitzes, in their medicinal application to dilatory husbands, presented themselves in quick aquatic succession like the rushings of a cataract. Never did man come nearer to being drowned than Mr. Dawson Dawdle.

"But no," said she, relenting; "if he were to ketch his death o' cold, he'd be a great deal more trouble than he is now—husbands with bad colds—coughing husbands and

sneezing husbands—are the stupidest and tiresomest kind of husbands—bad as they may be, ducking don't improve 'em. I'll have recourse to moral suasion; and if that won't answer, I'll duck him afterward."

Suddenly and in the midst of a protracted jangle, the door flew widely open, and displayed the form of Mrs. Dawson Dawdle, standing sublime—silent—statuesque—wrapped in wrath and enveloped in taciturnity. Dawdle was appalled.

"My dear!" and his hand dropped nervelessly from the bell-handle, "my dear, it's me—only me."

Not a word of response to the tender appeal—the lady remained obdurate in silence—chilly and voiceless as the marble, with her eyes sternly fixed upon the intruder. Dawson Dawdle felt himself running down.

"My dear—he! he!" and Dawson laughed with a melancholy quaver—"it's me that's come home—you know me—it's late, I confess—it's most always late—and I—ho! ho!—why don't you say something, Mrs. Dawson Dawdle?—Do you think I'm going to be skeered, Mrs. Dawdle?"

As the parties thus confronted each other, Mrs. Dawdle's "masterly inactivity" proved overwhelming. For reproaches, Dawson was prepared—he could bear part in a war of opinion—the squabble is easy to most of us—but where are we when the antagonist will not deign to speak, and environs us, as it were, in an ambuscade, so that we fear the more because we know not what to fear?

"Why don't she blow me up?" queried Dawdle to himself, as he found his valor collapsing—"why don't she blow me up like an affectionate woman and a loving wife, instead of standing there in that ghostified fashion?"

Mrs. Dawdle's hand slowly extended itself toward the culprit, who made no attempt at evasion or defence—slowly it entwined itself in the folds of his neck-handkerchief, and, as the unresisting Dawson had strange fancies relative to bow-strings, he found himself drawn inward by a sure and steady grasp. Swiftly was he sped through the dark-

some entry and up the winding stair, without a word to comfort him in his stumbling progress.

"Dawson Dawdle!—Look at the clock!—A pretty time of night, indeed, and you a married man. Look at the clock, I say, and see."

Mrs. Dawson Dawdle, however, had, for the moment, lost her advantage in thus giving utterance to her emotion; and Mr. Dawson Dawdle, though much shaken, began to recover his spirits.

"Two o'clock, Mr. Dawdle—two!—isn't it two, I ask you?"

"If you are positive about the fact, Mrs. Dawdle, it would be unbecoming in me to call your veracity in question, and I decline looking. So far as I am informed, it generally is two o'clock just about this time in the morning—at least, it always has been whenever I stayed up to see. If the clock is right, you'll be apt to find it two just as it strikes two—that's the reason it strikes, and I don't know that it could have a better reason."

"A pretty time!"

"Yes—pretty enough," responded Dawdle; "when it don't rain, one time of night is as pretty as another time of night—it's the people that's up in the time of night, that's not pretty; and you, Mrs. Dawdle, are a case in pint—keeping a man out of his own house. It's not the night that's not pretty, Mrs. Dawdle, but the goings-on, that's not—and you are the goings-on. As for me, I'm for peace—a dead-latch key and peace; and I move that the goings-on be indefinitely postponed, because, Mrs. Dawdle, I've heard it all before—I know it like a book; and if you insist on it, Mrs. Dawdle, I'll save you trouble, and speak the whole speech for you right off the reel, only I can't cry good when I'm jolly."

But Dawson Dawdle's volubility, assumed for the purpose of hiding his own misgivings, did not answer the end which he had in view; for Mrs. Dawson Dawdle, having had a glimpse at its effects, again resorted to the "silent system" of con-

nubial management. She spoke no more that night, which Dawson, perchance, found agreeable enough. But she would not speak any more the day after, which perplexed him when he came down too late for breakfast, or returned too late for dinner.

"I do wish she would say something," muttered Dawdle; 'something cross, if she likes — anything, so it makes a noise. It makes a man feel bad, after he's used to being talked to, not to be talked to in the regular old-fashioned way. When one's so accustomed to being blowed up, it seems as if he was lost or didn't belong to anybody, if no one sees to it that he's blowed up at the usual time. Bachelors, perhaps, can get along well enough without having their comforts properly attended to in this respect. — What do they know, the miserable creatures, about such warm receptions, and such little endearments? When they are out too late, nobody's at home preparing a speech for them; but I feel just as if I was a widower, if I'm not talked to for not being at home in time."

So Dawson Dawdle was thus impelled to efforts at reform, because his defaults and his deficiencies could elicit no rebuke but that of an impenetrable silence; and, in consequence, he has of late been several times almost in time, and he begins to hope that he may be in time yet before he dies.

As for Mrs. Dawson Dawdle, whose example is commended to whom it may concern, she has adopted the "silent system" of discipline, as a part of her domestic economy. She says nothing. Talk as she may when Dawdle is from home, he must be a good Dawdle — a love of a Dawdle — to induce her to the use of her tongue when he is about the house. The intensity of the silence announces to him how far he has offended; and the only notice now that is accorded to his errors in the computation of hours and minutes, is the hand upon the neck-handkerchief, and that solemn and startling request before alluded to, which invites him to

"LOOK AT THE CLOCK!"

SHERRIE KOBLER:

OR, A SEARCH AFTER FUN.

SHERRIE KOBLER, did you say?

Yes — Sherrie Kobler. The name, of course, strikes you as familiar; and if it has been your fortune to be much "about," as the phrase goes, in the bustling scenes of a gay metropolis, it is more than probable that you have, more or less, had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance with the illustrious individual — Sherrie Kobler — to whom we now refer.

But let us be respectful to a colossal genius of the times, and accord to him all the typographical extension to which his worth is entitled. Leave it to cotemporaneous levity to curtail men's names of fair proportion, and to stab at dignity by the vile processes of that abbreviation which terms you Dick, and calls me Tom, as if we were too slight and insignificant to have ourselves spelt out in full. Sheridan Kobler, with all its longitude — at least, in the preliminaries of introduction, however much we may fall into the vulgar custom as we proceed in narrative — Sheridan Kobler, then, is a personage of intrinsic force; and, though bearing the name of a wit, a statesman, a dramatist, and a *bon vivant*, he is one of the precious few who have proved themselves equal to their prenomen, and have been at all able to realize the promise held out by the error of their parents. The paths of distinction lie comparatively open to your Sams, your Bens, and your Abrahams — but if the name be ambitious — borrowed, as it were, from the memory of departed greatness — a double load is imposed upon its unfortunate

possessor, and he is doomed not only to work himself forward, but likewise continually to provoke disadvantageous comparison with him who has gone before; and hence it is that this system of complimentary nomenclature has shown itself so barren of results. It is, for the most part, the plain name — the simple, unpresuming name — the name without swagger, without dash, without complication — the name awakening no recollections of antecedent glory — that buoys itself upward into the ethereal regions of renown. But Sheridan Kobler has that within which is superior to impediment, and triumphant over obstacles — Sheridan Kobler is an impulse and an energy; and if he had done nothing else to entitle him to a world's admiration and remembrance, the mere fact that he first prepared, combined, and imbibed, the potation that bears his own title — Sherrie Kobler — would be sufficient to find him a place in grateful mouths long after the Cæsars and Napoleons of the earth are forgotten.

Who — let us ask — who calls for them — who — thirsty and impatient — cries aloud for a "Julius Cæsar," or a "Napoleon Bonaparte," to quench the fever of his frame? As well might he seek refreshment in dust and ashes, as in these, or cast himself in fiery furnaces, as ask the warrior's aid in such extremity. But it is not thus with Sherrie Kobler — "a Sherrie Kobler" — "two Sherrie Koblers" — "Sherrie Koblers for six" — "keep bringing Sherrie Koblers" — there's glory for you, in its broadest sense and in its most extended compass; and so does Sherrie Kobler, crowned with a decanter, roll onward to the unborn centuries, cresting the "tenth wave" of imperishable renown. "Jefferson shoes" and "Wellington boots" — their soles and uppers — may pass into the realms of oblivion, as men decay and fashions change. Where is now that tinct of "Navarino smoke" which once enveloped beauty in its silken folds; and where the "Talavera trowsers" that almost showed how fields were won? — Gone — all gone — their memory scarce remains in shops. Some newer incident

usurps the place; and even the all sorts of "Lafayettes," that twenty years ago brought the "illustrious representative of two hemispheres" so frequently to view, what, we pray you, has become of them?—Ay—"so fades the glimmering landscape on the sight;" and it is rare—if not almost one of the impossibilities—so to impress ourselves upon the minds of men that the image may escape erasure, and that our memory shall remain as sharply cut and as freshly carved as at first.

We do not propose, therefore, to fly, like an exasperated hen, with contumelious boldness, into the wrinkled face of the established experiences, in honor of our present hero, the benignant Sherrie Kobler, of the nineteenth century. It may be that he, too, must undergo the lot of our common humanity and evaporate like the rest of us. But still, it may be at least assumed that he can not be altogether lost sight of, while bar-rooms remain and glasses retain their shape. Punch has long been in the heads of people, and why not Sherrie Kobler?—Let ambition take the hint. Why pile a pyramid, or build the mighty city? Why undergo phlebotomy in battles, or seek to be immortal in the evanescent puffs of transitory newspapers? These are but the shadows of a shade—the delusive phantasm of the moment; but Sherrie Kobler—he is enshrined in men—not, observe ye, in the deceitfulness of their hearts, or in the frigid reasoning of their intellect—but deeper, surer, safer, in the cravings of their stomach, there hoping to hold a state for ever—unless—at which poor Sherrie Kobler shivers—unless the second deluge of cold water which now surges round him, hydropathically—this Sherrie Kobler can not swim—should destroy him too, as it once destroyed a world.

But let us become acquainted with Sherrie Kobler himself, having announced the peculiar fact by which the reality of his existence has been carved upon the gate-posts of the age—for Sherrie Kobler is not a man of single merit—not a hero with "one virtue and a thousand crimes." Sherrie is

jovial, jocose, and jolly, at all points, like a chestnut bur or a porcupine — practically jocose and physically jolly; and it is singular how he contrived to pass over the minor considerations of annoyance to the rest of creation, in working out of them all the materials for fun which they were capable of producing. Indeed, the youthful Sherrie Kobler, who now does "not misbeseem the promise of his spring," was a delightful boy, to those who discern genius in its fainter struggling and feebler developments. At that time of life, he was not endowed with a superfluity of strength; yet the lack of power was deliciously made up in adroitness; and he could pull away the chair on which an elderly individual was about to deposite himself, with a hand so neat and clever that the tumble consequent thereon could not fail to elicit general admiration. The crash was magnificent, though there were occasions on which the performance was productive somewhat of a suit of boxed ears, and various entertainments of that vivacious description, which are, perhaps, more practised than appreciated; and it was thus a source of frequent complaint on the part of Sherrie and his admirers — especially when stout ladies and maiden aunts were discomposed after his peculiar fashion — that "some people never know how to take a joke" — your joke probably not being "taken" when an equivalent is returned in sundry manipulations on the dexter and sinister aspects of your countenance.

The world is apt to treat us — Sherrie Kobler and all — as Tony Lumpkin was treated at the Hardcastles' — "we are always snubbed when we are in spirits."

So it was when Sherrie put brimstone on the stove or powder in the scuttle — nay, the joke was rarely taken when he had even encountered the trouble, on the coldest of nights, to lodge extensive snowballs in the beds, or to pour water into every boot. People have no perception of fun whatever; and having undergone detriment by finding salt in their coffee or fishes in their pockets — nay, after having

been caused to tumble down stairs through the devices of ingenious trickery, they rarely laughed, while Sherrie Kobler was convulsed with merriment. Isn't it queer?

Not only so, but likewise when Sherrie endeavored to develop the martial spirit of the neighbor children, by inducing them to practise pugilism on each other, their mothers, weakly repugnant to the visual and nasal traces of the fray — variegations of black and crimson — were most vociferous in complaint, as if there must not be attendant drawbacks to the accomplishment of every good; and the case was not much better when Sherrie undertook to match Brown's dog against Smith's cat, down there in the cellar. Besides, what harm is there in administering Cayenne pepper to innocent urchins? Does it not make them friskier than they ever were before, in the whole course of their lives? And if there be such voracity in ducks, that they will gobble up the stump of a lighted cigar, or try to chew a burning coal, whose fault is it, we ask you, that ducks are foolish? Sherrie could not help it, if he desired to elicit fun, that his vicinity was always to be discovered by the roarings, yelpings, squealings, and scoldings, that invariably betokened his whereabouts; and if he put out his foot as you passed — why didn't you take better care? — it was you that fell down — not he.

Sherrie Kobler went at one time largely into the hoaxing business, and would, in your name, sometime amuse himself with advertising for cats or dogs in quantity, deliverable on your premises. Unwished-for cabs would call to convey you to most unwelcome places; and the undertaker would come breathless with regret at your sudden demise, yet quite willing to perform the job of this premature interment. Sherrie was likewise curious in what we may call peptic combinations, frequenting restaurants and oyster-cellars, to mix the castors after receipts of his own, which queerly united those various condiments that most people desire to commingle for themselves. He could also — accomplished youth —

sneeze so melodiously in church, as to provoke all the juveniles to laughter; and at an opera, he yawned so loudly and so judiciously at the most dulcet passages of the prima donna, that while some chuckled, others again cried "turn him out." It is he, likewise, that barks when the rest applaud.

It will be seen, then, that fun is the staple of Sherrie Kobler's existence, and that fun he must have, at any cost and at any hazard. Let the poet ask, if he will, "What is life without passion — sweet passion of love?" Sherrie Kobler is convinced that life is not endurable or worthy of toleration without a large modicum of that species of sport which, while it is fun to him, is apt to be, comparatively, death to others. "What fun can we have here?" is the first inquiry wherever he goes; and if the circumstances be not productive of the article, rely on it that Sherrie Kobler will surpass the leopard and change his spot immediately. Fun, to be sure, is, in his estimation, a very comprehensive phrase. If a horse runs away, that of course is fun, for somebody is hurt. So, too, with the upsetting of a vehicle. A riot, now, is fun alive, especially if a lad or two be carried home from it dead. There is a deal of fun, also, in a fire, should it be of the most destructive sort; and a street-fight answers the purpose exceedingly well, if nothing more exciting be at hand. Breaking things is fun, moreover, if it so turn out that Sherrie is not obliged to pay for them; and the fun is greatly enhanced, if the sufferer has no redress and is quite unable to bear the loss. Turbulence in steamboats, and tumult in railroad-cars — that's tolerable fun, for want of better, if there are timid women present to observe the manliness of the affair; and all descriptions of roaring disturbances, every one of these is fun, according to Sherrie Kobler and his followers, of whom there are a good many "about in spots," at this present writing.

And so, if suddenly metamorphosed into a dictionary, and called upon authoritatively to give a precise definition of the thing called fun, by the Sherrie Koblers and by "the boys"

in general, it might be said, in sweeping terms, that fun is nuisance, and that nuisance is fun. Fun, to be fun at all, must annoy every one (excepting the funny ones themselves), who chance to be within the sphere of its influence; and it rises in the scale of funniment, just in proportion as it increases in qualities of the disagreeable and painful sort. Thus Sherrie Kobler, being a funny one, rejoices in all manner of superfluous noises. He laughs with a reverberating yell and an explosive violence that remind one of the storming of Ciudad Roderigo, or the Battle of Prague — the louder and the more appalling is his scream in proportion to the insignificance of the cause of laughter, as if to make up in din for a deficiency in sport. The slamming of doors "in the dead waste and middle of the night," is another of Sherrie Kobler's enjoyments, as he rattles up and down stairs, like a drove of oxen or the battalion of flying artillery at drill; and he practices upon trumpets, bugles, cornets, and so forth, precisely as the "sma' hours" of the morning begin to strike — enchanting Sherrie Kobler!

Sherrie has also a great fancy for the keeping of dogs — there's such a deal of fun in dogs — in dogs that bark, for example — sharp, excruciating, and excoriating terriers, down below in the yard, which challenge every passing footstep or recurring noise, with a piercing eloquence that causes each nerve to tingle; or a forlorn pointer tied with a rope, that howls at moonbeams and yelps at the intervening cloud. There is a nocturnal pleasantry at Sherrie Kobler's, which must be felt to be appreciated. The dog at distance leads the choir, and never calls for aid in vain. The hint once given, the full pack open at once, and a general cry prevails. Who, then, so happy as Sherrie Kobler, as he hears the sleepless neighborhood shout in vain from windows — "get out!" — "lie down!" — "shut up!" — whistling, coaxing, raging, for a little sleep, with dashings of water, and showerings of bits of soap, of sticks, or brushes, or boots, just as the chamber furnishes material for such projectile demon-

strations? Ha! ha! fun alive for Sherrie Kobler. With such a night, he is content to doze all day.

Sherrie, you see, is fond of pets, because, as you may observe, when there are no other present means of eliciting fun, through the instrumentality of pets a secondary degree of fun may be extracted from the pet itself. A melancholy life, in the vast majority of cases, is the life of a pet—as sad almost as that of the retained jester of the olden time—and hence your pet—canine, particularly—is almost always cynical and misanthropic. Unhappy pet! it is for thee to be washed, and combed, and adorned, and kept in chambers, with ribands and with bells, while thy brothers and thy sisters riot in dust and liberty! It is for thee, too, to be taught tricks, all foreign to thy nature—to learn these sittings-up and lyings-down, and giving me your paw, and jumpings-over sticks! Harsh rebukes are for thee, with slaps and pinches—fondlings now, and cuffings then, with all those bodily disquiets which arise from uncongenial atmospheres and unwholesome feedings. Pampered and puffy pet—no wonder thou art cross, for thy whole existence is perchance a thwarting and a crossing of nature's design for thee!—a splendid misery is thine, poor pet, even when most caressed and vaunted. No wonder pets will run away whenever doors are open. There is no slavery like to theirs. Pray, pity pets; and pity, beyond all others, the pets of Sherrie Kobler, which are doomed, in one way or in another, to furnish fun, and which can not even take the naps of weariness and exhaustion, without a chance of Canton crackers to the nose or distressing canisters to the tail. Thank your stars, my sighing friend—that is, if you are ungrateful and repining—that we are not compelled to "hold opinion with Pythagoras," or to have faith in the theory of transmigration; for would it not be doleful to change hereafter into the pet of funny men? Or what more fearful retribution could there be, than for the funny man himself—in quadrupedal metamorphosis—to be converted into the pet of men still funnier

and more practical in joking than he has ever been? By the way, tyrannic—sir, shall we say, or madam—did it ever cross your mind, touching this realization of the "*Lex Talionis*," which will return you like for like, and cause you to feel remorsefully whatever pang you may have given to others? You, that chide and rail, beware lest the servant's post be yours—you, that spur the willing steed to death, would such goadings thrill pleasantly through your own person? And, Sherrie Koblers, what if you should hold the p ace of pet to Sherrie Koblers yet unborn? Think of it often—"what if my own measure be hereafter meted out to me?"—and check the selfish impulse.

Sherrie Kobler's last arrangement of this sort, is in the shape of a bull-terrier—an imported dog, direct from over sea, and full, of course, of savagenesses and prejudices—a carping, crusty dog, whose whole life is one of quarrel and of fence—a dog that never frisks or smiles. No man e'er saw a jocund wagging of the tail in him—no, nor a playful bound—obviously, a dog disgusted with the world—devoid of hope or love—of fear, favor, or affection.

"The funniest dog you ever saw," says Sherrie Kobler; "bite anybody but me; and when he once takes hold, he never lets go again. I never had so much fun with any dog in my life. He has had a bite out of almost everybody I know, and has swallowed samples of all my friends. He shakes 'em beautiful! You should see him astonish the match-boys and the apple-girls, when they come in at the front-door; and every day, as I sit at the window, that dog, who can do anything but talk, is sure to gather a crowd. Sometimes he takes a horse by the nose, or another dog by the throat, or some respectable old gentleman by the calf of the leg; and then the fun of it is to see 'em try to make him let go, with their cold water, big sticks, and all that. Yes, that dog—Ole Bull—is worth his weight in gold—the funniest dog anywhere's about."

When Sherrie Kobler feels dull or dejected—as the gay-

est sometimes will—for there is no sunshine without its occasional cloud—he calls up Ole Bull to entertain him, and laughs to see the illustrious Ole chase visiters down stairs. You may see him now, disporting himself with the coat-tails of one of Mr. Sherrie Kobler's chief creditors, preparatory to munching up a portion of the individual.

"Wonderful dog, that Ole Bull!" cried Sherrie Kobler: "he can tell a man with a bill in his pocket, just like a book—he can't bear anything bilious. Deal of fun in that dog."

But the chief creditor aforesaid had not a perceptive faculty in reference to the humorous, especially when the joke was at his own expense. He intimated indeed—the unreasonable creature—that it was a little too bad to be bitten so deeply, first by Ole Bull's master, and then by Ole Bull himself—the practice was too sharp altogether; and so he took measures to curtail Sherrie Kobler's enjoyment of life, and contributed to bring that amiable personage's public career as "a man about town" to a melancholy close and a disastrous twilight. Fun, we find, is not commercially productive, and is not yet regarded in the light of a legal tender for the payment of debts. Neither do bull-terriers pass current for bullion or relief-notes. Sherrie Kobler, therefore, could not pay, and consequently was allowed to joke no more at large; but as he left his lodgings, in charge of an officer, he took occasion to vent his exasperated feelings in a manner congenial to the circumstances, by dealing out a potent kick to his deposed favorite, Ole Bull; and Ole Bull—

"Ingratitude more strong than traitors' arms"—

did not hesitate to follow the lead thus given, according to the capabilities and resources with which he is gifted. Ole Bull borrowed a bit from his master.

The officer laughed—swore it was comical—roared over it as a good joke—thought Ole Bull the funniest dog *he* ever

saw in his life. But as for Sherrie Kobler—hold!—let a veil be drawn over the griefs we can not hope to depict.

The result proved that fun is fun, relatively—according to the position we occupy in regard to the act of fun. When Sherrie Kobler laughed and roared, it is sure that some one else was weeping; and perhaps it would not be amiss for all, as they pass through life, to endeavor to view both sides of every question, that our enjoyment may not be neutralized in the broad account by the suffering of others—a wisdom to which, it may be, that Sherrie Koblers rarely help us.

SINGLETON SNIPPE:

WHO MARRIED FOR A LIVING.

"USED to be—"

We have, as a general rule, an aversion to this species of qualifying phraseology, in which so many are prone to indulge. It seems to argue a disposition like to that of Iago, who "was nothing, if not critical;" and it indicates a tendency to spy out flaws and to look after defect—a disposition and a tendency at war, we think, with that rational scheme of happiness which derives its comfort from the reflection of the sunny side of things. "It was"—"she has been"—"he used to be"—and so forth, as if all merit were a reminiscence—if not past, at least passing away. Is that a pleasure? Would it not be quite as well to applaud the present aspect, and to be satisfied with the existing circumstances, instead of murmuring over the fact that once it was brighter?

But yet there is a difference—

Yes—decidedly—the matter here is beyond the possibility of a dispute.

There is a difference—lamentable enough, you may term it—between the Singleton Snippe that was, and the Singleton Snippe that is.

The Singleton Snippe that was, is not now an existence; and the probabilities are that he never will be again. Nothing is stable in this world but instability; and the livery-stable of to-day is converted into something else on the morrow, never more to be a stable, unstable stable. And so with men as well as with horses—for this perpetual revolution

of human affairs goeth not backward, except when the rope breaks on an inclined plane, making it a down-hill sort of a business. Snippe is on the down-hill—rather.

The Singleton Snippe that is, stands picturesquely and pictorially before you—patiently, as it were, and on a monument.

And now, was there ever—we ask the question of those who remember Snippe in his primitive and natural state—was there ever a merrier fellow than the said Singleton Snippe, in the original, if we may term it so—before the said Singleton was translated into his present condition, and became tamed down from his erratic, independent eccentricities to the patient tolerance of the band-box and the bundle? Who, thus remembering and thus contrasting Singleton Snippe as he was, with the Singleton Snippe as he is now portrayed, could possibly believe that there are processes in life—chymistries and alchymies—which could bring the man of to-day so diametrically opposite to the same man of yesterday; and cause the Singleton Snippe of the past to differ with such strangeness from the Singleton Snippe of the current era? Two Snippes, as plain as may be; but legally and responsibly the same Snippe. There was Snippe the bold—Snippe the reckless—Snippe the gay and hilarious—scoffing, joking, jeering Snippe—Snippe that was always on hand for mischief or for fun—Snippe, with the cigar in his mouth, or the champagne-glass in his grasp—yes, the very Snippe whom you have so often heard in the street, disturbing slumber by the loud and musical avowal of his deliberate determination not to "go home till morning," as if it would, barring the advantage of the daylight, be any easier to him then, and whose existence was ever a scene of uproar and jollity, except in the repentant intervals of headache and exhaustion. And then, besides his ornamental purposes, he was such a useful member of society, this Singleton Snippe, in the consumption of the good things of this life at the restaurants and in the oyster saloon.

Was not that a Snippe — something like a Snippe ?

But, alas for Snippe, the last representative of the illustrious firm of "Tom & Jerry." Who is there now — now that Snippe is withdrawn as a partner from the establishment — to maintain the credit of the house? Snippe is snubbed — snubbed is Snippe. Well, well, well — let the watchmen — sweet voices of the night — rejoice in their boxes, if they will, over their pine-kindlings, and their hot sheet-iron stoves — rejoice in their cosy slumbers, that the original Snippe no longer molests their ancient, solitary reign, by uncouth noises, preliminary, symphonious, and symptomatic to a row. And let the cabmen — want a cab, sir ? — be merry, too, with rein in hand, or reclining against the friendly wall, that they are no more to be victimized by the practical jocularities of the school of Singleton Snippe. What relish have they for the gracefulness of existence — its little playful embellishments that bead and dimple the dull surface of the pond into the varieties of playful fantasy.

Such as these would describe a boy of the superlative order of merit, as "one that goes straight home and never stops to play on the road;" and we all know that Singleton Snippe never went straight home in the whole course of his experience.

Home !

Home, it should be understood, so much vaunted by the poets, and so greatly delighted in by the antipodes to Snippe, is regarded in quite a different light — humdrumish — by the disciples of Snippeism. Home, according to them, is not so much a spot to retire to, as a place to escape from — a centre of rendezvous, no doubt, with the washerwoman, the bootblack, and other indispensable people of that sort. Snippe's new clothes were always sent home; and long bills, provocative of long faces, were apt to follow them with the certainty of cause and effect. — But to stay at home himself — what — Snippe ? — He stay at home ? He was called for occasionally at that point — his breakfast was taken there,

when any degree of appetite remained from the preceding night; and a note would eventually reach its destination if left for him there. But it required a very unusual conjunction of circumstances to find Singleton Snippe at home more frequently than could be helped. Home, in Snippe's estimation, was the embodiment of a yarn—he never heard of it without the most extended of gapes. He could not speak of it without opening his mouth to the extent of its volume; and Snippe's mouth is not a diamond edition, but rather an octavo, if not rising to the dignity of a quarto, at least when he is drinking. "Home!" said he; "home's a bore. What fun is there at home, except dozing over the fire, or snoring on a sofa?"

Home, indeed!—Talk to Snippe about staying at home, if you would risk a home-icide. To be sure, when too ill to run about, Singleton Snippe remained unwillingly at home, as if it were an hospital; and he stayed at home once for the space of an evening, merely to try the experiment, when he was in health; but before he went to bed, Snippe had thoughts of sending for the coroner, to sit upon his body, but changed his mind and brewed a jorum of punch, which, after he had shod the cat with walnut shells, somewhat reconciled him to the monotony of domestic enjoyment. But Snippe never stayed at home again, not he. Home is where the heart is; and Snippe's heart was a traveller—a locomotive heart, preambulating; and it had no tendencies toward circumscription and confine. That put him out of heart altogether.

Wherever anything was going on—"a fight or a foot-race," according to popular phraseology, which thus distinguishes the desirable in the shape of spectacular entertainment—there was Snippe, with his hat set knowingly on one side, to indicate that if others felt out of their element on the occasion, he, Snippe, was perfectly at home, under all circumstances—the more at home, the more singular the occasion, and the more strange the circumstance; and his

hat was the more knowingly set on to indicate the extent of his superiority to vulgar prejudices. It was the hat of a practical philosopher — a thorough-bred man of the world, who could extract sport from anything, and who did not care, so that the occurrence afforded excitement, whether other people thought it reprehensible or not. — Yes, yes — there is much in a hat — talk of your physiognomy and your phrenology — what are they as indications of character, feeling, and disposition, compared to the "set" of one's beaver? Look at courage, will you, with his hat drawn resolutely down upon its determined brow. Dare you dispute the way with such a hat as that? The meek one and the lowly, with his hat placed timidly on the back of his head — does not every bully practice imposition there? Hats turned up behind, indicate a scornful indifference to public opinion in all its phases — say what you will, who cares? While the hat turned up before, has in it a generous confidence, free from suspicion of contempt. Nay, more — when science has made a further progress, why should not the expression of the hat afford knowledge of the passing mood of mind in its wearer, the hat shifting and changing in position as the brain beneath forms new combinations of thought? Let the shop-boy answer; does he not discover at a glance, from the style in which his master wears his hat at the moment, whether he, the subordinate, is to be greeted with scoldings and reproaches, or with commendations and applause? Does not the hat paternal forbode the sunshine or the storm; and as the pedagogue approaches school, where is the trembling truant who does not discern "the morn's disaster" from the cocking of that awful hat? There can not be a doubt of it. The science of the hat yet remains to be developed; and deep down in the realms of ignorance are they who have not reflected yet upon the clue afforded by the hat to what is passing in the soul of him who wears it.

Thus, you could distinguish Singleton Snippe's hat at a horse-race, at a riot, or at a fire — equally delighted was that

hat at every species of uproar — in the street — the lobby — the bar-room, or wherever else that hat could spy out "fun," the great staple of its existence, with this advantage, that it had an instinct of peril, and could extricate itself from danger without the slightest ruffling of its fur. Snippe was wise — Snippe preferred that all detriments should fall to the share of others, while the joke remained with him.

But at last a change reached even unto the hat of Snippe — change comes to all; a change, singularly enough, that took all other change from the pockets of Snippe. He was obliged to discover that the mere entertainments of life are not a commodity to live upon, and that however pleasant it may be to amuse one's self, the profits thereon accruing do not furnish continued means of delectation and delight. Snippe neglected his business, and consequently, his business, with a perversity peculiar to business, neglected Snippe — so that Snippe and Snippe's business had a falling out.

"This will never do," declared Snippe, after deep reflection on the subject of ways and means — "never do in the world."

But yet it did do — did do for Singleton Snippe, and effectually broke him up in the mercantile way, which involved all other ways; and so Mr. Snippe resolved to make the most available market that presented itself for the retrieval of past error. Snippe resolved to marry — advantageously, of course. Snippe was not poetical — he had no vein of romance in his constitution; he could live very well by himself, if he only had the means for that purpose; but not having the means, unfortunate Snippe, he determined to live by somebody else, living of some sort being a matter of necessity in Snippe's estimation, though no other person could discover what necessity there was for the living of Snippe. The world might revolve without a Snippe; and affairs generally would work smoothly enough, even if he were not present. Snippe labored under a delusion.

But still — not having much of philosophy in his composition to enable him to discover that, so far as the general economy of the universe is concerned, it was no matter whether Singleton Snippe obtained a living or not; and lacking the desire, if not also the ability, to work out that living by his own energies of head and hands, Snippe, according to his own theory, having too much of proper pride and of commendable self-respect to engage in toil, though some of the unenlightened gave it the less respectful designation of laziness, which, perhaps, is a nearer relative to the pride of the Snippes than is generally supposed — Snippe, as already intimated, made up his mind to marry aforesaid — upon the mercantile principle — bartering Snippe. as a valuable commodity (without regard to the penal enactments against obtaining goods on false pretences), for a certain share of boarding and lodging, and of the other appliances required for the outfit and the sustenance of a gentleman of wit and leisure about town — Snippe offered to the highest bidder — Snippe put up, and Snippe knocked down — going — gone!

Now, although there are many who would not have had Singleton Snippe about the premises, even as a gift, and would have rejected him had he been offered as a Christmas-box, yet there was a rich widow, having the experience of three or four husbands, who did not hesitate on the experiment of endeavoring to fashion our Snippe into the shape and form of a good and an available husband. Mrs. Dawkins was fully aware of the nature of his past life, and of the peculiarities of his present position. She likewise formed a shrewd guess as to the reasons which impelled him to seek her well-filled hand, and to sigh after her plethoric purse — Snippe in search of a living; but confident in her own skill — justly confident, as was proved by the result — to reduce the most rebellious into a proper state of submissiveness and docility, she yielded her blushing assent to become the blooming bride of Singleton Snippe, and to un-

dertake the government of that insubordinate province, the state of man.

"I shall marry Mrs. Dawkins," thought Snippe; but, alas! how mistakenly; "I shall marry her," repeated he, "and, for a week or two, I'll be as quiet as a lamb, sitting there by the fire a twiddling of my thumbs, and saying all sorts of sweet things about 'lovey,' and 'ducky,' and so forth. But as soon after that as possible, when I've found out how to get at the cash, then Mrs. Dawkins may make up her mind to be astonished a little. That dining-room of hers will do nice for suppers and card-parties, and punch and cigars—we'll have roaring times in that room, mind I tell you we will. I'll have four dogs in the yard—two pinters, a poodle, and a setter; and they shall come into the parlor to sleep on the rug, and to hunt the cat whenever they want to. A couple of horses besides—I can't do without horses—a fast trotter, for fun, and a pacer for exercise; and a great many more things, which I can't remember now. But Mrs. Dawkins has a deal to learn, I can tell her. There's nothing humdrum about Singleton Snippe; and if she did henpeck my illustrious predecessors, she has got to find the difference in my case."

So Snippe emphasized his hat plump upon his brow, and looked like the individual, not Franklin, that defied the lightning.

"And I shall marry Singleton Snippe," also soliloquized Mrs. Dawkins, "who is described to me as one of the wildest of colts, and as being only in pursuit of my money. Well, I'm not afraid. A husband is a very convenient article to have about the house—to run errands, to call the coach, to quarrel with work-people, and to accompany me on my visits. Everybody ought to have a husband to complete the furniture; and as for his being a wild colt, as Mrs. Brummagen says, I should like to see the husband of mine who will venture to be disobedient to my will when he has to come to me for everything he wants. I'll teach Mr. Sin-

gleton Snippe to know his place in less than a week, or else Mr. Singleton Snippe is a very different person from the generality of men.

Thus Singleton Snippe and Mrs. Dorothea Dawkins became one, on the programme above specified; and thus Mr. Singleton Snippe, whose last dollar was exhausted in the marriage-fee, was enabled to obtain a living. Poor Snippe!

Glance, with tear in eye, if tears you have, at the portrait of the parties, now first laid before the public—note it in your books, how sadly Singleton Snippe is metamorphosed from the untamed aspect that formerly distinguished him in the walks of men, and tell us whether Driesbach, Van Amburgh, or Carter, ever effected a revolution so great as we find here presented. Observe the bandbox, and regard the umbrell'—see—above all—see how curiously and how securely Singleton Snippe's hand is enfolded in that of Mrs. Singleton Snippe, that she may be sure of him, and that he may not slip from her side, and relapse into former habits—"safe bind, safe find," is the matrimonial motto of Mrs. Singleton Snippe. Moreover, in vindication of our favorite theory of the expression of the beaver, mark ye the drooping aspect of Snippe's chapeau, as if it had been placed there by Mrs. Snippe herself, to suit her own fancy, and to avoid the daring look of bachelor, which is her especial detestation.

Snippe is subdued—a child might safely play with him.

And now, curious psychologist and careful commentator on the world, would you learn how results, apparently so miraculous, were effected and brought about? Read, then, and be wiser.

Snippe has his living, for he is living yet, though he scarcely calls it living—but Mrs. Snippe firmly holds the key of the strong-box, and thus grasps the reins of authority. The Snippes are tamed as lions are—by the mollifying and reducing result of the system of short allowan

ces. Wonderful are the effects thereof, triumphant over Snippes—no suppers, no cards, no punches, and no cigars. The dogs retreated before judicious applications of the broom-handle; and it was found a matter of impossibility to trot those horses up—the arm of cavalry formed no branch in the services of Singleton Snippe.

Foiled at other points, Mr. Snippe thought that he might at least be able to disport himself in the old routine, and to roam abroad with full pockets in the vivacious field of former exploit; and he endeavored one evening silently to reach his hat and coat, and to glide away.

"Hey, hey!—what's that?—where, allow me to ask, are you going at this time of night, Mr. Snippe?" cried the lady, in notes of ominous sharpness.

"Out," responded Snippe, with a heart-broken expression, like an afflicted mouse.

"Out, indeed!—where's out, I'd like to know?—where's out, that you prefer it to the comfortable pleasures of your own fireside?"

"Out is nowhere in particular, but everywhere in general, to see what's going on. Everybody goes out, Mrs. Snippe, after tea, they do."

"No, Mr. Snippe, everybody don't—do I go out, Mr. Snippe, without being able to say where I am going to? No, Mr. Snippe, you are not going out to frolic, and smoke, and drink, and riot round, upon my money. If you go out, I'll go out too. But you're not going out. Give me that hat, Mr. Snippe, and do you sit down there, quietly, like a sober, respectable man."

And so, Mr. Snippe's hat—wonder not at its dejection—was securely placed every evening under Mrs. Snippe's most watchful eye; and Mr. Snippe, after a few unavailing efforts to the contrary, was compelled to yield the point, to stay quietly at home, his peculiar destination, and to nurse the lap-dog, and to cherish the cat, instead of bringing poo-

dle and setter into the drawing-room to discontent the feline favorite.

"I want a little money, Mrs. Snippe, if you please — some change."

"And pray, allow me to ask what you want it for, Mr. Snippe?"

"To pay for things, my dear."

"Mr. Snippe, I tell you once for all, I'm not going to nurture you in your extravagance, I'm not. Money, indeed! — don't I give you all you wish to eat, and all you want to wear? Let your bills be sent to me, Mr. Snippe, and I'll save you all trouble on that score. What use have you for money? No, no — husbands are always extravagant, and should never be trusted with money. My money, Mr. Snippe — mine — jingling in your pockets, would only tempt you to your old follies, and lead you again to your worthless companions. I know well that husbands with money are never to be trusted out of one's sight — never. I'll take better care of you than that, Mr. Snippe, I will."

If Singleton Snippe ever did escape, he was forthwith brought to the confessional, to give a full and faithful account of all that had occurred during his absence — where he had been — whom he had seen — what he had done, and everything that had been said, eliciting remarks thereon, critical and hypercritical, from his careful guardian; and so also, when a little cash did come into his possession, he was compelled to produce it, and to account for every deficient cent.

No wonder, then, that Singleton Snippe underwent

> "A sea change,
> Into something quaint and strange."

He married for a living, but while he lives, he is never sure whether it is himself or not, so different is the Singleton Snippe that is, from the Singleton Snippe that was.

If you would see and appreciate differences in this respect, it would not be amiss to call upon the Snippes, and observe with what a subdued, tranquillized expression, the once dashing, daring Snippe now sits with his feet tucked under his chair, to occupy as little room as possible, speaking only when he is spoken to, and confining his remarks to "Yes, ma'm," and "No, ma'm." Mrs. Snippe has "conquered a peace."

QUINTUS QUOZZLE'S CATASTROPHE.

A PHRENOLOGICAL ILLUSTRATION.

WHETHER phrenology, in its details—geographical phrenology, if we may call it so—which plots out the cranium, like a topographical engineer, giving a local habitation and a name to each distinct faculty of the mind—whether this hypothesis should be received as true or not, is a question about which, as the work of proselytism—either way—happens to be none of our business, it is not the purpose to argue at this present writing. It may be, or it may not be—let learned doctors decide; taking care, however, that judgment is neither warped nor biased by personal interest in the matter. One is so apt to incline to that which flatters his own "developments," and to frown adversely upon a system which would register his intellectual gifts as rising only from "pretty fair to middling." It is an impulse of our nature to love that which deals kindly with us; and it will often be found that the *pro* and the *con* in the argument now alluded to, is more or less influenced by such considerations. With a cerebral expansion as rotund and majestic as a pumpkin, who can array himself in hostility to Gall and Spurzheim? Greatness may not, perhaps, have as yet made itself apparent; but it is pleasant to think that it will at last come forth, and to rest in the faith that the day of our supremacy is about to dawn. But, on the contrary, if our upper story be set down as nothing remarkable, why should we subscribe to Combe, or believe that there is aught in measurement? The great and governing principle of the *quid pro quo* demands

our gratitude in the one instance; but, in the other, it is evident that no return is to be expected at our hands.

Thus, it will be noted, for the most part, that the individual who requires a hat of the extra size, habitually hiding his light under a bushel, and who, therefore, is unable to improve his craniological embellishment, even at the most crowded of tea-parties, by the appropriation of a newer and better beaver than his own — the fitness of things forbidding the exercise of such choice and discrimination, so far as he is concerned — is apt to look with a complacent eye upon the science to which we refer; while the person whose physical man is crowned with a pippin, and to whom a thimble would serve as a helmet, is at once of opinion that the whole of these assumptions are ridiculous, and that, perhaps, the truth will eventually be proved to lie in a contrary direction. If it be said that we either are, or ought to be, a wit or a warrior, a statesman or a philosopher, the intelligence falls agreeably upon the ear, and the inference is unavoidable, that there must be profundity in him who has been able to discover the latent fact, when not a sign of it is apparent to the general view, and when it is the first time that we have fallen even under a suspicion of being wiser than our neighbors. But should it be announced to us, that we have no business with ambition, and that our hope is a deceiver — that distinction is unattainable, and that the nursery predictions of our future glory were but the idle dream in which fond parents are apt to indulge — it is merely a defensive means and a retributive return, to set him down a simpleton who has the hardihood to tell us so. Let those, then, who would arrive at a candid conclusion, beware at once of Scylla and Charybdis, lest their heads come in contact with a post.

Being, as it were, non-committal upon this point, it is enough just now to declare a decided belief — founded upon great research and careful investigation — that instances do occur when there is much in a head, and that there are cases

to the contrary—full cases and empty cases, but still cases in point; establishing the fact, which is something for philosophy to go upon, that there are two varieties of the article in market. Many a man, deceived by the semblance which rests with the vacuity of a balloon upon his deluded shoulders, flatters himself with an idea that it is positively a head—available and efficient—and does not hesitate to make purchases for its adornment: he pets it up, and he brushes it down—has it trimmed, curled, and perfumed—admires it in the glass, and "goes ahead" with complacency—yet his friends and neighbors, in consultation, will shake their own heads, as they declare that he has no head at all, showing the strange diversities of opinion that exist in some heads on other heads. Nay, he will actually imagine, upon occasion, that his head aches—there are numbers, indeed, to whom the head is only a thing to ache with—and he ties it up in a napkin, to be deplored over and to be sympathized upon, at the very moment probably when society announces its conviction that—poor fellow—if he only had a head, what a good thing it would be. It is a delusion under which the community labors, that each member claims a head to himself, while the rest of the people are clear in regard to it, that he has none—only a symbol and an effigy of that useful appendage.

Thus far, then, public opinion and phrenology have advanced together. It is settled that there is a difference in heads—heads of reality and heads of appearance—heads by courtesy, and not of right. But whether the brain be a general power, ready to rush with all its force and with equal energy in any designated direction, or whether it be a congeries of organs, distinct in function, but living together, so to speak, in a boarding-house, sometimes in harmony, but anon in antagonism, as often happens with inmates of various minds, tempers, fancies, and inclinations, is a matter that remains open for debate.

In the case of Quozzle, now—Quintus Quozzle, who is

troubled with "self-esteem"—what is to be said? It is his peculiarity to "know better" than anybody else; and how can he help it, that he is so much wiser than every other person with whom it is his fortune to meet? He could not, if he would, prevent himself from knowing better than they, even if it were desirable that there should be no display of superior intelligence. It is the instinct of Quintus Quozzle which operates on such occasions, and instincts are not easily to be repressed. Quozzle is not accountable, were it to be attributed to him as a fault, for his intellectual superiority to the rest of the world. His nicety of mental constitution was not a matter of his own choice.

"I would be a great deal happier, I know I should," said Quozzle, when he felt that he was not properly appreciated, and had reason to complain of the world's ingratitude, "if I was not more than half as 'cute—to be extra 'cute is more of a misfortune than an advantage; and if I was just like other people, then I could be as foolish as other people, and as happy as other people, because I wouldn't know what a fool I was. There must have been some mistake about it: I was born at least a hundred years too soon, and came into the world before it was ready for me. No one yet comprehends Quozzle—no one can—it takes Quozzle himself to be up to Quozzle, and to appreciate his qualities; and if it wasn't for that—if I didn't know what a first-rate fellow I am, which is a great comfort, when other folks haven't brains enough to find it out—I would be wasted completely. It is the only pleasure the Quozzles have, to think how very green everybody else is. It makes 'em mad to say so, to be sure; and they take revenge by hinting that I'm crazy; but it's a sort of a tax and a tariff upon first-rate people to be called cracked—I don't mind being called cracked—the greatest people are always called the crack'dest people, out of spite."

It is even so, Quintus Quozzle. The pioneer has an unpleasant time of it. "He who surpasses or subdues man-

kind," must expect scratches in the bramble-bush; and the men of superior views — especially the Quozzles — are generally in danger of being set down as a little "cracked." It is the short-hand method of disposing of them.

"When they have nothing else to say -- when they can't answer, and when they don't understand, they always try to get off by telling me I'm cracked; and then I tell them tnat they are in no danger of such an accident — their heads won't crack by hard thinking — empty things and soft things never crack," added Quozzle.

It, however, was not voluntary on Quozzle's part, that he is thus subjected to detraction. So far as his volition had a share in it, he might just as well have been somebody else. But since he is Quozzle, it is unavoidable to fulfil his vocation, and at least to endeavor to set other people right. True, they may say that Quozzle is a goose — which, when said of any one is apt to be unpleasant, if he happens to hear of it. Still, however, there is a balm for all such hurts to Quozzle's self esteem, in the reflection that what human nature thinks of him, is only an ignorant opinion; while what he thinks of human nature, is an incontrovertible fact — a fixed fact. — "What do they know about it, the benighted individuals?" says Quozzle.

He feels that his perceptions are of a higher power than those which appertain to mankind in general; and with a spontaneous waking "clairvoyance," he sees direct through the opacity of millstones. Quozzle, therefore, is never puzzled and rarely perplexed, especially in regard to the course of action which others should pursue. If they would only consult him, no difficulty, impediment, or embarrassment, could possibly arise — there would be no such word as fail — the mischances which so often occur, spring altogether from a neglect to take counsel with Quozzle.

"If people would only take my advice," says Quozzle, "they would save themselves from a deal of trouble; but people are so obstinate in their opinions — they insist upon

it that they know best, when I tell them over and over again that they don't. They sometimes come to ask me about it, to be sure; and if I think as they do, then they follow my advice; but if I don't think as they do — and I don't often — then they don't follow my advice. They ought to be a law passed to make 'em do as I tell 'em. — There's Stibbins, now, with a dozen children — limbs, every one of them. — Stibbins,' says I, 'them children of yourn, are decidedly the worst children I ever did see; and it's a fact; and Stibbins, you don't know how they ought to be fetched up, the barbarous young aborigines — whale 'em, Stibbins, night and morning; and I don't care if I bear a hand myself.' — And what do you think Stibbins said? — why, Stibbins, says he, 'There's the door, Mr. Quozzle,' says he — 'walk Spanish,' says Stibbins, says he, 'or I'll be after whaling you, your own self;' and he swore his boys were the best boys about."

In truth, Quozzle has a plan for every case — an alternative for every emergency — he explains the principle of the locomotive to an engineer, and endeavors to make the captain comprehend the true management of a steamboat — when he reads a newspaper, he sees at once that no one understand editorship but himself, and when he returns from church, he is quite melancholy at the loss society suffers, because he had not been brought up to the ministry. "If they would only let me teach them how to write sermons," says Quozzle, "good would come of it — I've got the right idea — call that preaching, indeed! — but no one knows but me — I'd make 'em understand the error of their ways — I'd — but what's the use of talking? — We must put up with it, I suppose; and it's not my fault there is so much wickedness about; for when I call upon those whose business it is to see after it, and furnish them with hints, they say, 'Good morning Mr. Quozzle — I'm obliged to you, Mr. Quozzle; I'm busy just now, Mr. Quozzle; but I'll think of what you suggest, Mr. Quozzle,' and that's the end of it.

"Why, when I called upon the sheriff and the mayor to

explain to 'em how to put down riots by using the engines and squirting riot out, on the teetotal principle, squenching them at once, the people said I was a stupid pump; and the constable opened the door and told me to navigate like a duck. But cold water is the doctrine, and they'll all have to come to it at last. Who would stand still to be played upon?"

Mr. and Mrs. Fubbs did not agree very well—there were rumors of fierce discussions over the breakfast-table; and it was said that "twist-loaves" passed to and fro sometimes in the way of a missile; but when Quozzle went to see them on an errand of peace, the result came near being disastrous. By way of preliminary, he had merely hinted to Mr. Fubbs that he was inclined to be a bear, and had also informed Mrs. Fubbs that she was by no means so wise a person as she might be, rendering it impossible for them to live comfortably together without his advice—he knew how to govern wives and to regulate husbands—when the contending forces united against the pacificator, and fairly turned him out of doors.

"You, Quozzle," screamed Mrs. Fubbs, "never let me see your ugly face here again the longest day you have to live!—my Fubbs a bear, indeed! If he did throw a 'twist' at me, didn't I dodge?"

"Put out, Quozzle—I'm getting dangerous—my wife a fool, only because she never knows when to hold her tongue, or to quit aggrawatin'! Just say that twice more, and clear me of the law!" added Fubbs, assuming a pugilistic attitude, as Quozzle disappeared round the corner.

Quozzle has the genius for criticism in every department—there is nothing within the range of human effort, which might not be better done, if he were permitted to advise, or if he were allowed to undertake the execution thereof. When Macready personated Hamlet, Quozzle smiled rather derisively in the midst of the applause; and when Forrest as Spartacus brought down thunders of approbation, Quozzle

was sure that he could have made the character more effective. Indeed, in both cases, he satisfied himself of the correctness of his impression, by corking his eyebrows and going into a tragic phrensy before the glass. No one could have been more alarmed than Mrs. Sampler, the landlady, when Quozzle told her to "go to a nunnery, go!" and poor Boots has not completely recovered to this day from the terror of it, when, in answer to his humble tap at the door, Mr. Quozzle caught up the poker and cried out "Let 'em come in — we're armed!" — Boots rolled headlong down the stairs; nor did the added cry of "freedom to gladiators and to slaves," serve at all to tranquillize his nerves. He is clearly of opinion that Mr. Quozzle is affected with the hydrofogy; while Quozzle thinks that but for the accident of position, the stage would now be graced with the presence of another Garrick.

Ole Bull is clever enough in his peculiar department; but yet if Quozzle only had time to attend a little to the violin, the public, perhaps, would have the chance to hear a better tone and a more touching expression. Quozzle has a theory of his own in regard to fiddles. The capabilities of that instrument are not yet fully developed; and in the other divisions of musical endeavor, if Quozzle were only a woman, Norma would at last have justice done to her. The whole neighborhood must be aware of the fact — do they not hear Quozzle sing? And as for dancing — what nonsense to talk about Elssler. Look at Quozzle when he kicks.

Quozzle, however, is not quite forlorn upon his Alpine height of intellectual eminence. There is one person, at least, to treat him with respect and deference — Bob Spanker — and Bob never thought that Quozzle had the misfortune to be cracked — Spanker never thinks at all — nor had he said so, even in the way of joke — Spanker rarely says anything, and was never known to joke — he abhors joking — he can not imagine what it means. Spanker drives a buggy, and suffers Quozzle to talk to him and to give him good ad-

vice. A world of wisdom has thus been addressed to Spanker, and Spanker is remarkable for having kept it all to himself. They are consequently well calculated to travel together, as Quozzle does not keep a buggy for his own use, and as Spanker can not always find a companion to ride out with him. Quozzle criticises the construction of buggies and theorizes upon the art of driving; Spanker continually keeps saying nothing, and is rather soothed than otherwise by the hum of Quozzle's voice, the idea not being suffered to penetrate.

It was on an occasion of this sort, that Quozzle and Spanker rode down to Point Breeze, it being Quozzle's determination to let the folks thereabouts see how the noble game of ninepins ought to be played. "I'll astonish 'em, Spanker," said Quozzle, as he took his seat. But he did not remain quiet long.

"See here, Bob," remarked Quozzle, "you don't know how — upon my word you don't — see here, now — just lend me the whip," and Quozzle took the instrument from his hand — "now then — let's pass these fellows — you steer, and I'll cut — there's nothing requires more judgment than to cut at the right moment — there's a genius in cutting."

And, after causing the lash to whistle scientifically round his head, Quozzle did "cut" with a vengeance. Spanker's horse was indignant at the unwonted infliction and at the unpleasant affliction; and, after rearing and plunging for a moment, the outraged animal dashed forward with the speed of lightning.

"Hold him in, Bob! — why don't you hold him in?" screamed Quozzle; "why don't you stop him, as I tell you?"

"Why because I can't hold him in," replied the panting Mr. Spanker, "and because he won't stop — he'll never stop any more."

"Let me," cried Quozzle, somewhat alarmed at the extremity of the danger, "let me — you don't know how — you pull one rein, and I'll pull the other." But, as in such at-

tempts it is difficult nicely to adjust the balance of power, and to preserve a due equilibrium, the vehicle, naturally enough, swung round as if on a pivot, dashing against the market-cart of an old lady, from "down the neck." Now any one who has happened to try the experiment, must be perfectly aware that the delicate grace of a buggy, notwithstanding its superior costliness, seldom comes in contact with the masculine energy of a market-cart, without experiencing some degree of detriment, while the cart itself cares little or nothing about the matter. Bob Spanker's establishment was doomed to realize the philosophical correctness of this position, being, as it were, resolved into its original elements. As for the horse, he set forth, rapidly enough, on an excursion of pleasure, to be charged to his own individual account, as he did not see that he could be of further use, under all the circumstances of the case; and he carried two little bits of shaft with him, as a relic of the catastrophe; leaving both Quozzle and Spanker to repose ignominiously in the dust.

The old lady, in a charitable manner, placed a cabbage under each of their heads, considering the vegetable to be appropriately soft and calculated to sooth their anguish, and they lay for a time, "like warriors taking their rest."

"Poor dears," cried the lady, benevolently, "I shouldn't wonder if each of 'em had cracked his calabash, they came down with such a squash. Before I could say beans, they were both shelled out, and here they are; they sprung up like a hopper-grass, but are cut down like a sparrow-grass."

"Who says I'm cracked?" gasped Quozzle; "I told him what to do—but nobody knows what to do, and nobody knows how to do it, when they are told, except myself—trust 'em and you're sure to be upset. Next time I must cut and drive too!"

It was, therefore, evident enough, that whatever else might be broken, Quozzle's organ of self-esteem remained unhurt, proudly triumphing over the wreck of carriage and the crash of cart. Whenever he alludes to the matter, he instances it

as another evidence of the incapacity of other people to hold the reins — nobody knows how to drive but himself. If Spanker had followed his advice to "hold in," he is sure that no mischief could have happened. But it is the inevitable luck of the Quozzles to encounter mischance through the inefficiency of other people — somebody else is always in fault; and Quozzle is determined never again to take a ride, unless he has the whole and sole control of the enterprise. Spanker is of opinion that Quozzle should pay at least half the damage; but Quozzle objects, on the ground that he was only a passenger — according to his view, it is a limited partnership in such cases, involving the invited guest only to the extent of his neck.

DASHES AT LIFE:

OR, SPLASHES IN PHILADELPHIA.

It has always been a favorite scheme with the philanthropic to provide bathing for the million, so that every one at least once a week, should be enabled to enjoy the luxury of a cold bath, in addition to the salutary effects of that species of application; and accordingly, from time to time, a multitude of plans have been proposed to accomplish that desirable end, washing for the million! How much there is of tonic influence in the idea? How the eyes sparkle and the cuticle glows at the thought of these amphibious recreations. Water is cheap — water is plenty — there are whole rivers, lakes, oceans of water running to waste. But as civilized man — man who must live in the close pent city, and devote every waking hour to the toil of providing for subsistence — can not well go to the water, and as the water does not come to him in spontaneous lavations, this washing for the million remains, throughout the world, rather a matter of theory than of practice, and "the great unwashed" is perhaps a phrase of as much import as when it was first coined in derision of the unfortunate.

Thus it is everywhere — almost everywhere — indeed, everywhere, except in Philadelphia. No one who walks our streets can have reason justly to complain that there is anything of niggardliness in the distribution of water hereabouts; and whether you wish the footbath — pediluvium — or a showery application to the head and shoulders, you may be certain of it that your desires will be gratified to the ut

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most. In fact, it is not necessary to express a wish to this effect. Solicitations are not at all required. It is taken for granted here that everybody is in part amphibious — web-footed — and therefore equally at home in either element.

Come, then, to Philadelphia, if you would enjoy bathing for the million, in its most perfect and widest application. If you are dry and athirst — feverish possibly from a distempered spirit, or ill-regulated diet — passionate and irascible, from what cause you will — we would recommend an after-breakfast saunter, especially through the streets where fashion most resides. Observe, now — there's Sam with a hose rising through the sidewalk — Sam's a colored gentleman, and therefore fond somewhat of a little brief authority — Sam converts the bricked footway, by these processes of irrigation, into the loveliest miniature of a lake that can possibly be imagined, while Peter with his broom is particularly careful to scatter the waters far and wide, that he may discover the degree of science in the art of dancing possessed by each by-passer. But busy as they may be thus below, it will be found that the series of hydropathic exercises is by no means confined to the groundwork of things. In all likelihood, Susan and Nancy are quite as busy at the windows of the upper stories as Samuel and Peter have proved themselves to be in the region of the basements; and consequently, unless favored with that peculiarity of vision which enabled one to glance simultaneously at earth and heaven, "in fine phrensy rolling," as the poets have it, all the care used in reference to our footsteps will prove unavailing to save our bonnets or our hats. In one way, or in another, we are irretrievably lost — splashed, drenched, ducked, destroyed!

Pooh! — talk of Venice — "I stood in Venice," and all that, including Jaffier and Belvidera — what is Venice, aquatically, when measured — liquid measure — "two pints make a quart," and so forth — what is Venice, viewed in its hy-

draulic relationships, compared to our rectangular Philadelphia. Venetian canals are slow and sluggish—but we dash in Philadelphia, and we splash in Philadelphia, and emulate the cataracts. Talk, will ye, of the "blue rushings of the arrowy Rhone." Wait until you have experienced the rushings of a bucketful of Schuylkill as it comes down sluicingly from third stories; and then, and there, you will better understand the force of projectiles and the peculiar beauties of the "douche" as recommended by Priessnitz and the finny followers of the school of Graefenberg. Venice, sayest thou? Why ours are living waters that come down upon you, leaping down, as it were, with loudest laughter, in the wildness of their joy. We do not deny it that the gondola may be swift as it glides beneath palace-wall—romantic, no doubt, if the guitar tinkles and the verses of Tasso are sung; but swift as the gondola may be, we are very sure it does not hurry the passenger along so fast as the bucket and the dipper, when judiciously applied; while the paddle and the oar are weak indeed as a propulsive force compared to wet brooms and twirling mops; and as for poetry—listen to the exclamations of the drenched stranger, who has not yet learned the art of navigation, and upon whom the floods come unawares. There's poetry, my friend—the utterance of passion. The Venetians, forsooth!—leave them to their stagnant canals, and stroll with us through the streets of Philadelphia, if you are an admirer of the picturesque and would see water in all the varieties of its display. What is there more graceful than water, unsophisticated water, as it sports in unaffected ease, and is thus careless of all observation? Is it summer?—you may swim; be it winter—you can slide; for the seasons make but little difference in our fondness for the domestic deluge; and it is probably an effect from this cause, that Philadelphia, with its multitudinous spouts, has given so many actors to the stage.

But "enough of water hast thou, poor Ophelia;" and we shall, therefore, bring our chapter to a close, desiring all to

remember that so far as the use and the abuse of water are concerned, we are disposed to yield to none. The Croton itself can not bring our parallel of latitude in this respect; and if it be your desire to get along swimmingly, come to Philadelphia by all manner of means.

Still, however, the aquatic branches above alluded to, are not all that spout and flourish in the streets of Philadelphia. Formerly, the operations were confined to the sidewalks and to the fronts of the houses; but now—such is the progress of luxury—a new and extended method of irrigation is adopted, by damming up the gutters during the dry and dusty weather, that the somewhat discolored and rather unsavory slackwater navigation, which is thus accumulated, may be dispersed far, wide, and several times in the course of the day, by the skilful and daring hand of some colored contractor, in order that the pulverizations of mother earth, so ground down and champed up to the minutest fineness by the unceasing roll of omnibus and cart, may lie still and slumber, for the exemption and the benefit of all the fancy establishments of the fashionable streets. This is a new peril added to the many which before beset our daily walks; and lucky are they who contrive to pass along unspotted from the world. The clear, fresh water is perhaps bad enough; but when it comes to the kennels sown broadcast, if we may be allowed the expression, one is to be excused if some slight expression of annoyance escape the lips.

It is unnecessary, therefore, to endeavor to delude us with flaming placards about "cataracts of real water," or to strive to draw us from our homes by talk concerning the wonders in that respect which are to be seen in the course of travel. We have all these things at home—displayed at our very doors—surrounding our footsteps wherever we may chance to go; and if any one desires to take preliminary lessons in the art of "getting along," as practiced in the city of "brotherly love," our advice may be briefly conveyed by

reference to the engraving we have given. It requires much natural agility—a bound, for example, as quick and as elastic as the springing of the kangaroo—in eye quick to perceive, conjoined to an ear which detects the faintest sound. It is a species of ballet, demanding many classic *poses*, and as great a variety of steps as ever emanated from the schools of Taglioni, Elssler, or Cerito, it being taken for granted that every one is acquainted with the customs of the country—that none venture into the streets who are not capable of taking care of themselves, or that they go forth fully prepared for any of the consequences that may ensue. It will not answer, therefore, to be so absorbed in self as to forget all other circumstances, or else the absorption may be extended in a manner more congenial to coolness than to comfort; and so, if all the senses be not possessed in the highest perfection—if you are not well qualified for the nicest personal management, and are at the same time at all affected by the "sad hydrofogie," a walk through the streets of Philadelphia, especially of a Saturday, has as many perils as spring from the uses of cold iron.

Cleanliness, they say, is next to godliness, and without a doubt upon it, cleanliness is one of the most virtuous of all the virtues. Hence—by splash of water—we of Philadelphia are disposed to yield the palm to none in whatever goes to make up the moral part of character. Do you impugn our excellence—deride our benevolence—sneer at our honesty, or find fault with our public spirit—do you so? Look to the hydrants, the fire-plugs, the washers, and the scourers—then assume it if you can, that a spot remains upon our reputation. Not a stain could possibly maintain itself there for the space of a single week, so obstinate are we in the performance of our ablutions; and should posterity at all degenerate, we place the picture given as an evidence on record, that once at least we were the best-washed people upon the face of the universal earth—second only to the mermans and the mermaidens, who, we doubt not, would

find in the Philadelphian a spirit congenial to their own, though we do not often appear in public with a comb and a mirror to warn the erring from the rocks. We are a nice people—the fact is one that admits of no disputation; and should a second deluge arise, we should be sadly disappointed, if we were found unable to float upon the surges that overwhelm those less happily constituted.

THE TRIALS OF TIMOTHY TANTRUM.

That's a Tantrum.

No difficulty about it, at all. With ordinary discernment, you may tell a Tantrum as far as you can see one, by the distressed and dissatisfied expression of its countenance—"Tantrumical," if we may term it so. A numerous family, too, these Tantrums—to be found everywhere in this vale of tears; and few but happy are they who have neither temporary attachment nor enduring relationship to the Tantrums. Who is there, indeed, even among the most placid, that is not more or less, and off and on, affected and afflicted by the influence of the Tantrums? Bar the door as we may—resolve against them as we will—the house, we fear, is yet to be built which does not at times exhibit traces that the Tantrums visit its fireside. It is difficult to rid ourselves altogether of the Tantrums, even the wisest and firmest of us; while some people are monopolized by Tantrum, in infinite variety—Tantrumed beyond redemption, in every turn of thought and change of feeling.

But this is only one of the Tantrums—a specimen number of the whole work. It is Timothy Tantrum, the Man of Trials; and perhaps—if you have tears—that is, for any but yourself—prepare to shed them now—when Timothy is to be spoken of, it would not be amiss—in the way of condolings—to summon up the sob of sympathy, and to unfold the handkerchief of tribulation. Timothy Tantrum—yea, examine him physiognomically—is one of those unlucky personages who are always under a shade, and who are attended by a double allowance of shadow. They have

no experience in sunshine, but dwell in the desolate regions of perpetual cloud and everlasting storm. If it is not raining there, it snows; and thus poor Timothy Tantrum carries the atmosphere of sadness with him wherever he goes. The barometer falls at his approach, down to "squally," or thereabouts; and Timothy Tantrum presents himself to observation as the inevitable individual who is always caught in showers without an umbrella—the forlorn one, of a gusty afternoon, that can not overtake an omnibus, and is "himself alone" as he drips down the street. But what is Tantrum, afloat, as it were—what is Tantrum to do? If he should run now, all experience shows that the rain would only come down the faster—the same quantity in a shorter space of time; and if he were to wait for it to stop, they are but little acquainted with the malign disposition of the elements in their bearing on the Tantrums, who are yet to be informed that it never stops when Tantrum is waiting. "Rather than so," we should have a freshet, if not a deluge. The shower makes it a point never to "hold up" till all the Tantrums who are out, are wet through and through—saturate, Timothy and the rest—and it may be observed to clear off, derisively, just as Timothy reaches home in a state of damp.

"Why didn't you wait till the rain was over?"

Why?

Timothy Tantrum wrings himself, with the grimmest of smiles, but says nothing. Was there ever a rainbow—could there be a rainbow—except at the instant when he had absorbed the greatest possible quantity of moisture? There is no such fact on record.

Unlike Napoleon, Timothy Tantrum has neither a sun of Austerlitz, nor a "bright particular star," to his destiny—no star at all, unless it be a star in eclipse, or on the principle of Daggerwood's "moon behind a cloud." If he has a star, it is a star of the funereal sort—a star with weepers. shining black and radiating gloom. Luck!—has he luck?

It must be bad luck, then; and Timothy Tantrum considers himself as a target, set up for the special purpose of being shot at by the arrows of disaster, which hit him invariably, whatever be the case with other people. Anything thrown out as he comes along, is sure to go right into the eye of Mr. Timothy Tantrum, the lineal descendant of that celebrated ufferer in a similar way, who, if there be truth in epitaphs met his fate "at the hands" of a sky-rocket. It had been so with Tantrum, had he been there; and the other man would have gone on his way rejoicing, with all his eyes in his head.

Tantrum's mind is of that peculiarity in grief, that it seems to have "crape on its left arm," not "for thirty days" alone, but for ever. It is always in mourning, and has no associate except calamity. Should he be surprised and overtaken, at an unguarded moment, by a laugh—ha ha!—he! he!—ho! ho! and so forth—the outward and physical expression of an interior and metaphysical hilariousness—it would not only amaze his ears and astonish his unpractised organs, but he would likewise be convinced that "something is going to happen," of a kind calculated to translate jocundity to the opposite side of the facial aperture, antipodean to merriment; and he thus cuts the risible short off, with a look of alarm, lest it should remind misfortune that it had not yet completely annihilated Timothy Tantrum.

As a little boy—"Love was once a little boy," and so was Timothy Tantrum—as a little boy, then, he never went out without returning in a roar of grief, and in a tempest of indignation, announcing to all the house that Tim—unhappy—was again on hand—somebody had slapped Tim—or somebody had tumbled Tim right into the kennel, Tim having on his "Sunday's best," to go and see his grand mother, illustrating the curious affinity between nicely dressed children and the kennel—especially as regards the Tantrum children—or else Tim's playthings had been wrested from him—a big fellow had beaten Tim—spontaneously, of course. For he—how could you wrong our

Timmy so?—he had "done nothing to nobody"—he never did "do nothing to nobody," according to his own account. No! not even to the cur that barked at Tim, and wanted to bite him; it being one of Tim's "features" to be always in trouble, but never in the wrong. You see—a conspiracy from the outset against Timothy Tantrum. The world had determined, *ad initio*—that is, from the time he wore frock and trowsers—to be continually pulling Timothy Tantrum down, and never letting Timothy Tantrum up, the naughty world, that always frowns on merit and persecutes the deserving. Why won't it let the Tantrums alone?

Investigation, to be sure—but why investigate, to disturb your conclusions?—might discover that "our Tim"—the darling—had indulged a little in sauciness to lads not altogether disposed to pocket it; or that, perchance, he had endeavored playfully to abstract a cherished bone from curs not given to the sportive mood. But here it is again, in regard to the Tantrums—Tim was not comprehended and understood. He had come in contact with inferior natures, incapable of the requisite appreciation; and, as usual, no allowances were made for the child, who only wanted to have his own way, after the fashion of the Tantrums, and asked for nothing more than that his way should be allowed to take precedence of other people's ways; the trouble, from first to last, arising from the oppugnation of obstinacy, which forgets that the Tantrums are antagonistic by nature, and can not get along at all except in the opposite direction—for instance—right against you, and contrary to the general grain. Now, it is a self-evident proposition, that if you and the general grain are indisposed to yield—"about face," and so—the Tantrums are of necessity crossed, irritated, and exasperated, and can have no peace because of your belligerant habits of mind, which foolishly lead you to prefer your own way to the way of the Tantrums—a way that they know to be the right way; while your way—indisputably—is the wrong way—the transgressive way.

"But," as Timothy Tantrum has judiciously remarked, at least a thousand times, "it is always cold when I wish it to be warm; and warm invariably when I desire that it should be cold. If I want to go out, then, of course, it's stormy—raining cats and dogs; and when I don't care whether it's clear or not, and would rather, maybe, that it was not clear, why then it is as bright as a new button, as if it was laughing at me. 'Spose I've no use for a thing—it's there, everlastingly, right in the road—I'm tumbling over it a dozen times a day. But when I do want that very thing, is it ever in the way then? No, I thank you—no!—it wouldn't be if it could. And when I hunt it up, if it allows itself to be found at all, which it won't if it can help it, that thing is morally certain to be the very last thing in the closet, or the undermost thing in the drawer. It's the nature of things, which are just as crooked and just as spiteful as people are. Can anybody ever find his hat when there's a fire? Don't the buttons disappear from sleeves and collars whenever you're in a hurry to go to a tea-party? And at the very last moment—the bell done ringing—all aboard—isn't something—the very thing of all other things you ought to have—isn't that thing sure to be a mile off, at home, grinning at you from the mantel-piece?"

No wonder, then, that the Tantrums are always in despair. Should Timothy be sent for in haste, the left boot is sure so to offer itself that the right foot may be jammed fast in the instep—owing, past doubt, to the constitutional perverseness of boots, which, if they can not contrive to be too tight, and to pinch you into misery, will manage it so as to come home with a sharp peg in their sole, to harrow up your sole; and which never will "go on" of a warm morning, until we have toiled and tugged ourselves into fevers for the day. And should Timothy, indignant and sudorific, should he, in a species of retributive justice, jerk the aforesaid left boot from his innocent right foot, to dash it—the boot, not the foot—across the room, as some punishment to its untimely trick-

ishness, did any one ever know that boot — still exemplifying the perverseness of boots in particular, and of things in general — to fail in jumping to the very place of all places that it should not have gone to — the only place in the chamber where it could upset a lamp or break a looking-glass? But it is a folly to talk to boots — Tantrum swears at his, by the hour, yet finds, after all, that boots are but boots.

It would be comparatively nothing, however, if such were the limit of Tantrum's vexation. He might escape from boots, and secure a shelter in slippers. But the hostile alliance against him is comprehensive — it not only includes all the departments of art, but likewise embraces the productions of nature. Should Tantrum's arms stick in the sleeve of Tantrum's coat — did that coat, in the pervading treachery, and as he thrust his determined arm into it, hesitate, if it were only for an instant — hesitate to rip in seam, or refuse to tear in cloth, in a manner never practised by well-behaved coats, and rarely by any coats at all, except by the coats of the Tantrums? Was it not from the first like an incubus on Tantrum's mind, that this coat would go "all to flinders" on some occasion when he must have a coat, and could get no other coat? Yes, this identical coat, that positively would not come home, try all they would, for weeks after it was promised, and appeared to resist every effort at finishment.

And more — in the course of your acquaintance with the Tantrums, you must have noticed, of a cold evening, when Tantrum desired to "Adonise," that he might be intensely agreeable to all beholders, and "lovelily dreadful" to the ladies, that "that razor" would cut his chin in defiance of all he could do to the contrary; and that, besides, the pitcher would not have any water in it, the servant would be gone out, and the way to the hydrant would be one glare of slippery ice — a long, complicated conspiracy of things to defeat Tantrum's hopes, and to disturb his complacency, if not to give Tantrum a tumble. Nay, more — the very pitcher con-

trived to crack, and the basin went to fragments, merely to aggravate Tantrum still further, as he slapped them together. in a well-founded scorn of their provoking emptiness; while the candle, too—in emulation of the fires, and in imitation of the servants—does it not "go out" whenever Tantrum opens doors, or runs in agile movement up the stair? And should he "send it flying"—as it so well deserves—they have studied the characteristics of the candle to but little profit, who do not expect, under these circumstances, to hear a crash of valuables. Try it, if you are incredulous—just leave a candle unwatched, and our life upon it, there will be arson and incendiarism in a very little time. It has no compunctions about setting the house afire, if it can, that candle, meek and innocent as candles always look. Trust them not!

While it is thus between the Inanimate and the Tantrums, the case is but little better, as before hinted, between the Animates and the Tantrums. Creation is a porcupinity, with its sharp-pointed quills stuck out in all directions, impaling the Tantrums at every movement they may chance to make. The universe is a brambledom, for the scarification of ankles; and whatever the hand of Tantrum falls upon, what else can it be but a nettletop? It is all nettletop to the Tantrums—for there is nothing innocuous unless we choose to take it so; but the Tantrums will insist on it, that the innocuousness shall be as they choose to take it, and that all the smoothness is to be in their peculiar direction. In consequence whereof, how the Tantrums suffer in this rasping, sand-papered, gritty sphere of fret and friction, to which for a time they are doomed, like Hamlet's ghost, "to fast in fires."

There is no accordance or concordance in it. We shall find it a hopeless task, even the endeavor, simple as it may appear, to induce any other man to wear his hat after the excellent mode and fashion in which we wear our hat. And yet, why should he not? Tantrum, at least, can discover no sufficient reason for the nonconformity; and he would, on

philanthropic grounds alone, like to be armed with a power to compel that other man to wear his hat correctly. "Any man who persists in wearing his hat at such an angle as that, after I have explained the matter to him, must be a fool, if indeed he is not something a great deal worse;" and Tantrum tells him so, in the plainest phrase, for the dissemination of truth. The same rule, of course, holds good in politics, and in all matters of practice and opinion. Yet when Tantrum informs people of the fact, without circumlocution or indirect phraseology, they quarrel with Tantrum, and call Tantrum hard names, and say that they know as well as Tantrum knows, and will continue to do as they please, without the slightest regard to the principles laid down by Tantrum — and so the world and its affairs go wrong, just as the world and its affairs have always gone, and just as the world and its affairs will continue to go, all the efforts of the Tantrums to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Where are you running to now?" cries Tantrum, sharply; for this unremitting opposition, like a whetstone to the knife, will set any one on edge.

"Home to dinner."

"Home to dinner! What do you have dinner at this time for? This is no time for dinner. Look at me — I don't go to dinner now. Never have dinner, I tell you, till you are hungry. I don't — none but fools do!"

"But I am hungry now — I want my dinner."

"You can't be hungry — I'm not hungry — and how can you be hungry? Do you think I don't know when I am hungry, and when other people ought to be hungry? You're not hungry — you can't be hungry. It's impossible. You pretend to be hungry, out of spite — just because I'm not — that's the way with everybody."

And so Tantrum falls out with Greedy, on the question of appetite and the proper period of feeling a disposition to dine, in which Greedy, like the rest of his class, proves to be unconquerably obstinate. Greedy persists in going to dinner

at an improper hour; and Timothy Tantrum is overwhelmed with despair at the ignorant contumacy of the Greedies, who have been the same ever since the days of Sir Giles Overreach.

* * * * * * *

"I'm going to be married, Mr. Tantrum, and desire your presence as groomsman."

"Going to be what?" exclaims Tantrum, in such tones of scornful amazement as could scarcely fail to carry dismay to the boldest heart, when placed in the trying position now referred to—"Going—to—be—w-h-a-t?"

"Married," is the trembling response.

"Jinkins, I should be sorry to be forced, Jinkins, to class you, too, among the fools; Jinkins—I should. Going to be married, to be sure! Well!—I never! Jinkins, did you ever know me to marry anybody? Jinkins, am I married, Jinkins, or am I going to be? No, Jinkins, you may swear to that!—and why should you? Don't, Jinkins—if you value my friendship or my countenance."

But Jinkins insists on being married, in broad contradiction to all that the Tantrums can say, resting his plea of palliation and mitigation on the fact mainly that he is "in love" an argument which Timothy Tantrum—like a genuine bachelor, that pernicious species, who are thus by design, perhaps, more than by accident, and who have been found audacious enough to rejoice in their iniquity—treats with even less of mercy than he does other differences of sentiment.

"If you are in love, why the shortest way is to get out of it—I always do—and are you coming for to go for to set up as wiser than I am?—as if I don't know. And who do you propose to marry, I should like to learn? Susan Scissors! Good gracious—what a choice! I wouldn't have Susan Scissors—am I in love with Susan Scissors? Did you ever know me to marry Susan Scissors? Why should you? I really can't understand it. To marry, is bad enough of itself! But Susan Scissors—whew!"

And hereupon arose another contention and another divis-

ion, because Timothy Tantrum was hostile to matrimony in general, and to Susan Scissors in particular—forgetting, in the first place, that everybody, except the Tantrums, will marry, it being a way they have; and that, in the second place, it will not do for all the world—the masculine world—to affect and to fancy the same individual—Susan Scissors, or another—it might lead to trouble. * * * *

"That's not the way to bring up a child," says Tantrum; "I wouldn't educate him so. Did you ever know me to fetch up a child that way, a spilin' of him, as you do?"

"I never saw you bring up children at all, unless knocking 'em down, when they come crying in your way, is what you call bringing 'em up."

"What I mean is—do you think that's the way I'd bring 'em up, if I was to bring 'em up? I'm not such a goose. Did you ever see me"—

And then Tantrum would enlarge upon his theory of training and instruction, until he found that parents and guardians were quite as rigid in the wrong, and quite as fond of their own erroneous conclusions as all the rest of society. In this regard, there was no solace for Tantrum but in one fond expectation.

"Those children will all go to the mischief, that's one great and glorious consolation—the girls will run off with some big-whiskered, mustached, long-legged, and long-nosed swindler, who'll beat 'em well, and send 'em home at last, with large families of little people—that's one of the consequences of not minding me. And as for the boys, those that don't disappear some day, nobody knows where, may be looked for in the penitentiary, never coming to no sort of good; and then I can drop in sociably to inquire about them at home, and the way I'll ask the folks if they 'marked my words' when I said how it would end, will be what they won't forget in a hurry—I can promise them that beforehand! and Tantrum for once chuckled with glee. * * * *

In the affairs of medical science, also, Timothy Tantrum

was equally learned, but as equally unfortunate. But, as nobody would pursue his system of practice, he still consoled himself with giving the recusants a bit of his mind, which is not often the most agreeable present that can be bestowed — and, in the second place, should the results prove fatal, as results sometimes will, why didn't Timothy Tantrum say how it would be?

But no man is altogether without refuges and resources — we all have something to fall back upon; and Timothy Tantrum, in the midst of the contumelies of an unappreciating world, where none will do as he thinks every one should do, derives solace and refreshment for his spirit by going a fishing, alone by himself, with a patent-rod and a red cork. When he succeeds in setting the household by the ears, and has got the whole neighborhood comfortably in an uproar, he then — quietly — like Sylla abdicating — travels off to fish. Fishes have this advantage as companions — they bite, and say not a word; or, if they do not bite, they never make jeering remark, or indulge in provoking argument; so that one may be as philosophical and as splenetic as he likes when he is fishing, without risk of being "aggravated." But even here, drawbacks to the perfect felicity will intrude themselves. We want to catch a fish, it may be; and that fish, however sensible in the main, has not arrived at a perfect conclusion in himself whether he is hungry or not, coquetting with the bait, yet refusing it — ungrateful fish, after so much trouble has been encountered for his especial entertainment. There is a crookedness, too, in hooks, that attaches itself to weeds and roots, if not to garments, and to the fleshy integuments beneath. But worse than all is it when we — the Tantrums — are established in just the sort of nook we have been looking for all day, to be pounced upon in our soliloquies by some ragged and vociferous urchin, with a ponderous dog of the amphibious breed, who will have it that Carlo shall "go in and fetch it out," right upon our piscatorial premises,

to our discomfiture and to that of the finny tribes — Carlo, who surges like a diving elephant, and who comes out to shake himself at our elbow, like the spray of cataracts. And Nicodemus swims horses, too, at the same appalling instant. Who can be surprised that Timothy Tantrum, in an effort to better his condition, broke his patent angling-rod in an ineffectual blow at the aforesaid ragged and vociferous urchin, or that he fell into the creek by an injudicious striving to administer a kick to the ponderousness of Carlo? Both of these movements were natural enough; and the consequent disasters, what were they but a link in the chain of annoyance connected with the life and misfortunes of the Tantrum family?

"Just exactly what was to be expected," growled Tantrum, as he wandered home, moist and disconsolate; "it's always so when I undertake to teach manners to boys and genteel behavior to the dogs. My best intentions are thrown away, on everybody. I've broke my rod, and the boy's not a bit the wiser; I've tumbled in the creek, and the dog's as impolite as ever. And now, I've a great mind to let everybody and everything take its own course, without bothering myself any more. I don't see that I've got anything yet for my pains, though I've fretted all my hair off, and scolded my teeth out. It's easier, I guess, and more profitable, to make the best of things as they are, now I find that they wont be any other way; and I would, if it wasn't that I know I know better about things than other people — what's the use of knowing you know better, if you don't make other people know you know so? Whatever is, is wrong — all but me — I'm clear as daylight as to that; but I wont cry about it any longer. Perhaps when Timothy Tantrum's dead and gone, they'll begin to discover there was somebody here when he was alive. But they won't before, for they haven't yet — they're too obstinate — and while I'm waiting to be understood and appreciated, I'm half inclined to begin to take the world easy, and enjoy myself, like the foolish people, who don't know any better."

THE LIONS OF SOCIETY:

POTTS, PETERS, AND BOBUS.

———" Another lion gave a grievous roar;
And the first lion thought the last 'a bore.' "

BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

LIONS! — yes — every collection, zoological or otherwise, must have its lions. Without them, it is incomplete — deficient it what may be termed its rallying point or nucleus. What, for instance, would be the menagerie — and it is, more or less, all menagerie, "here upon this ground" — without a smart sprinkling of lions? We admit that the elephant is a respectable, solid individual, in his way — prosy, however, and not at all of a sparkling nature. And your monkey, provided he be not sick — there is nothing sadder than your sick monkey — monkeys ought to be exempt from sickness — he may be droll, as he catches the apple or cracks a nut — doleful drollery though, as that drollery must ever be in which we discover how narrowly the most of us escaped from being monkeys. But still, these things — monkey, elephant, and all — can not satisfy the reachings of the soul; and we turn from them in weariness to ask, "where is the lion? — let me hear a lion roar!" We are imposed upon, if we can not find a lion.

And so it is in the circles of society. Each must be provided with its lion. Nay, it is indispensable that there should be several lions, of different forces and dimensions, to vary the scene, or to be produced in the absence of each other. But not two of a similar kind, at the same moment. Such lions never agree, on account of that dislocation of noses, to

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which, by such collision, they become subject; and if you have ever noticed the fact — perhaps you have felt it, as all of us play the lion's part, more or less, at intervals — but if, either way, you may chance to have observed it, this truth is familiar, that there is nothing more dangerous than a lion with his "nose out of joint." — The moody ferociousness exhibited under such circumstances, is a matter which, according to the popular phrase, is not to be sneezed at, even by one who happens to be worse off than the aggrieved lion himself, in the delicate particular of noses. A lion's nose is his thermometer of health and barometer of temper. — Put that out of place — ay, but sprain a lion's nose, however slightly, and the attempt to play with him is a fearful risk. He is sure to snap your nose off.

To know a lion — what may be described as a good sizeable lion — such a one as plays the lion, wherever he goes — among the "upper ten thousand," or amid the substratum of "the masses" — one of your dauntless lions, who confidently sports his mane and his claws in all possible situations, and has that pervading sense of his own immensity, that he is the lion — equally — at your house, or at home — in the kitchen — for even the kitchen has its lions — or in the presence of all imaginable quantities of wisdom, wit, beauty, rank and fashion — there being "comparative lions," who lionize according to the chance — but we allude to the "positive lion," who is invariably himself — if you would know him, then, the discovery may be made in various ways. When you feel patronized, as it were, in society, and can not tell exactly why, as you do not seek for patronage particularly, at that moment, a shrewd suspicion may be indulged that you are in the presence of a lion. A lion, too, condescends — his whole deportment announces the fact to the bystanders that "now the lion condescends," for the encouragement of people — little people — such as have nothing of the leonine growth about them. The lion pats, that you may not be too much overcome by his austere dignity — he will not eat you

up — though he could do it, and he wishes you to see that he knows he could do it — he is not hungry now, the amiable lion. But the undoubtable sign that Leo approximates — if it be not felt mesmerically — is in the eclipse that falls around. No one now says, "how dee do-o," to you -- give it up at once, loquacious friend — nobody listens to your narrative — your pun provokes no smile — your jest can draw no laughter. But a few moments since, perhaps, and you were in feather -- a larger estimate than usual of the entertaining qualities which you had derived from nature, began to warm your heart and stimulate your brain — a thought, perchance, that if not a whiskered lion of the tribe — adult, mature, consummate — you were at least a promising cub of the same species. But now, how shrunk — what an insignificancy of contraction! — The matter? — Can't you see? — Why, man, the lion's come — the lion past dispute — the real, uncontested thing. There is a dislocation, for the time, of your beloved nasal promontory. Go -- for now you are "no go" — the game is up. Our meaning here is aptly illustrated by the accompanying engraving, and which might properly be termed, "*A Discomfiture of the Lesser Lions; or, the Extinction of the Rushlights.*"

There was a gathering at Brown's — of beauty and of chivalry, as any one may see. Potts was there, and Peters — social lions of the smaller growth. Potts did the sublime and beautiful — Potts is literary — and Peters was strong upon the queer and quaint — Peters is a wag. Never was there a more delightful party. Potts talked romance and reason, politics, poetry, and polèmics — soaring upward — wondrous Potts! — like an eagle from its eyry; and Peters followed, quizzical, playing upon words in the centre of "Giggledom." Potts secured the solid sense of the meeting — the matrons circled round him — bald heads and spectacles were there, to feed on wisdom. "A great man is Potts," said they; "sensible to the last;" and Potts grew wiser as he glanced reprovingly back to "Giggledom" — listen

young ladies, and be improved — where Peters flashed and coruscated like the uncorking of champagne. A funny man was Peters then, and "Giggledom" rejoiced. The more philosophical Potts became, the wittier was Peters, as if these antagonist forces acted and re-acted on each other to the production of a power which neither had exhibited before. Potts, indeed, thought that if it were possible for man to be more rational, acute, and sagacious, than he now proved himself, it would scarce be possible for such a man to live, and that when he died, as die he must, the world would cut him up into schools, colleges, and other seats of learning and profundity — he felt convinced, moreover, that it would, when he was out, be advisable always to have reporters near, that he might be published — a serial — in continuous number, at a fip a week, as a living "Library of Useful Knowledge." Potts could not admire himself enough, as by far the ablest individual that he ever knew — while Peters was assured, that if he (Peters) should get any funnier as the night wore on — he did not believe it possible — there never was anything funnier — but if he (Peters) should grow funnier — and it would not be practicable for him (Peters) to help it — why then it would be impossible for other folks to live. He (Peters) would be the death of them. Somebody ought to hold him (Peters) — in mercy, hold him.

Both Potts and Peters were impressed with a full belief, that clever — English clever — as they always were, still on this memorable evening, they were — Potts to Potts and Peters to Peters — immeasurably superior to themselves. Potts, in short, was not sure whether it was himself or not; and Peters escaped the doubt only from knowing that he could not easily be any one else, or rather, that it was out of the question for any one else to be him. How pleasant it is to be satisfied that no other person can be you — that you are unique.

But suddenly — a catastrophical suddenly — in walked Bobbs — "B. Bobus Bobbs, Esq." — "Goodness, gracious,

if here isn't Bobbs! — my! — I thought Bobbs would never come! Oh! how glad — Bobbs! — such a pleasure — Bobbs! — quite delighted — Bobbs!"

"As I was saying," continued Potts, beginning to quail, "as I was about to say, to show the rationale of the matter Mrs. Brown —"

"Never mind now, Mr. Potts," rejoined Mrs. Brown, "there's Bobbs at last;" and Mrs. Brown darted away, leaving Potts in soliloquy.

"But the best of the joke was, ladies," whimpered Peters, under a foreknowledge of his fate, "the best of the joke —"

"Bobbs!" ejaculated the young ladies, wild with delight, and Peters was alone.

"Potts! — Bobbs!" said Peters.

"Peters! — Bobbs!" replied Potts.

And on reference again to the picture, their relative expressions may be seen, Potts endeavoring to muster courage to stand his ground -- Peters getting indignantly out of the way. Bobbs is the largest lion of the town, and they know it. Bobbs, who is as philosophical and as funny as both Potts and Peters combined, is evidently provoked at their presumption in his absence; and Potts and Peters, after vainly endeavoring to resist the current of opinion by sly insinuations against the merits of Bobbs, at last betake themselves, silently and sullenly, to chicken salad in a corner. Always retreat on chicken salad.

Lions are diverse and different. There is your musical lion, who is sometimes a bore — your scientific lion, who is apt to be an ass — your political lion, who is frequently a nuisance, and your funny lion, who, on occasion, is dull enough. The handsome lion is not often endurable; but the dandy lion is at least harmless if he pays his tailor's bill. And following these, we find literary lions, gymnastic lions, lions in buggies and on horseback — fast-trotting lions, are they — military lions — in fact, every jungle has its lion, big

or little — not one of which, except as aforesaid, in the way of condescension, will permit others to slip in a word edgewise. Those who are not lions themselves, are born for no other purpose but to admire the lions. Gentle reader, if you are not a lion already, try to be a lion, with all your might and "mane."

DAVID DUMPS,

THE DOLEFUL ONE.

The majority of people are in the Dumps only at times —the most stormy of lives has its gleams of sunshine, and perhaps there are few among men whose existence is a night so dark that no star of hope appears. Even melancholy itself has its reactions, as the criminal on the rack is said to sleep in the intervals of torture, and thus to gain strength for added suffering. One can not be always weeping, and there must be a pause in sorrow. The Dumps then, as a general thing, do not prevail in every bosom without the grace of intermissions of relief; and, for the most part, there is quite as much of smiles and laughter in this world, as there is of doleful groaning. You, for instance, are in tears to-day, while your neighbor jests right merrily, the loud outbreak of his mirth jarring on your lacerated nerves, as you wonder how it is that men can thus be "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," while you suffer like Guatemozin on his bed of coals, But be then of good heart, friend—let not the soul within thee break down as without hope. It may be but a little time—a week, perchance—a month then—or what if it be a year—before you shall be as gamesome as a kid, while the dark shadow of tribulation rests upon your neighbor's head. All evils cure themselves in one way or another. A grief can not be eternal, or if the evil must endure, why, we grow callous at the last, and cease to feel its pressure. That is, the most of us are in this way affected, having the Dumps only upon occasion, to give effect by the force of contrast, as it were, to the more pleasant passages of our career on earth.

All sights and sounds can not for ever remain as disagreeable to you as they now appear — the light of the blessed sun shall not always be more oppressive than the darkness, which it chases away; and depend upon it, unlikely as the realization of the promise now seems, we all may smile again.

All smile again — yes, all but David — he never has smiled yet — how can he smile again? David has no lot or part in such business. His life is a matter far too serious for trifling divertisement of that sort; and we doubt whether cranks or pulleys, or any of the complex arrangement of rope, block, and tackle, could be made to elevate the corners of his downcast mouth even to the level of a simper. Archimedes himself, with all the resources of mechanical invention, must fail in the effort to extend the corners aforesaid from ear to ear, according to the practice of most people when tickled by a conceit; and were his countenance thus forcibly opened by crowbar or by cable, what good could it possibly do when David's vocal apparatus is altogether incompetent to the formation of those sounds which are indicative that fun holds revel in the halls of the brain? Nay, David would thus look sadder far than ever he did before — for what is more sad — more chillingly melancholy, than the mere forms and semblances of smile and mirth when the soul denies illumination? It is the ghastly grinning of a skeleton — the cadaverous expression of a corpse — we pray you to let that mouth — the mouth of David — let it alone as it falls. We doubt whether any change that you could make, would be at all for the better. Gloomy as the natural David may appear, there are no artificial arrangements that can be contrived to improve him. Rouge to his cheek or roses in his hair, would that afford to David a more cheerful aspect? — Do not think it.

The truth of the matter is, that while you or I, in the way of recreation are temporarily miserable and occasionally distressed, the miserables and the distresses are David's natural, habitual, and original condition. For his name is Dumps — David Dumps, at your service — not Dumps now or Dumps

then; but invariably Dumps, suing and sued in that delightful name. When constables apprehend him, they soon comprehend that they have the Dumps. Having commenced crying at his first appearance on the stage of life, as nearly everybody does—"our pilgrimage begins in tears"—Dumps has gone directly onward in the same strain of dolor as at first—weeping, and wailing, and gnashing his teeth, as he passes by. He cries aloud at all times and seasons, so that he is "like loftiest peaks," surrounded by fogs and mists impenetrable to the sun of gladness. His summit is a glacier where nothing grows, and the brightest beams of noon only thaw tears away, which do not improve the general aspect.

Dumps—David—has it in his power—for he continu ally exercises himself in the art—to sorrow over all things; but what especially provokes him, and he falls back upon it as a species of reserve in the battle of life, when no particular distress sets in to goad his sides, is the general unhappiness of human condition, as compared to the "jolly times," to use his own phraseology, which the inferior animals have of it.

"Dave—you, Dave—it's time to get up and kindle the fire! Get up, this minute, and don't make me come there after you."

Now such a call as this, of a bitter cold morning—in a room uncarpeted, with the outward atmosphere whistling in through chinks and crannies, and penetrating broken panes, ill stopped by antiquated hats and rejected trowsers, can not be regarded as a musical call, even if uttered by the sweetest of voices—for David Dumps was coiled up warmly, forgetting his sorrows in the depths of slumber, and bidding them defiance in a snore as haughty and fearless as the sonorous brass of bold dragoonery.

"You, Dave!"

"Augh-waugh," responded Dave.

Words, you know, are idle in an emergency—who wastes words in a crisis such as this? The next thing David knew

was the unwelcome visitation of a sufficient quantity of the coldest water to his sublime but sleeping countenance; and, as the usual result in all aquatic and amphibious experiments of this sort, David sat bolt upright and wide awake at once.

"Now, make the fire, or you shall have some more water."

There are two ways of impressing the memory. A congenial association of ideas will do it; and so will the most diverse and opposite commingling of thoughts. There is a sharp, pungent irony in dashing one's face with cold water to make one get up to kindle the fire, which prevents the hint from being wasted. In such a case, it is not easy to forget, though even the meekest spirit lodged in the thickest skin, is apt to feel vengeful and resentful, on such occasions; and if you are the person who distributed the water, take timely care that the ways of swift retreat are clearly open behind you—for we have known disaster to be the result of oversights in this respect. To be drifted from slumber by water conveyance, never yet soothed anybody's temper—the mildest are apt to swear—the most peaceful will become belligerent. 'Tis best to evaporate at the instant of the sprinkle, before eyes are opened wide enough to take an aim with boot, or shoe, or clothes-brush. No fear that the sleeping will be resumed.

David did arise, like a mermaid or a river-god, but in no gentle frame of mind. As he always got up crossly, and with emotions somewhat savage at being obliged again to mingle with life's harsh realities, he was as near frantic now as may be. To make the fire was an imperative necessity, and it was made with that commingling of "fire and fury," which furnishes evidence of the sulkiness and aggravation that reign within. The pussy that purred in the corner—the dog that stretched upon the hearth, both received abrupt evidences that David Dumps was in a state of extreme displeasure.

But it so happened that, as he struck them, an idea struck him, as if the collision had elicited a spark which fired up

the magazine of his brain. But, account for it as you may, there can be no doubt of the fact, that Dumps did catch an idea at the aforesaid moment. Not an idea of the ordinary description, such as are continually tumbling through men's minds, leaving no impression of any value behind them—ideas that would not bring sixpence for a hundred in the intellectual market, and which are by no means a fruitage worthy of any species of preservation; but an idea of that grand and comprehensive force of generalization, which set David Dumps up in business as a philosopher for the rest of his life, rendering him as nearly good for nothing, as his most ardent admirer could desire. It was a leading idea, to which David Dumps could bend all things, and from which he could, at any moment, deduce the most bitter of dissatisfactions. David stood with his mouth open to its full extent that the idea aforesaid, as it knocked againt his cranium for admission, might be swallowed whole, which, possibly, is the reason why so many people open their mouths extensively at strange sights and unaccustomed words, the eye and the ear not being sufficient to receive the impression. Always, therefore, do the like when you wish to understand anything completely, and wear your mouth ajar at all times and seasons; for who knows what you may catch, if the trap be always set and ready to spring upon anything that passes.

But when David Dumps felt that he had secured the new idea, he shut his mouth with a snap, to make all safe, that his new idea might not fly out again as rapidly as it had gone in. Besides, he had gained wisdom enough for one day—as much, indeed, in his private opinion, as others collect in the whole course of their mortal lives; and he felt also that, perchance, he might injure himself and bring on mental dispepsia, if there should be any sudden addition to the dose of wisdom which he had just taken. We must allow due time for the new idea to become assimilated to the old stock of intelligence, before we increase the supply, or the whole establishment may be thrown into inexplicable confusion.

"Some people," remarked David, after a long pause, in the course of which his nose hitched itself into wrinkles of supreme contempt, "some people never know nothing more than they know'd at first—they only know what they are told, and couldn't find a thought for themselves if it was a laying right before them squeaking to be taken up. There's not many that ever ketch an idea on their own hook; and they couldn't, if ideas were as thick as huckleberries on a bush. It takes such folks as me, who have heads for use and not for show, to discover the wisdom that's to be found in things. And so, while other people are laughing and rejoicing in their foolishness, because they can't see straight, you may hear me groaning at least a mile off, because I can see right through everything.

"Now as to them dogs and them cats. It appears to me, though I can't say I ever heard 'em at it—but it appears to me that they must be laughing at us all the time—for they are always idling or sleeping or feeding at our cost and expense, while we are at work from the time we get up till we go to bed again. What do they do, I'd like to know, but canœuvre round to enjoy themselves, while we have to get up and make fires, and cook wittals as much for them as for ourselves?—Oh, yes—warn and stretch, doggie—look at me lazy with your eyes half shut, for its me that's at work, not you. And now the fire burns a little, down you go in the warmest corner, as if you were one of the upper ten-thousanders, and had your boots cleaned every day by a colored pussun. You don't have to pay taxes, nutther, nor milishy fines—we have to go to market for you and let you in when you scratch at the door. And so, get out, warmint!" and David lent the dog another kick—kicks being always lent, as the greatest favor, while blows, being cheaper, are freely given—lent the dog another kick, which put to flight at once not only the quadruped itself, but likewise all that quadruped's serenity of mind, while the cat, as another of the aristocratic

circles, met with very nearly a similar fate, both retiring with doleful lamentations.

"That's some comfort anyhow — if I can't make you work, I can make you sing out, which is very nigh as good;" and so with some slight emotion of pleasure, down sat David Dumps, to warm himself and meditate still further upon the idea which he had partially broached as above, that in the main, the beasts, and the birds, including the fishes, are much better off in this world than David Dumps or any of his kind.

And it is a favorite topic of discourse with him even now, when grown unto man's estate of length of limb and anxiety of mind —

"Lord of himself, that heritage of wo"—

his thoughts are full of the injustices of natural history; and if it were not that through man's peculiar cunning, some part of the animal creation has nearly as hard a time of it as Dumps himself, it is a doubt whether Dumps would consent to remain in the world at all, if he could find any particularly easy and pleasant way of getting himself out of it.

A cigar-shop is the natural resort of the meditative and inquiring. Smoke and speculation combine in perfect beauty, while the argument and the tobacco consume themselves together, leaving little but ashes behind. Men of the thinking sort, are fond of congregating of evenings at the cigar-shop, where and at which time, politics, war news, anecdote, and metaphysics, are particularly rife. Yes, if you would note the current feature of the time, go to the barber's in the morning, and stop for your cigars at night.

The cigar is the smoke pipe of the great social locomotive, and puffs it along, giving force to thought and fluency to expression. No great plan is laid — no grand project conceived, without the agency of cigars — at all "preparatory meetings," where two or three concoct public opinion for

the masses, the cigar opens the debate and sharpens the wit for discussion. Smoke, smoke is the mighty propulsive force of our country; and things will never go quite properly until the judge lights his regalia on the bench, and the juror sports his favorite brand in the box. Then, and not till then, will justice go like smoke.

Is talking your forte?—go to the cigar-shop, that you may be sure of an audience. Would you rather listen to the experiences of others, get thee to the cigar-shop, for budding oratory there holds forth, with chequers, perchance, or dominoes, in the little back-room. David Dumps is, of course, a smoker—a man of sorrow is almost always a man of addiction to the weed, for what of comfort can he elsewhere find?

And so in full divan, seated beneath the wooden Highlander, who is always taking snuff, there—even there at Quiggs's cigarrery, David Dumps had broached it as a truth not to be controverted, that with the exception of his ignorance of the various uses of the divine weed, it were better to be a dog than such a Roman.

"That's my candied opinion, any how," said Dumps, doggedly, almost barking as he spoke.

"Nothin's never right with Dumps," observed a fat gentleman with a rosy physiognomy, who looked as if everything agreed with him, just as he agreed with everything.

"Dumps, Dumps, Dumps," remarked another individual, with a considerable quantity of whisker, round which the smoke curled as if they were burning brush on the premises; "Dumps, what possible use can there be in your groaning all the time over what can not be helped?—It's very clear to me, Dumps, that you were not born to set the world to rights, and to fix everything over again just to suit yourself. It wouldn't be fair, Dumps, you see, even if it could be done, because may be, I shouldn't like it then any more than you like it now; and so, every man would be obligated to have a

little world all to himself; and hire a star to live in, the same way that people hire houses, paying rent by the quarter. See here, Dumps — if you happen to know any man that's rich enough to keep a grindstone, you had better go and have yourself made a little smoother about the edges. You're so rough now, that you hurt yourself and everybody else. If the world don't suit you, there's nothing for it but to make yourself suit the world. That's the way I do."

"Yes, yes, Dumps — try to be a man," remarked another — "be a reasonable critter, that puts up quietly with what he can't help — for Dumps, you'll find that you must put up with it whether or no, and growling is just so much of labor wasted. Wise folks never complain — they go right off and get a cigar or a fip's worth of cavendish, to sooth the feelin's. Be a man, Dumps — a reasonable critter."

"A man, indeed," retorted Dumps, morosely rejoiced at the opportunity thus afforded to ring in his favorite idea — "a pretty thing to be proud of — being a man. Why, what's a man, I'd like to know, to have to work and to scramble all the time for a miserable living, and then not to be able to get more than half a one, if you get that? — For my part, I'd be anything rather than a man. Nobody has good times in this world but the unreasonable critters, and they make their living easy. — Tell me, now, who asks a bird to pay up for what he wants? — He has no bill to trouble him but his own bill — that's his due-bill. The cats, and the dogs, and the cattle — they play all the time if they want to — sleep and play. If it wasn't that the city-dogs has hard times of it in summer, when they're out and forget their muzzles, I'd get right down on all fours and bark — I'd join the bow-wow chorus, as the only free and independent set that's going."

"But the horses, Dumps, and the mules, and the oxen — they are not much better off than you are."

"Very true; and there's some little comfort in that, as there is in a peep at the menagerie where they stir up the

animals and make them roar and growl for a living, like the tragedians at the theatre, though the animals don't get so much for the job. But that has nothing to do with the general principle, that in this world the reasonable critter has decidedly the worst of it in every possible p'int of view. Oh, what a blessed thing it would be, if we lived by suction, and had feathers — that's the grand idea I'm driving at — nateral clothing — spontaniferous jackets, and free gratis trowsaloons, with nothing to do but open our mouths when we want our dinner. Do chickens learn a trade, and are cockrobins bound 'prentice? Are calves sent to school, or did you ever see a brindled cow trying to get a discount from the bank? Do rabbits go about to borrow money in great haste when it's near three o'clock, or must poodle-dogs shy round the corner when they see creditors coming? — No; it's left for me and for you to be full all the time of botheration and vexation, to keep life in our precious bodies. We don't lie down in the grass, to nibble a bit of clover between sleeps — you never saw me flutter up an apple-tree, to roost, with my head poked under my wing, or sitting with the pigeons atop of a chimbly, with no care on my mind only as to where I should fly to next, for the sake of fun. A man must not coil himself up on a cellar-door when the sun shines, or he'll be tuck up right away, as a fellow with no visible signs of living, when if rights was rights, all he should want as a visible sign of living would be a pretty good-sized mouth of his own, with a tolerable supply of teeth in it. Natur' ought to finish all we want to bite; and what we should have to do would be to have ourselves provided with something to bite with; and I'm pretty well off as to that. Give me the eatables, and I'll be bound to find whatever else is needed to make out my dinner. But, no — not at all — that's not the way the world is carried on under the present system of operations. Natur' doesn't care how great your appetite is. She never minds if you're as hungry as a hawk. Sposin' you were to do as the animals and the birds do — take what

you want and gobble it right up, why then they open a big book and say it's larceny — and so off you're sent to Miamensin for a year or two, to learn better manners. Now did you ever see a burglarious sheep in the Black Maria, or a thieving chicken going along with a constable holding by the cuff of its neck? I guess not — all these little comforts are kept for the reasonable critters — nobody else has the enjoyment but only men, and much good it does them. Be a man, indeed! — that's the worst of it. I am a man already, and am willing to swop places with almost anything that isn't a man. I'd rather be a sunfish dodging about in the canal, to get clear of the boys with their pin-hooks, than to be the president of the United States, who always has trouble about him quite as big as his salary."

Having thus unburthened his mind of the great idea that it did groan withal, David Dumps set forth with the largest of all possible cigars in his mouth, being firmly of the impression that one's cigar should be proportioned to one's sorrow. A little cigar is an amusement, while it requires a big one to be a consolation. Where David passed the intervening time, we do not know, but at a late hour in the night, he was seen performing many curious antics in illustration of the idea.

"I should like to be a calf," said he, and he bleated. "Oh, if I'd only been born a sheep," added he, and he baa'd. And thus the neighborhood was rendered vocal by all the sounds of the agricultural interests. We are not sure indeed but that he jumped upon a high step and crowed, and tones like that of a turkey-gobbler resounded along the street. There was no end to the eccentricities of David Dumps on that memorable night; but being unable to reach home, from divers antagonistic causes, he fell asleep in a corner, muttering that he wished he could have feathers to save the tailor's bill, could roost on a cherry-tree, to avoid the expenses of lodging, and derive nourishment by an inhalation of the air, to escape the cost of beef-steaks.

"I want to be independent," sighed he, "and I'll sleep here by way of a beginning."

Poor Dumps—his indifference caught him such a dreadful cold, that he is disposed for the future to eschew all experiment upon new methods of living, and if he can not do exactly as the turkeys do, he will try to behave a little more like other people, it being cheapest in the end.

FLYNTEY HARTE:

OR, THE HARDENING PROCESS.

"I'LL knock your head off!" accompanied by an effort, partially at least, to carry the threat into execution, formed the earliest outpouring of maternal tenderness that little Flyntey Harte could bring to mind; and it made an impression, both mental and physical, which time has been unable to efface.

"I'll knock your head off!" exclaimed Mrs. Flyntey Harte —a good-enough woman in her way, everybody said, but, as the good-enough family often are, quite unused to self-restraint, innocent altogether of the theory and practice of self-government, and wofully addicted, when provoked or vexed, to extravagances of speech and redundancies of action. Such was particularly the case in the present instance. The young Flyntey being affected with a crossness and a perversity at a moment when the good lady aforesaid had no temper for the endurance—these stages of condition always happen out of time—the young Flyntey was, of course, forthwith accommodated with a sonorous box o' the ear, intended mainly to sooth his perturbed spirit, while it likewise served all the purposes of an orrery to his as yet unenlightened understanding. Flyntey saw quite as many stars, in galaxy or in constellation, as ever became apparent to the astronomer; but unfortunately for Mrs. Flyntey Harte, the remedial means resorted to, rather tended to aggravate than to counteract the disorder; and little Flyntey, who had given offence in the first place by the expression of his uneasiness, having now

an increase to his uneasiness, set himself to work at an increased expression and with renewed offence. Consequently, there was quite a "bawl" at Mrs. Flyntey Harte's, with more of music in it than was agreeable or diverting, inducing several other demonstrations, knockingly, at little Flyntey's head, to allay the storm which had been caused by knocks.

"Won't you hush?"—and as Flyntey gave no token of acquiescence, but, on the contrary, expanded his mouth still wider, he was "taken and shaken," to the variation, though perhaps not to the improvement of his vocal strain.

The resources of genius, as regards the administration of nursery affairs, appeared at last to be exhausted. Mrs. Flyntey Harte sat down to rock herself, in all the energy of despair; and little Flyntey Harte roared away as lustily as ever, over the griefs, known and unknown, which disturbed his mental tranquillity. But a new idea suddenly flashed into the maternal mind, like one of those strategic inspirations which often gain the day when the battle is seemingly lost.

"I'll give you something to cry for!" screamed the lady, again taking up the controversy, on the assumption that like cures like; and it must be confessed that she was fully equal to her word. Little Flyntey was immediately furnished with something to cry for, in addition to that which he had received already, and being thus furnished, under a belief that by this species of urging he would the sooner be induced to cry himself out, he took ample occasion to demonstrate the soundness and endurance of the lungs with which he was gifted, and perversely afforded no prospect whatever of being cried out in any reasonable space of time.

"That boy will be the death of me!" thundered paternity, in the shape of Mr. Flyntey Harte, who had come ravening homeward for his dinner, and whose acerbities were, therefore, in a high state of activity. "My dear, why don't you hush him up at once?" added he, giving force to the idea by a "dumb motion," pantomimic of the spank.

"He can't be hushed up, as you call it," replied Mrs. Flyntey Harte. "I'm sure it's not my fault—no mother pays more attention to her children than I do—I've been slapping him, and shaking him, off and on, for the whole blessed morning"—and she immediately offered a few samples of both methods of operation—"but, in spite of all I can do, he is bad as bad can be yet. I can't think, for my part, what the brat would have."

"Pshaw!" retorted old Mr. Flyntey Harte; "you women never know how to manage a child—let me at him a minute!" and Flyntey went at him with a zeal probably deserving of better success; but little Flyntey Harte continued, notwithstanding all the parental care lavished upon him, to roar and to whine alternately until he fell fast asleep through weariness and exhaustion.

Thus ended one day in the life of little Flyntey Harte, this one day exposing with clearness the principle on which his domestic education was conducted, and perhaps, likewise, affording a glimpse of the results to which it led. His parents had no other method of training intellect, and of forming character, than that which may be described as the system of terrorism; and, with the best intentions in the world, to "terrorism" they resorted, upon all occasions of difficulty. It seemed to simplify the problem so, and to condense, as it were, all the perplexing theories of youthful cultivation into a plain and practical doctrine, capable of being applied on the instant, and under any circumstances whatever. There was a saving, too, of time, and care, and thought, in coming to the comfortable conclusion that the wisest way of bringing little Flyntey up, was to knock little Flyntey down. It levelled the difficulty at once, besides being so wholesome and pleasant to the instructor, who, in this view of the subject, is under no obligation to suppress wrath, or to restrain the emotions of impatience. On the contrary, it seems to be a permission to slap away, right and left, killing two birds with one stone, by at once gratifying your own pugnacity, and

giving your pupil an impulse forward in the walks of useful knowledge. But it must be confessed, however, unfortunately both for the theory here alluded to and for little Flyntey Harte himself, that, while no boy ever had more "pains" bestowed upon him in the processes of education, it is also true that no boy ever yielded more "pains" in return — as if it were on a principle of poetical justice that caused the sowing and the reaping to be somewhat similar in kind. Flyntey was "corrected" every day of his existence — sometimes twice, if not thrice a day; and yet popular report set him down proverbially as the worst lad in the neighborhood. Was it not strange that such should be the discouraging result of so much toil of arm and expenditure of strap, and that the only advantage derived by either of the parties should be merely deducible from the exercise?

Not an hour passed that it was not announced to little Flyntey, formally or informally, that his wickedness was beyond all other wickedness; and little Flyntey took it as matter of course, that he was wicked, that he must be wicked and wicked he therefore was, to all intents and purposes; no good being expected from him, which, we take it, in a stout constitution, either for evil or its opposite, is as sure a way as any, of making it certain that no good will come.

"Might just as well enjoy myself," said little Flyntey; "they don't expect any better from me."

It was astonishing to both father and mother that Flyntey had no instinctive notions about *meum* and *tuum;* and that he should have come into the world so surprisingly ignorant of the fundamental principles of the social compact, as to lay his unhallowed hands on whatever he wanted; and we are constrained to admit that a knowledge of the rights of property was not spontaneous in his infant mind; so that, if he desired to have a thing, it was most likely, if occasion served, that he would take that very thing, putting it either into his mouth or into his pocket, with no very serious visitations of

remorse for having gone contrary to the statutes. We can not well account for it, but there is no contending against the fact, made apparent so frequently, that Flyntey's propensities, appetites, and inclinations, were developed in advance of his reasoning and restraining powers. Was he not a wicked one, the little Flyntey, not to comprehend, as soon as his eyes were open, that people on this earth are not to do exactly as they like?—and what are we to expect from that childhood, like Flyntey's, which could not at once anticipate the wisdom gathered by years? Of course, there was but one recipe for expediting his intellectual progress, and many chastisements were invoked to ripen conscience, and to expand causality.

"Let that alone, you Flyntey!

"And why must I let it alone?—I want that—I will have that!"

"Because, if you don't let it alone, I'll whip you within an inch of your life—I will, you thief!"

The reasoning, perhaps, may be regarded as sound—there is no doubt whatever that the whipping to which it pointed was, in general, sound enough—but yet little Flyntey Harte could only understand from this admonition, not so much that it was his duty and his best interest to resist the impulses of his acquisitiveness, as that it was his policy so to regulate them as to "'scape whipping." He saw nothing more than the arbitrary will of another and a stronger, based upon barefaced power, arraying itself against the cravings of his own individual will, and condescending to no kindly explanations of its conduct; and little Flyntey, unconvinced, called in the flexibilities of insincerity and cunning, to enable him to creep round obstacles that he could not directly surmount. The petty larceny, in consequence, bloomed into one of his choicest accomplishments. Nay, even when detection was inevitable, he weighed and balanced the good with the evil. If the pleasure of attaining his end seemed to transcend the torment of the penalty

he enjoyed the one at the cost of the other, and looked upon himself as a gainer by the bargain.

Another singular result soon manifested itself. Little Flyntey Harte, though himself fresh, as it were, from the sorrows of affliction, and from the griefs of infliction, proved to be a tyrant and an oppressor — very cruel and very barbarous, to all who were unable to defend themselves — he moved a terror to the smaller children, and a horror to the cats and dogs. He had, somehow or other — can you imagine how? — gathered one generalization into his magazine of maxims, that pain of a corporeal nature is the great actuating impulse of the world, and that it should be employed as a means of procuring amusement as freely as for any other purpose whatever. "If you are not hurt yourself," thought Flyntey, "it's prime sport to hurt other people," and accordingly, none were safe from his machinations in that respect; and direful were the complaints on this score against little Flyntey Harte. But here again — what is to be done in such a case? — the precepts of humanity, so industriously flogged into him, answered no other end than that of increasing the evil, by rendering it the more guarded, and the more difficult to avoid. Even the mollifying influence of ratan, cowskin, or horsewhip, were impotent in imparting the lessons of kindness, charity, and love. They rather aggravated the treacherousness of and malignity which they were intended to eradicate.

There had been an endeavor, likewise, according to the canons of flagellation, to place young Flyntey Harte *en rapport* with veracity, that he might, in the way of forming a creditable acquaintance, sometimes have to do with the truth. But, by his own sinister mode of reasoning, our hero came to peculiar conclusions :—

"Flyntey, did you take that sugar, or smoke them cigars?" inquired his father, as he gave significant pliancy to a rod; "come — tell the truth now."

"If I do tell the truth," mused Flyntey, eying the rod

askance, and estimating from long experience, its capacity for mischief, "if I do tell the truth, there is no mistake about it—I shall be whaled, sartin—but if I don't tell the truth, may be I'll get off clear—them's the chances; and I go for the chances."

"No, sir; it wasn't me," replied Flyntey, with an iron countenance, and with that steady front of denial which practice in deceit is sure to give; and it depended upon the chances aforesaid whether he should be chastised or not; but if, unluckily, the evidences of the deed, or the accidental exasperations of paternal temper were against him, Flyntey Harte would be corrected *in extenso.* In that event the re sult was still the same as before hinted at.

"I'll teach you to steal sugar!" and the lesson did teach nim, not so much that the felonious appropriation of forbidden sweets was improper and unjustifiable, but that it should be done, Spartanlike, in a way to preclude the possibility of being discovered. The deficiency was made up in sand.

"I'll teach you to tell falsehoods!" and the teaching—which played lively enough about the back, but came not near the heart—did induce the patient to exercise more ingenuity in the getting up of denials, subterfuges, and evasions, than had been his preceding practice.

"They talk to me a good deal about the truth," soliloquized Flyntey, "and they say truth is a pretty nice sort of thing; but I don't believe a word of it. Own up, must I, whenever I've had a bit of fun to myself? I sha'n't!—Owning up is always a pair of boxed ears—I don't like that—and as for the truth, why that is a thunderin' big hiding, every time. They ask me for the truth; and when I tell it, they always switch me; and if I don't tell the truth, then they switch me to make me tell it; and after I have told it, they switch me again, because I told it. Whenever I hear of the truth, it's as sure as can be, that switching is not far off. They always go together; and I'll do my best

to keep out of such disagreeable company. If they want to know who it was that broke the closet window, and took the preserves, let 'em find it out by their learning. It's just as easy to say no, as it is to say yes; and it's cheaper, considerable. And now I'll go and enjoy myself. Catch me telling the truth, to get a flogging."

"Fun!—yes—there's going to be fun this afternoon," muttered little Flyntey Harte, as he skulked about a house at the corner, now loitering at the pump, and anon gazing idly into the shop-windows, giving, from time to time, a short peculiar whistle, as a subdued signal to some desired companion. It could scarcely be said that Flyntey's countenance wore a smile—the hardening process and its deceitful consequences had long ago swept smiles for ever from his face, and had left instead, a joyless contortion of feature that had nothing of mirthfulness about it, even when the cordage of his physiognomy pulled hard to open gates for laughter. Flyntey had no laughter in him—there was none of the joyousness of youth about his hard and careworn look, with its premature expression of depravity; and when he would be merry, it was awkward, ungainly, and unpractised, dashed too, with a tinge of malice and revenge, as if it were but an ambush for the stealthy approach of trick and enmity. But in the instance now referred to, it was evident that Flyntey had a thought within, which was pleasant to himself at least—whatever it might prove to others.

"Fun for two!" again ejaculated he, with a gleam of stony delight; and there was a cold sparkle in his eye, coupled with a compression of the lip that spoke of mischief.

"Fun!" said he?—Fun needs to be defined. Many things are honored with the name of fun, which are eventually discovered to be anything but fun. The funny man is

too often a sad fellow; and the frog is in the right of it, who decided that fun to me might be death to him. When such folks as Flyntey Harte thus rub their hands together, anticipating glee, the fun in contemplation is to be a monopoly, leaving one of the parties to the affair as far from realizing the fun as can well be imagined. Ringing people's bells, considered in juvenility, is fun in some sort, as you thought once, and ran in joy away; but it is a shrewd question with the philosopher, whether rheumatic and wearied Sally, after a hard day's work, is alive to a full appreciation of the fun which calls her, by tintinnabulation and these eccentric campanologian performances, from the deep recess of kitchen, or from sweet repose in garrets, to find none but nobody at street-doors. Do you not — most funny one — now hear her growling in retreat? Yes, Sally grumbles, ay, and Juba, too, to be disturbed in this, your funny fashion. The whole department of hoaxing and of practical jokery is of the same description of one-sided fun; and though it be set down as fun to throw eggs into a crowd, still, it is not often that the recipient thereof is overwhelmed with gratitude at the favor so liberally bestowed. A snowball in one's bed, or freezing water in a boot, often convulses the performer of the deed with deepest bursts of laughter; yet it will be observed as a general rule, that the effect upon the person for whom all this trouble has been taken, is for the most part, and in the majority of instances, widely different; as indeed will also show itself to be the case when a trap is left upon the stairs, to cause the unwary to go through a certain series of ground and lofty tumbling, for the amusement of those who are in the secret and who listen for the clatter. Thus, too, when the chair upon which you purpose to deposite yourself, is suddenly withdrawn, and your descent is considerably greater and more rapid than you had reason to anticipate, it is within the scope of likelihood that your usually placid brow will be corrugated with frowns, and that the few words you do speak in answer to

the mirth of bystanders, will embody more of the force than of the graces of our language.

Flyntey's look, therefore, indicated some species of fun of this restricted nature — the sport to be all here — the annoyance and the suffering all there; and he now awaited the approach of an accomplice — one Badde Feller, who, without the intensity of character and the powers of invention, that so eminently distinguished Flyntey Harte, and made him instinctively a leader, had yet the faculty of following in another's trail, and of admiring the imprint of a broader footstep than his own.

"Fun! — where?" inquired Badde Feller, with his usual sneaking smirk, being then in process of an errand, with a bottle in one hand, and a shilling in the other.

"Here!" growled Flyntey, tapping upon the breast of his jacket, with an air of lofty superiority. "Peep in there, and tell me what you think of that?"

"Why, if it isn't a pistil — an 'orse pistil! Is it borrered?"

"Hooked, you goose," replied Flyntey, with a smile; "hooked round at Jones's — leave me alone for that — baby was at the door, and I tumbled it off the steps, for fun; but then, thinks I to myself, thinks I, now's the time; so I picked baby Jones up in my arms, gave baby Jones a pinch or two, to make it squeal the louder, and carried it into the shop, poor little Jones! — the folks all came running to see what was the matter — gave me two cents for being a good boy, and, as I came out, I hooked the pistol! ho! ho!"

"And shot off too, I guess, ha! ha!" jocularly and delightedly added Badde Feller; "it takes you, Flyntey, to do good things — I'd never thought of that 'are — never."

"I guess not — but now we've got the pistol, what else is to be done?"

"Shoot something, mustn't we?" added Badde Feller, with an innocent smile. "Kill somebody's dog, won't we?"

"Ay; but where's the powder, and the shot, and the bullets? Get them, and we'll shoot Jones's pet cat to begin

with. Stop — I have it — keep that bottle and sell it — give me the shilling to get the powder, and afterward you can tell your old man that you fell down, and spilt the whiskey — that's the plan. You'd never have thought of that, neither — it takes me."

Badde Feller demurred, lacking nerve for the crisis; but at length his fears were overcome; and it will be seen in the engraving how the plans against Jones's cat were pushed from abstract theory into the full flush of glorious practice. Jones's cat perished, yielding up at least one of its nine lives; but the murder had a witness in the dowager Mrs. Jones. It was "my grandmother's cat," and thereby hangs a tale, though that the cat be dead by the remorseless hands of Flyntey Harte.

This affair proved to be catastrophical, as well, or as ill, to Flyntey Harte, as to Jones's unhappy cat. Investigation was instituted — the evidence being direct, not circumstantial, left not a hinge or loop to hang a doubt on — the larceny of the pistol — the death of the pussy — and the deluding of Badde Feller, who played innocence on the occasion, and "owned up" as state's evidence, under the plea of having been cajoled into disappointing his father in regard to the bottle and the shilling — relative to which, however, we do not believe one word — all formed a terrific array of criminal fact against young Flyntey Harte; and as, unfortunately for himself, it had not been his luck to have killed a man, and to be tried by a jury, which would have secured the verdict of acquittal, a conviction and a punishment came inexorably down upon him, after the manner to which he had been long accustomed. Flyntey Harte, the elder, with a nerve worthy of the first Brutus, made a last effort to scourge his precious offspring into that wholesome appreciation of the beauties of honesty, humanity, and truthfulness, which as yet seemed to be a sealed book to his perverted eyes. The result, however, was as "striking" as the means employed; for young Flyntey Harte beat a retreat in the middle of the night, after

breaking whatever was breakable, silently, about the house. His own clothes went with him, added to other choice selections in the way of apparel; and he took as much of the paternal cash as became available in the opening of desks and drawers. Nay, he had even made well-intended arrangements for a domiciliary conflagration, which failed through mischance; and the words—

"GON TO SEE,"

were scrawled in charcoal upon the wall of his chamber, in such equivocal orthography, that none could tell whether he had embarked his fortunes on the ocean wave, or had merely set forth "to see" the world, in a more earthly way. But whatever be the way chosen by young Flyntey Harte—on the waters or on the dry land—is a way which will lead to prisons, if not to that greater elevation whence it is usual to "drop the subject;" and if so, it is left to consideration where the blame and responsibility should rest, for all Flyntey Harte's mischances and misdeeds. The theme, perhaps, may be found worthy of a moment's thought, in its connexion with the varied systems of youthful training with which our age abounds.

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS AND THE HAPPY NEW YEAR

OF

MR. DUNN BROWN.

Poor Mr. Dunn Brown!

Do you not, friend, pity any one who thus bears engraved upon his front the unerring signs of a sad and discontented spirit — you, we mean, all of you, who are gifted — if, as this world goes, it be a gift to feel acutely those sorrows which appertain rather to our neighbors than ourselves — who are afflicted, then, if you prefer it so, with philanthropy and tenderness of heart? Are you not disposed, when in the mood, and with time to spare for the purpose, to weep over the unknown sufferings of the rueful Mr. Dunn Brown, and to enter largely on the work of sympathization and of condolement, shaking him gently by the hand, with a tear or two in your eye, as you advise him to be of good cheer, and to "get up and try it again?" We are sure it must be so.

Yet we fear that all of this disinterested kindness of yours is a waste and a throwing away of benevolence. Mr. Dunn Brown is not to be comforted — Mr. Dunn Brown does not wish to be comforted — Mr. Dunn Brown regards himself as happier to be unhappy than all the rest of the world as it revels in felicity and runs riot in delight. Laugh who will — sing who may — dance whoever has the agility — Dunn Brown has more of pleasure, according to his ideas of pleasure, in these doleful groanings of his than is to be conceived of by any of the inferior nature. For, as he thinks, they, poor creatures, "don't know any better." But he — Mr. Dunn Brown — will not enjoy delight upon such terms as

these — he knows a great deal better — ask him, and he will tell you so — and therefore, on a principle, makes the worst of things, and exults sulkily in his superior wisdom, with a smile of scornfulness and contempt for those triflers in the sunbeam who are so weak as to be content and merry. Dunn Brown is not to be caught in the perpetration of such a silliness, but growls, he does, and grumbles, in all the exasperation of a splenetic spirit — the great, the wise, the profound Mr. Dunn Brown — who is there, anywhere, but Mr. Dunn Brown? Who is there that has been, can be, or will be, to compare with Mr. Dunn Brown?

True, Mr. Dunn Brown, with his keen perception of values, wishes misanthropically, both night and morning, that he never had been born, regarding it as the greatest misfortune that ever happened to him, to have made an appearance on this sublunary sphere of trouble and disquietude; but, for all that, Mr. Dunn Brown is as firm as can be in the faith that it would have been a disaster to the world itself, if the age we live in had not been enlightened by his example, and by the comments on it which were only to be imagined and uttered by a man like him — if, indeed, there could by possibility have been another man like him cotemporaneous with Mr. Dunn Brown — who firmly believes that, however it may be with others, he stands alone, without a parallel — only one Dunn Brown — the rest are verdant in their tinge and coloring. He — he only — is not to be deceived by the toys and sugar-plums of existence, into a belief that there is anything worth living for — he sees, he knows, he comprehends; and he scorns the superficial gilding which makes others happy in their tinselled gingerbread.

When Dunn Brown rises in the morning, he rails at the day which calls him to another succession of plagues and perplexities, in causing ends to meet, and in providing for the demands of business. When Mr. Dunn Brown goes to bed at night, Mr. Dunn Brown is at least half inclined to the opinion, that if it were not for the loss that would thus be

sustained by society, it would be an economy if he were never to wake again — a saving in the way of tears and a retrenchment in the matter of misanthropic reflection. You should see Mr. Dunn Brown as he makes his forlorn appearance at the breakfast-table, and imbibes his nutriment — how he carps, how he complains, how he argues against the soundness of every proposition that may be broached; objecting to the coffee, impugning the cakes, and placing the seal of his reprobation on the savory sausage; croaking and eating until the argument and the appetite are both exhausted, and his hunger and his querulousness are satisfied and silenced. Do see Mr. Dunn Brown at his breakfast, in preference to a visit to the menagerie. Should the process be converted into an exhibition, it would be cheap at twenty-five cents, only to acquire a knowledge of the ferocious capabilities of Mr. Dunn Brown.

"And now, a merry Christmas to you, Mr. Dunn Brown."

"Merry stuff — merry nonsense — merry fiddlesticks!" responds Mr. Dunn Brown — "pretty merriment, indeed, to be compelled to empty your pockets, whether you want to or not, to give things to people who don't care a button about you, after they have obtained what they want, with their merry Christmas, and all that — and that's not the worst of it either, for you must bother your brains for a week, thinking what you shall give them, and then not hit upon the right thing after all — all sorts of things, too, that are useless — fine books to those who never read, with precious curiosities that only serve to lumber up all the dark closets. Now, I'll leave it to any man, any woman — yes, and any child, I will, whether it is not the first requisite of a Christmas-box, that it should not be available for any purpose — too fine to touch — too frail to be employed. The whole house is cluttered up with Christmas-boxes; and all the children are either crying over their broken toys, or are very sick with surfeits of pie and candy. D'ye call that merry Christmas, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, yes—'merry Christmas,' to be sure—and what does that mean? Yes—what does that mean when you take your dictionary and translate it into plain language? Why, a half-dollar at least, if it does not come to a great deal more than fifty cents. You want to be merry at my expense, do you, Mr. Merry Christmas?—Well, when I'm sent to the legislature, I'll have a law passed against all such merriments, I will. Every man shall shake his own hand, and everybody buy his own Christmas-box—that's my notion, and that's the way I'd box 'em, all round, and see who'd be merry then."

"A happy New-Year, Mr. Dunn Brown—I wish you a very happy New-Year."

"A happy New-Year!" cries Mr. Dunn Brown; "I wish you would tell me where I'm to find the happiness of the New-Year, when all the world comes pecking at me with their bills, as if a man had nothing else to do but to pay money—everything going out and not a farthing coming in—tailors' boys, bootmakers' boys—all sorts of boys, bill in one hand and t'other hand extended for the cash, pulling at the bell, too, as if it was the greatest sport in the world to prevent a man from having one moment of peace and happiness. And this is your New-Year—your happy New-Year! The old year was bad enough; but each of your New-Years is a great deal worse than any that went before. I can say for one, that I never want to see a New-Year again as long as I live; for no sooner is the old year fixed off comfortably, than in comes another to disturb the whole arrangement."

It will thus be seen that Mr. Dunn Brown is ever to be found in that melancholy measure which is familiarly known to the rest of the world as "a peck of troubles;" and that whatever may chance to occur, it is certain to give rise to a discourse somewhat of the funereal order. To all anniversaries he has an especial aversion, and nothing moves his wrath more effectively than to speak of the celebration of a birthday—his own, or that of any other person.

"Your birthday, Mr. Dunn Brown — is it not? How old, Mr. Dunn Brown?"

"How old?" — why not, O world! — why not, in this matter, change and transmute your phraseology? How old! — is it agreeable thus to be reminded of the course of time and of the progress of decay, by your "how old?" Would it not be as easy to say, "How young are you now," instead of thus continually reminding people that their span on earth is marching rapidly to its close?

"And here it is again!" exclaims Mr. Dunn Brown. "Why could not our lives have been begun at the other end, so that we might be growing younger every day, instead of dwindling into wrinkles and gray hairs? — then they would say 'fifty years young,' instead of 'fifty years old,' which would be vastly more agreeable — 'getting young fast' — wouldn't that be nice? But to rejoice over birthdays, the way they have them now, it's the silliest thing I ever heard of. Nobody sees me making a fuss about my birthday, any more than I do about your merry Christmas and your happy New-Year. No — I keep just as quiet about it as ever I can — sort'er dodge round it, and try to make myself forget that there ever was such a thing as a birthday, instead of ciphering over it as some people do, as if there were a pleasure in counting how much is gone and how little remains."

It will, therefore, be perceived that Mr. Dunn Brown is a species of philosopher — sad and sombre — as we find it usually the case with your incipient philosopher, who, in the first stages of his advancement, cries aloud that all is barren. But Dunn Brown advances no further than grumbletonianism; and we fear that there he will remain, Dunn Brown, convinced that man, legitimately, is never properly employed unless he is engaged in the useful operation of shedding tears of vain regret and finding fault with that which is to be regarded as the irremediable, not knowing that there is something beyond this which enables humanity to make the best

of its position and to be happy with the circumstances which surround it.

But still, Dunn Brown has that negative happiness which consists in pluming himself upon his superior sagacity in the pleasant labor of the discovering of miseries and the preparation of torments, while he likewise gathers comfort in the habit of despising those who are foolish enough not to engage in the cultivation of sorrow, which with Dunn Brown may be regarded as a species of wholesale manufacture.

"Any man"—it is Dunn Brown's decided conviction, which he carries out practically—"any man—a live man, who is not decidedly miserable all the time he is alive, must be a goose—there's no alternative. I'm thankful I'm not a goose, but a sensible, thinking individual, and, of course, just about as miserable a man as you could wish to see, especially about the New-Year, when the silly ones keep up such a firing of guns, as if they could drive off the charges of creditors by the discharges of blank-cartridge—a thing not to be did. But I do wish that a man could somehow or other contrive to run away from himself as easily as he can run away from other people. If anybody will find out how to do that, he shall be remembered in my will, if there happens to be anything over, which, from present appearances, isn't very likely."

And so Mr. Dunn Brown sits down in his "old armchair," to rail at the world and to congratulate himself upon his own wretchedness, until he is shrivelled away to a mere anatomy, unhappy Dunn and melancholy Brown! One of his children is to be educated as a sexton, while the other is to walk abroad in the shadowy guise of an undertaker, as Dunn Brown himself saunters through creation as its mourner-in-chief, by constitution and by preference. Should he be smitten by the love of military renown, the regiment he belongs to must parade and muster as "the Blues"—no other color will serve—no other color can prevail where he is present; and should too much of mirthfulness pervade your vicinity

ask Mr. Dunn Brown to step in now and then, and our life on it, there will soon be a sufficient infusion of gall and bitterness, of misanthropy and discontent, to qualify the whole matter to suit the most lugubrious fancy. Dunn Brown is a perpetual *memento mori*—an everlasting remembrancer of the insecurity of all human happiness; and we'd like to see any of you venture upon a laugh or try the experiment of a joke in his awful presence. Next to the obituary notices in the journals, one of Dunn Brown's greatest enjoyments in life is in the perusal of the bulletin-boards of the newspaper-offices, when they recount the latest steamboat disaster, or the most recent catastrophe upon a railroad. Depend upon it, that he will meet you on the wharf, or greet you at the depot, with all the most comfortable particulars of the peril you are about to encounter. In this respect, Dunn Brown is careful that you should have none of that species of bliss which is the offspring of ignorance; and should you thus serve to furnish an item of "appalling intelligence," you will be pleased to remember, as the boiler bursts, that you would rush upon your fate in defiance of the friendly cautions of your careful friend, the immortal Dunn Brown, who knew well how it would be, and who did not hesitate to tell you so. Perhaps the thought may prove a source of comfort in your sufferings. At all events, 'twas not the fault of Mr. Dunn Brown. Was it, now?

PELEG W. PONDER:

OR, THE POLITICIAN WITHOUT A SIDE.

It is a curious thing — an unpleasant thing — a very embarrassing sort of thing — but the truth must be told — if not at all times, at least sometimes; and truth now compels the declaration, that Peleg W. Ponder, whose character is here portrayed, let him travel in any way, can not arrive at a conclusion. He never had one of his own. He scarcely knows a conclusion, even if he should chance to see one belonging to other people. And, as for reaching a result, he would never be able to do it, if he could stretch like a giraffe. Results are beyond his compass. And his misfortune is, perhaps, hereditary, his mother's name having been Mrs. Perplexity Ponder, whose earthly career came to an end while she was in dubitation as to which of the various physicians of the place should be called in. If there had been only one doctor in the town, Perplexity Ponder might have been saved. But there were many — and what could Perplexity do in such a case?

Ponder's father was run over by a wagon, as he stood debating with himself, in the middle of the road, whether he should escape forward or retreat backward. There were two methods of extrication, and between them both old Ponder became a victim. How then could their worthy son, Peleg, be expected to arrive at a conclusion? He never does.

Yet, for one's general comfort and particular happiness, there does not appear to be any faculty more desirable than the power of "making up the mind." Right or wrong, it saves a deal of wear and tear; and it prevents an infinite variety of trouble. Commend us to the individual who closes upon propositions like a nutcracker — whose promptness of will has a sledge-hammer way with it, and hits nails continually on the head. Genius may be brilliant — talent commanding; but what is genius, or what is talent, if it lack that which we may call the clinching faculty — if it hesitates, veers, and flutters — suffers opportunity to pass, and stumbles at occasion? To reason well is much, no doubt; but reason loses the race, if it sits in meditation on the fence when competition rushes by.

Under the best of circumstances, something must be left to hazard. There is a chance in all things. No man can so calculate odds in the affairs of life as to insure a certainty. The screws and linchpins necessary to our purpose have not the inflexibility of a fate; yet they must be trusted at some degree of risk. Our candle may be put out by a puff of wind on the stairs, let it be sheltered ever so carefully. Betsy is a good cook, yet beefsteaks have been productive of strangulation. Does it then follow from this, that we are never to go to bed, except in the dark, and to abstain from breaking our fast until dinner is announced?

One may pause and reflect too much. There must be action, conclusion, result, or we are a failure, to all intents and purposes — a self-confessed failure — defunct from the beginning. And such was the case with Peleg W. Ponder, who never arrived at a conclusion, or contrived to reach a result. Peleg is always "stumped" — he "don't know what to think" — he "can't tell what to say" — an unfinished gentleman, with a mind like a dusty garret, full, as it were, of rickety furniture, yet nothing serviceable — broken-backed chairs — three-legged tables — pitchers without a handle — cracked decanters and fractured looking-glasses — that museum of

mutilations, in which housewifery rejoices, under the vague, but never-realized hope, that these things may eventually "come in play." Peleg's opinions lie about the workshop of his brain, in every stage of progress but the last — chips, sticks, and sawdust, enough, but no article ready to send home.

Should you meet Peleg in the street, with "Good morning, Peleg — how do you find yourself to-day?"

"Well — I don't know exactly — I'm pretty — no, not very — pray, how do you do, yourself?"

Now, if a man does not know exactly, or nearly, how he is, after being up for several hours, and having had abundant time to investigate the circumstances of his case, it is useless to propound questions of opinion to such an individual. It is useless to attempt it with Peleg. "How do you do," puzzles him — he is fearful of being too rash, and of making a reply which might not be fully justified by after-reflection. His head may be about to ache, and he has other suspicious feelings.

"People are always asking me how I do, and more than half the time I can't tell — there's a good many different sorts of ways of feeling betwixt and between 'Very sick, I thank you,' and 'Half dead, I'm obliged to you;' and people won't stop to hear you explain the matter. They want to know right smack, when you don't know right smack yourself. Sometimes you feel things a-coming, and just after, you feel things a-going. And nobody's exactly prime all the while. I ain't, anyhow — I'm kinder so just now, and I'm sorter t'other way just after. — Then, some people tell you that you look very well, when you don't feel very well — how then?"

At table, Peleg is not exactly sure what he will take; and sits looking slowly up and down the board, deliberating what he would like, until the rest of the company have finished their repast, there being often nothing left which suits Peleg's hesitating appetite.

Peleg has never married — not that he is averse to the connubial state — on the contrary, he has a large share of the susceptibilities, and is always partially in love. But female beauty is so various. At one time, Peleg is inclined to believe that perfection lies in queenly dignity — the majesty of an empress fills his dreams; and he looks down with disdain upon little people. He calls them "squabs," in derogation. But anon, in a more domestic mood, he thinks of fireside happiness and quiet bliss, declining from the epic poetry of loveliness, to the household wife, who might be disposed to bring him his slippers, and to darn the hole in his elbow. When in the tragic vein, he fancies a brunette; and when the sunshine is on his soul, blue eyes are at a premium. Should woman possess the lightness of a sylph, or should her charms be of the more solid architecture? Ought her countenance to beam in smiles, or will habitual pensiveness be the more interesting? Is sparkling brilliancy to be preferred to gentle sweetness?

"If there wasn't so many of them, I shouldn't be so bothered," said Peleg; "or, if they all looked alike, a man couldn't help himself. But yesterday, I wanted this one — to-day, I want that one; and to-morrow, I'll want t'other one; and how can I tell, if I should get this, or that, or t'other, that it wouldn't soon be somebody else that I really wanted? That's the difficulty. It always happens so with me. When the lady's most courted, and thinks I ought to speak out, then I begin to be skeered, for fear I've made a mistake, and have been thinking I loved her, when I didn't. May be it's not the right one — may be she won't suit — may be I might do better — may be I had better not venture at all. I wish there wasn't so many 'may-bes' about everything, especially in such affairs. I've got at least a dozen unfinished courtships on hand already."

But all this happened a long time ago; and Peleg has gradually lost sight of his fancy for making an addition to his household. Not that he has concluded, even yet, to

remain a bachelor. He would be alarmed at the bare mention of such an idea. He could not consent to be shelved in that decisive manner. But he has subsided from active "looking around" in pursuit of his object, into that calm irresponsible submissiveness, characteristic of the somewhat elderly bachelor, which waits until she may chance to present herself spontaneously, and "come along" of her own accord. "Some day — some day," says Peleg; "it will happen some day or other. What's the use of being in a hurry?"

Peleg W. Ponder's great object is now ambition. His personal affairs are somewhat embarrassed by his lack of enterprise; and he hankers greatly for an office. But which side to join? Ay, there's the rub! Who will purvey the loaf and fish? For whom shall Peleg shout?

Behold him, as he puzzles over the returns of the state elections, laboring in vain to satisfy his mind as to the result in the presidential contest. Stupefied by figures — perplexed by contradictory statements — bothered by the general hurrah; what can Peleg do?

"Who's going to win? That's all I want to know," exclaims the vexed Peleg; "I don't want to waste my time a blowing out for the wrong person, and never get a thank'e. What's the use of that? There's Simpkins — says I, Simpkins, says I, which is the party that can't be beat. And Simpkins turns up his nose and tells me every fool knows that — it's his side — so I hurrah for Simpkins's side as hard as I can. But then comes Timpkins — Timpkins's side is t'other side from Simpkins's side, and Timpkins offers to bet me three levies that his side is the side that can't be beat. Hurrah! says I, for Timpkins's side! — and then I can't tell which side.

"As for the newspapers, that's worse still. They not only crow all round, but they cipher it out so clear, that both sides must win, if there's any truth in the ciphering-book; which there isn't about election times. What's to be done?

I've tried going to all the meetings — I've hurraed for everybody — I've been in all the processions, and I sit a little while every evening in all sorts of headquarters. I've got one kind of documents in one pocket, and t'other kind of documents in t'other pocket; and as I go home at night, I sing one sort of song as loud as I can bawl half of the way, and try another sort of song the rest of the way, just to split the difference and show my impartiality. If I only had two votes — a couple of 'em — how nice it would be.

"But the best thing that can be done now, I guess, as my character is established both ways, is to turn in quietly till the row is all over. Nobody will miss me when they are so busy; and afterward, when we know all about it, just look for Peleg W. Ponder as he comes down the street, shaking people by the hand, and saying how we have used them up. I can't say so now, or I would — for I am not perfectly sure yet which is 'we,' or which is 'them.' Time enough when the election is over."

It will thus be seen that Ponder is a remarkable person. Peter Schlemihl lost his shadow, and became memorably unhappy in consequence; but what was his misfortune when compared with that of the man who has no side? What are shadows if weighed against sides? And Peleg is almost afraid that he never will be able to get a side, so unlucky has he been heretofore. He begins to dread that both sides may be defeated; and then, let us ask, what is to become of him? Must he stand aside?

NEAL'S CHARCOAL SKETCHES.

BOOK THE THIRD.

PETER PLODDY'S DREAM.

Let no one be unjust to Ploddy—to Peter Ploddy, once "young man" to Mr. Figgs, the grocer, and now junior partner of the flourishing firm of Figgs and Ploddy. Though addicted a little to complaint, and apt to institute comparisons unfavourable to himself, it would be a harsh judgment to set him down as ever having been envious, in the worst sense of the word. It is true, no doubt, that at the period of his life concerning which we are now called upon to speak, a certain degree of discontent with his own position occasionally embittered his reflections; but he had no wish to deprive others of the advantage they possessed, nor did he hate them on the score of their supposed superiority. It was not his inclination to drag men down, let them be situated as loftily as they might; and whatever of vexation or perplexity he experienced in contemplating their elevation, arose altogether from the fact that he could not clearly understand why he should not be up there too. It was not productive of pleasurable sensations to Ploddy, to see folks splashed who were more elegantly attired than himself. He never laughed from a window over the disastrous results of a sudden shower; nor could he find it in his heart to hope it would rain when his neighbours set gayly forth on a rural excursion. It is a question, indeed, whether it had been a source of satisfaction to him to see any one's name on a list of bankrupts. The sheriff's advertisements of property "seized and taken in execution," were never conned over with delight by Peter Ploddy;

and when the entertainments given in his section of the town were as splendid as luxury and profusion could make them, it was yet possible for Peter to turn in his bed at the sound of the music and of the merriment, without a snarl about "there you go," and without a hint that there are headaches in store for the gentlemen, with a sufficient variety of coughs and colds for the ladies. He never said, because an invitation had not been addressed to Ploddy, that affairs of this sort make work for the doctors.

It will be observed then, that Peter was not of a cynical turn. Neither did he attempt to delude himself, as many do, into a belief that he despised the things which were denied to him. When his hands found an amplitude of room in empty pockets, he was candid to himself, and wished them better filled, instead of vainly endeavouring to exalt poverty above riches. When Thompson married wealth, or Johnson espoused beauty, it was no part of Peter's philosophy to think that extravagant habits might neutralize the one, and that the love of admiration could render the other rather a torment than a blessing. In short, Peter would have been pleased if both together had fallen to his share. Wealth and beauty might unite in Mrs. Peter Ploddy without causing consternation in his mind, and he confessed that the said Thompson and Johnson were lucky fellows.

It being conceded that pedestrianism is a healthy exercise, and that being jumbled in an omnibus is a salutary impulse to the physical constitution, still Peter remained unshaken in the opinion, somewhat theoretical though it were, that a fine horse is not to be taken amiss, and that a smooth rolling carriage, however conducive to indolence it may be, is not an appendage to be altogether contemned. It is true, to be sure, that horses are often perilous to a rider's limbs, and it needs no demonstration

at this late day to show that vehicular mischances are many; but Peter was willing to encounter the risk, and to exchange the toilsome security of going on foot for the dangers incident to more elevated conveyance. Haughtily as they might travel by, he never even indulged himself in a charitable hope that certain people might break their necks before they reached home, notwithstanding the quantity of dust thrown in his eyes. On such occasions, it was the habit with Peter to wipe his optics as carefully as possible, as he wondered why it was not his lot to kick up a similar cloud, to the astonishment of some other Peter.

Here lay the trouble. Why was not Peter Ploddy otherwise than he was, if not in circumstances, at least in personal attributes? Why was he environed by disadvantages, when the favours of nature and of fortune had been so profusely distributed around him—when almost everybody but himself had something to boast about or to make capital of?—There, for instance, was his young friend Smith, at the apothecary's, over the way—Smith was a wit and a mimic—Smith could imitate all sorts of things, from the uncorking of a bottle to the plaintive howl of an imprisoned dog—his "bumbly-bee" was equal to any thing of the sort to be heard among the clover blossoms or in the buckwheat field—his mosquito would render a sound sleeper uneasy, and he could perform a cat's concert so naturally that old Mr. Quiverton, who is nervous in his slumbers, has thus been made, more than once, to leap from his bed and dash his slippers into the yard, as he uttered imprecations upon the feline race in general and the apothecary's cats in particular. The gifted Smith! As a calf, too, he was magnificent. No one in town could bleat half so well. Why could not Ploddy have accomplishments like Smith? —accomplishments which are the instinct of genius, and

not attainable by labour. For had not Ploddy tried the effect of practice? Had he not, in the solitude of his dormitory, devoted whole evenings to corking and uncorking a bottle, listening with all the ears he had to its peculiarities of expression—had he not given himself assiduously to the study of the "bumbly-bee"—endeavoured to analyze the vocalism of gallinippers, and whined industriously through successive hours? And with what result, as the reward of so much intensity of application and usefulness of labour? A request from Figgs to quit his infernal noise o' nights, without the least doubt on the part of that respectable gentleman that the said noise was Peter's work. He did not even desire him to abstain from imitations—he did not recognise imitation in the matter at all. He spoke only of noise, without the slightest zoological or entomological allusion. And as for Mrs. Figgs, when Peter wished to test his progress by an effort at the "cat's concert" in the open air, did not her nightcap appear at the window and think that Peter Ploddy—"you Pete"—had better go to bed than stand screeching there? She did not ask whether it was Pete—she did not say "'scat"—she knew it was Pete, in the dark. Yet Smith had never been so disparaged. He could pass for a cat, or for any thing he pleased. He had no difficulty in causing people to jump and to cry "get out!" And hence every one was proud of knowing Smith. It was equal to a free admission to the menagerie.

Then there was Bill Baritone, at the dry-goods store. Bill sang delightfully, and was "invited out" every evening. A serenade was not regarded as complete without him. Nobody could be in greater demand than Bill Baritone, whose sentimental strains went to the heart of every young damsel. But when Peter Ploddy tried to sing, people stopped their ears—the neighbours sent in to know "what's the matter," and the boys in the

street were of opinion that something had "broke loose" —a species of compliment for which Peter had no great relish, especially as the droll Mr. Smith had woven the affair into a story, and gave prime imitations of his vocal efforts, which were described as a bunch of "keys," and all sorts of "time," past, present, and to come. Peter had bought several music books, and had gone so far as to ask the price of a guitar; but he soon abandoned the hope of competing with Baritone, though he continued to wish that he could sing—at least a little—just enough to enable his friends to discover what tune it was, or what tune it was meant to be. It is so discouraging to be obliged to tell them the name of it.

Tom Quillet, who was reading law round the corner, how he could talk—how he did talk—how he could not be prevented from talking! Ploddy had not the shadow of a chance when Tom was present. In the first place, Ploddy was not very rapid in raking up an idea—it often took him a considerable time to find any thing to talk about, and to determine whether it was worth talking about, when he had found it; and then it was to be brushed up and dressed in words fit to go out. Tom Quillet, on the contrary, was a walking vocabulary, who sent forth his words to look for ideas, being but little particular whether they found them or not; and he was, therefore, fully entered upon a speech which scorned subjection to the "one hour rule," before Ploddy had discovered a corner in his mind where a thought lay burrowing. Tom, in truth, used his friends as a target, and remorselessly practised elocution and oratory upon them on all occasions. He could talk Peter Ploddy right up, with the greatest ease. He was, in the comparison, like steam against sails. He could talk all round Peter—before, behind, and on every side. Ploddy was not voluble, and Quillet either brought down or scared away

the game, while he was priming his gun to take sight at it.

"Why can't I express myself like that everlasting Tom Quillet?" thought Ploddy, in petulance; "what he says don't often amount to much, to be sure, when you come to think of it, but it stretches over a deal of ground and hammers out broad and thin. A little goes a great way. I wonder if he ever heard anybody but himself say any thing? I wonder if he believes that any body but himself has a right to say any thing? How does he do when he goes to church, I'd like to know, and must sit still without contradicting or giving his notions on the subject? How does he manage to stop his confounded clack long enough to get asleep?—Should there ever be a Mrs. Tom Quillet, and should she ever happen to want to make an observation, which is very likely, she will die as certain as fate, of not being allowed to speak her mind. She'll die of a checked utterance and of a congestion of words. Her thoughts will be dammed up till she chokes with them. Tom will never give her a chance. He never gives me one—not half a one."

Quillet was a politician, and a rising youth upon the stump, whither Ploddy ventured not to follow him. His elocutionary failure in social life had closed the gate of his ambition in this respect, and he felt assured that to gain distinction by the power of tongue did not fall within the compass of possibility, so far as he was concerned. Still he thought it a great thing to be able to talk—to be the operator rather than the patient—the surgeon in preference to being the subject—a Quillet rather than a Ploddy—on the general principle which obtains in warfare, that the offensive is apt to be a surer game than the defensive, as it affords room for choice in

the time and method of attack, whereas the other party is never safe, and must always be on the *qui vive*.

All these dashing qualities, with others that might be named, which are placed first in order as coming first in Ploddy's estimation, could perhaps have been dispensed with, had he been able to discover things in himself calculated to compensate for their absence. As a matter of immediate concern, he fell back upon his quiet common sense and sound unobtrusive judgment. We always think much of our common sense and sound judgment, when surpassed in more showy characteristics. Almost everybody has a wonderful degree of judgment—judgment more precious than other people's genius; and who is endowed with talent equal in value to our common sense? Like the rest of the world, Peter derived consolations from this source; but it was his youthful desire to be able to flash and glitter, if he could only discover the way to excel, or the line for which he was qualified. He had consumed no little time in fruitless efforts, musical, mimetic and otherwise, to acquire accomplishments which were impossibilities to him, as has happened and will continue to happen in more cases than that of Mr. Peter Ploddy, and he had encountered both toil and disappointment to convince himself of disqualifications obvious from the first to every one except himself. But in giving up these, he sighed for others equally unattainable. He saw that every man's life is a story, and that every man must perforce, and for want of a better, be the hero of his own story. Now, in examining the magazines, the nouvellettes, and the historiettes of the day, it will be discovered that heroes are always tall and generally valiant. Peter Ploddy was not much above five feet, and he resigned from the Thunderpump fire company because he had no fancy for riots, or for being hit over the head with brass trumpets and iron spanners. He never

liked "games of that sort." Heroes are graceful too! but Ploddy's dancing was not at all admired. It would have been strange if it had been. Heroes are handsome, moreover, with dark eyes, clustering curls and umbrageous whiskers. But the mirror insisted upon it to Ploddy that he was not handsome—verging rather in another direction—that his eyes were of a dubious lightness, his hair sandy, and his whiskers discontinuous, uncertain and sparse. He gazed sadly upon Mr. Daffodil Twod, the pretty man in the perfumery way and the fancy line. Sweet Mr. Twod!—with such loveliness, it is worth one's while to strap tight and to make costume a science. But Ploddy was not improvable into any resemblance, however remote, to the Narcissus family. Nor could he approximate otherwise to his impressive friend, Samson Hyde, the currier, who was wild and wonderful, at the corner of the street. Samson Hyde—what a martial figure he was gifted with—what mountains of chest, and what acres of shoulder. And his frown—so terrific. How Samson Hyde could fight—how he did fight, whenever opportunity occurred. "I wish I was Samson Hyde the currier," ejaculated Ploddy, as he doubled his fists and endeavoured to scowl Dick, the shop-boy, into entire and utter annihilation. As Dick only asked whether Mr. Ploddy had got something in his eye, that he made such funny faces, Mr. Ploddy felt that the attempt to pulverize the boy by mesmerization was an undeniable failure—he felt at once, as he attempted to hide his confusion by adjusting a box of candles, that there was nothing fascinating in his qualities, picturesque in his appearance, or heroic in his composition—that he could not surpass the men, attract the women or confound the urchins—that he had not even the genius to make a fortune at a blow, like Mr. Headover Slapdash, the speculator, who rolled in wealth and built long rows of houses

—that he had no inward or outward gifts to afford success or prominence—undistinguished and undistinguishable Peter Ploddy, young man to Mr. Figgs, the grocer!

In meditating upon the injustices of nature and the inequalities of fortune, Peter, even at his post of business, grew melancholy and abstracted. He sometimes sold salt for sugar, and sent people honey instead of oil, to fill their lamps and to illuminate their ways. Mr. Figgs found it necessary to take him aside and to "talk to him seriously," which all who have chanced to be subjected to it know to be as unpleasant an operation as a young man can undergo and expect to survive. There is nothing worse than being "talked to seriously," in an empty room, the door locked and no help at hand, though elderly gentlemen are so much addicted to it.

Mrs. Figgs, however, with the gentleness peculiar to her sex, was not so cruel. She had not much faith in having persons "talked to," and, besides, she was convinced that the young man must be crossed in love, as she had an exalted idea of the potency of the tender passion, particularly among those employed in the retail grocery business, which she regarded as calculated to increase the susceptibilities and to soften the heart. Figgs had been struck with her, and she had been struck with Figgs, under circumstances of this description, and it had ever since rendered her firm in the faith that a young woman, whether she be sent for soap, sugar or tea, is very likely to be smitten by the insinuating individual who waits upon her, and that the insinuating individual himself is in love all the time, and, for the most part, with a great many at a time. However this may be as a general rule, though not exactly applicable in the instance under discussion, it is nevertheless true that employments have their effect, somewhat in the manner suggested by Mrs. Figgs. Your baker's boy, for example, who serves cus-

tomers of a morning—what a destroyer of hearts is he! what a concentration of coquettishness, as he goes flirting from door to door, distributing loaves of bread, words of love and seductive glances all over town. He is a dangerous fellow, that same baker's boy—none the less so because his experience is so extensive that his own heart is Cupid-proof, and is rarely, even in extreme cases, scratched deeper than his tally.

"Peter's crossed in love," repeated Mrs. Figgs, at the tea-table, in the little back room; "Peter's crossed in love. He snores so loud you can hear him all over the house, and that's a sure sign of being blighted in the affections and nipped in the bud, as a body may say. First, they snore, and then they borrow pistols, and buy clothes-lines, and fippenny-bits-worth's of corroding sublimity, done up in white paper, with the name pasted on the outside. It is actually shocking the cruelty of us women," and Mrs. Figgs "wiped away a tear."

"I've heard Peter sythe by the hour," observed Miss Priscilla Figgs, in corroboration of her mother.

"Yes, my dear," added Mrs. Figgs, "young gentlemen that have got the mitten, or young gentlemen who think they are going to get the mitten, always sythe. It makes 'em feel bad, poor innocent little things, and 'then they heave a sythe,' as the song says. You should have heard your father when he was in a state of suspension about whether I was going to have him or not. Several people thought it was a porpus."

"Do porpusses get the mitten, ma?" interjected little Timothy Figgs, who was always on the search for information. "I didn't think fishes ever wore mittens."

"Pshaw, you're always talking about love and mittens and stuff, as if people had time for such nonsense now-a-days," said Mr. Figgs, sternly. Figgs had survived his sentimental era, and grew impatient at any reminis-

cences of it. The reference to the "porpus" nettled him. "If Peter is crossed as you say, wait till we take an account of stock next week. That will cure him, I'll be bound. But the long and the short of it is, that if he keeps growing stupid, I'll send him adrift. I'm afraid he is beginning to read books and buys cheap publications. Reading books is enough to ruin anybody. There ought to be tee-total societies against it."

But Peter was not then in love, or, if he were, he was not fully conscious of the fact; nor did he read books enough to do him material injury. His complaint was ambition. He wanted to be something, and he did not know what, which is an embarrassing situation of affairs —he cared not what—rich, handsome, wise, witty, eloquent, great upon the stump or fierce in regard to whisker—he would be a meteor, large or small—courted or feared—loved or envied—if not a cataract, at least a ripple on the wave,—more than Peter Ploddy had ever been or was like to be,—as funny as Smith, as musical as Baritone, as voluble and as impudent as Quillet, as pretty as Daffodil Twod, as big and as ferocious as Samson Hyde, as wealthy as Headover Slapdash was reputed to be.

It was one of those afternoons at the close of the month of June, which seem to have no end to them—when the sun, broad and blazing, appears to be unwilling to approach the horizon, and endeavours to make the night his own as well as the day—when the eye wearies of excess of light—when ice-creams are in their first flush of popularity and little boys paddle in the brook—when crops rejoice in green, while people swelter in white,—when nature clothes herself thickly in leaves, while the rest of the world divests itself of garments to as great an extent as the customs of society will permit.

It was such an afternoon as this, and the Figgs family were abroad for recreation. Dick, the boy, was out on an errand, trying how many hours could be consumed in a transit from one given point to another. Peter Ploddy was alone in the shop, labouring under a suspicion that customers must have departed this life, and that buying things had become an "obsolete idea"—so he availed himself of the opportunity and of a friction match, to find recreation in the smoking of a segar. Reclining upon coffee bags, he puffed and he mused, he mused and he puffed, until the smoke circled around him in lazy clouds, and his brain grew as hazy as the atmosphere. Light faded, sounds melted indistinctly away, and, at last, Peter imagined that he was rapidly travelling over the gulf of time, using his coming years for stepping stones, and anticipating the occurrences of the future, as if he were turning over the pages of a book of prints. The beginning and the end were equally within his ken, and, fixing himself at a point some eight or ten years after date, it struck him that he would like to know where "funny Smith" might chance to be at that period.

The place certainly had somewhat the appearance of a theatre; but of a theatre in a very small way—of a theatre in a consumption, and troubled with a difficulty of breathing. The room itself was not very large, but it was much too large for the audience, who disposed of themselves in various picturesque positions, as if desirous of making up in effect what they wanted in numbers. One individual had his pedal extremities on the bench before him, and looked, as it were, from a rest, his elbows placed upon his knees, while his chin reposed in the palms of his hands. Another was longitudinally extended, with his back against the wall; while others intersected at least three benches in their desire for repose, lifting their heads at intervals to see what was going on.

The gentleman in the window seemed to be as comfortable as any, in his zigzag attitude, with his feet on one side and his shoulders on the other; and he had the advantage too of seeing all that occurred, both inside and out, as was evident from his frequent remonstrances with certain juveniles in the street, who were poking him with a stick because he obstructed their view. "Git down, I tell you!" cried Zigzag, impatiently, every now and then. The candles were few and ghastly; a single fiddle comprised the strength of the orchestra, and it was quite enough; for had there been more of the same sort, it would have been a questionable experiment upon the limits of auricular endurance. Ploddy paid his entrance money to a faded-looking woman, with one disconsolate child in her arms, and several others, equally forlorn and unkempt, hanging about her, while she herself, who, in her own person, united the offices of treasurer, check-taker and policeman, (in which latter capacity she often visited the window aforesaid, to aid Mr. Zigzag in making them "git down" on the outside,) was a singular compound of the remains of beauty, of the slattern and of the virago—care-worn indeed, but theatrical still, like the odd volume of a romance, thumbed to tatters in the kitchen. A performer was sustaining the regular drama by a series of "barn-yard imitations," which struck Ploddy's ear as familiar, as also seemed the figure of the imitator, though his hollow cheeks, painted face and flaxen wig set recognition for a moment at defiance. The well-known finale of the "cat's concert," however, dissipated doubt. It was Smith—the funny Smith—the envied Smith, who soon came round to "the front" to hold the baby and mind the door, while Mrs. Smith delighted the audience with a fancy dance. His countenance told a sad tale of disappointment, poverty and suffering, and rendered explanation unnecessary.

"It is just as well," thought Ploddy, as he slipped sadly away, "that I never could succeed in being a funny fellow, and made so poor a business of it at the cat's concert, and at imitating the bottle and the cork. This trying to make people laugh every night, from year to year, especially when their mouths are full of gingerbread, wouldn't do for me, and doesn't seem to do for Smith. I'd rather be Ploddy than Smith, if that's the way it's to be."

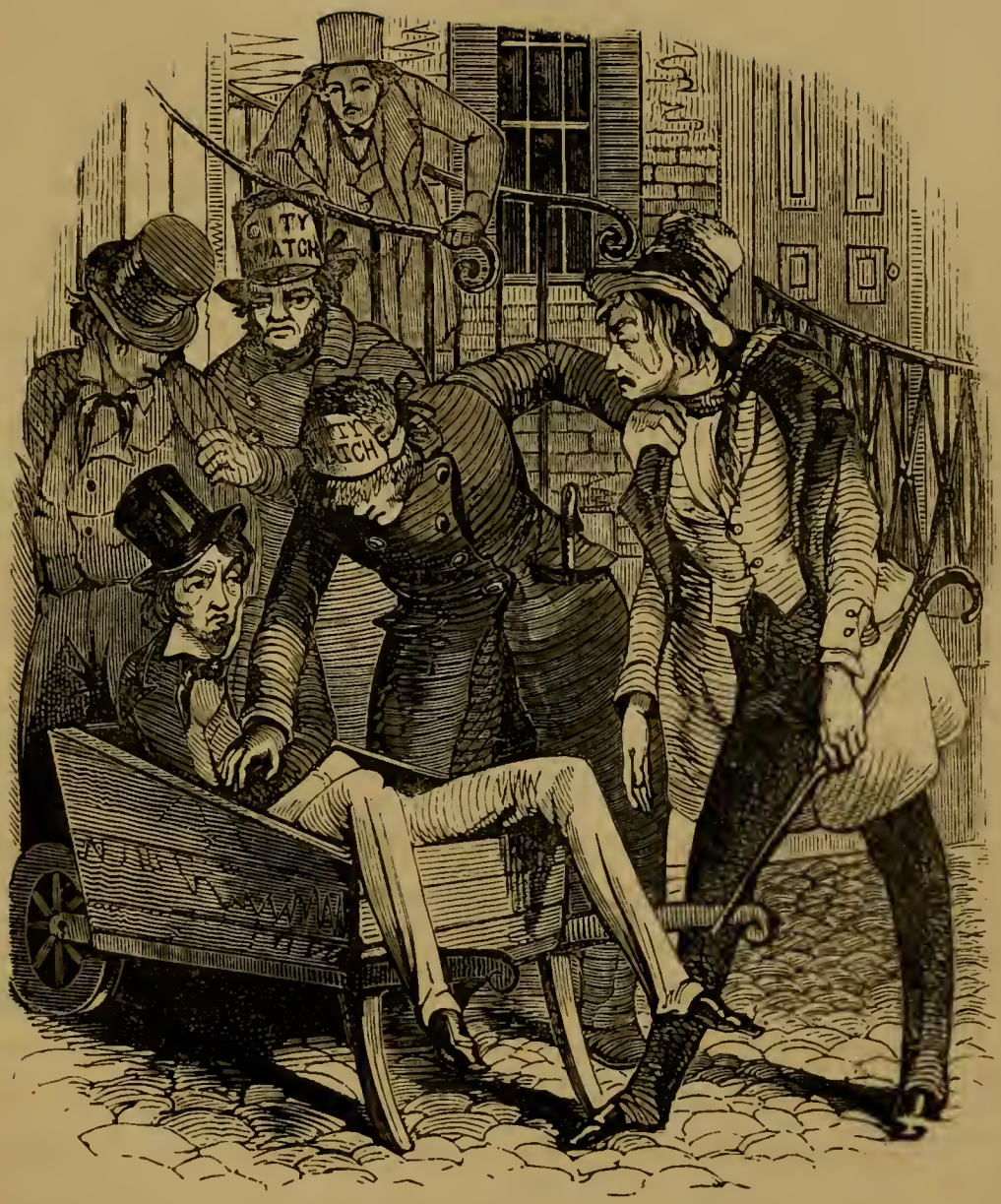
As Peter went meditating along, musing upon the melancholy situation to which funny apothecaries, who think more of creating merriment than of wielding the pestle, may be reduced, he found himself, at the small hours of the night, in the streets of the city. He was startled by the sound of rattles, and almost overthrown by a rush of tipsy and uproarious gentlemen, who battled the watch, and would have battled also with Peter, but that he secured a birds-eye view of the scene from a lofty flight of steps. Mars proved false to Bacchus, and victory perched like an eagle upon the banner of the functionaries.

"Well, bang my kerkus for a drum," panted Dogberry, "if this 'ere isn't that 'ere singing chap agin. I knows him by his mulberry nose. He's on a shindy somewhere or other every night, and gets knock'd down and tuck'd up three times a week, rig'ler. Old Calico, his daddy-in-law, has turned him out—couldn't stand it no longer, no how it could be fixed; he got so blue and blew it out so strong. He's a musical genus, you see."

"The corporation should make a contract for ketching him by the month, or else they should keep him ketch'd all the time," replied Verges.

"Put the genus in a wheelbarrow," exclaimed Dogberry, in tones of command, "and make the t'other fellers walk."

A shade of doubt passed over Peter's mind as to



"'Put the genus in a wheelbarrow,' exclaimed Dogberry, in tones of command, 'and make the t'other fellers walk.'"—*Book* III, *page* 18.

whether the gifts of Bill Baritone had really, and in the long run, proved of benefit to him, and whether it was desirable, after all, to enjoy that degree of popularity which causes a youth to be "invited out" to convivialities every evening. It was a distinction, perhaps, but Peter did not exactly like the order to "put the genus in the wheelbarrow."

"But I must go to Quillet," said Peter, "and ask him to talk the police people over in the morning, to get poor Bill out of his troubles."

Quillet, however, had exhaled and evaporated. The places that had known him, now knew him no more—no Quillet at the ward meetings—no Quillet on the stump. His talking abilities had converted him at last into a mere hanger-on of party—he neglected clients, and clients returned the compliment by being equally neglectful of him. People praised him that he might do the work necessary for political triumph; but when that was accomplished, it so happened always, that somebody else reaped the advantage. "Good fellow, Quillet," said they, "but not popular—obnoxious—too much before the public. Can't recommend him, you know. Habits not very good—doesn't attend to his business—oughtn't to go to so many meetings;" and the unlucky Quillet was finally starved out, to do his talking elsewhere.

And the pretty man, in the fancy line, Mr. Twod—what disposition had these years made of him? He had dressed so well and lounged so much in the resorts of fashion, by way of showing what nature and the tailor had done for him, that in the end "Twod's Perfumery" was disposed of at public sale, without the slightest regard to his feelings on the subject; and some remorseless stripling, whose face must have been as hard as the contents of his bosom, had disfigured the door by a chalked inscription to the effect that "Pretty Mr. Twod is now safe in quod."

"A face is not always a fortune," inferred Peter; "there are decided differences between being useful and being ornamental;" and he had his own notions on another subject, when he became impressed with a belief that Samson Hyde, the currier, had disappeared suddenly, to avoid the consequences of a fatal fray, in which he was deeply implicated. Broad shoulders and alarming whiskers were sinking below par—a man may have too much spirit.

Ploddy was not sure, but it struck him that the barkeeper at the Spread Eagle had a marvellous resemblance to Mr. Headover Slapdash, the speculator,—a little older, but yet as restless as ever. What had possibly become of his equipages, his magnificent mansion in town, his beautiful retreat in the country, his long rows of houses, and his immense accumulation of lots? Gone! Could it be? There was nothing more likely.

"How different things seem to be in the end, from what they promise to be in the beginning," muttered Peter, as he moved uneasily upon the coffee-bags. "Strange, strange, very strange," and his foot dislodged a demijohn from its perch. The crash aroused him from slumbers and dreams, and he sprang to his feet in bewilderment.

"Headover Slapdash has exploded—didn't you hear the smash?" shouted Peter.

"Crossed in love, poor thing," said Mrs. Figgs, as she rummaged for her sympathizing pocket-handkerchief.

"Who crossed him, I'd like to know?" cried Priscilla, with a twinge of jealousy.

"He's becoming foolish," added Figgs.

"He's been asleep, and has had an inkeybus," observed the youthful Timothy, whose bias was in a scientific direction.

But Peter was rejoicing that it was only in his imagi-

nation that his friends had suffered,—that however real and however probable the whole matter appeared, it was still no more than a dream. There were hints in it, notwithstanding, which might be rendered useful, not to himself only, but to the other parties concerned. Peter was sure, at all events, that he had learned something about contentment with his position, with his faculties and with his physical endowments, which he had never acquired before, although he stood greatly in need of it. He had, in half an hour or so, anticipated the trying experiences of years, and saw that every condition has its compensations—that the higher the elevation, the more imminent the danger of a fall—that brilliancy may betray to ruin, and that successes are often lures to destruction. Humbleness looked by no means so despicable as he had previously considered it.

"Tol de rol!" said Ploddy.

"You can't sing, Peter," remarked Mrs. Ploddy.

"I'm glad of it," returned Ploddy, thinking of "genus" on the wheelbarrow; "I'll mind my business all the better."

It was to this observation, coupled with a confirmatory change in his general business deportment, that Peter eventually was indebted for his position as a member of the firm of "Figgs and Ploddy," and a very prosperous, respectable, and wealthy firm it came to be, owing in part to Peter's dream, which also gained him the reputation of being a philosopher, in secretly furnishing the material for wise discourses upon the folly of inordinate ambition and vain desires.

There was, however, another event in Peter's life which deserves to be chronicled as important.

It was evident that there was something on his mind as he fidgetted before the glass—an unusual event with him —and he rumpled his hair in all directions.

"It's labour thrown away, Peter—you can't make yourself handsome," hinted Priscilla Figgs, rather maliciously, as she glanced over her sewing.

But Peter had not been studying himself in the mirror. His eyes were on the reflected image of Miss Priscilla Figgs, who was by no means a disagreeable object. Ploddy had too much taste to look at himself when she was near.

"Ha! ha!—ho! ho!—I know it," said Peter; "I've had a lucky escape."

"Not a very narrow one, I'm sure," replied Priscilla, tossing her head, "whatever Sally Jones may think."

"Sally who?"

"Sally Jones," responded Priscilla, poutingly. She appeared uncommonly pretty at that moment, and Peter had a sensation.

"Now, Priscilla!"

"Now Peter, you know—"

"I don't—I don't know," and Peter drew nearer to the damsel, whose head was turned coquettishly away, but not far enough to prevent her downward glance from noting the progress of the approach.

What explanations were made relative to Sally Jones, the historian saith not; but the inference is that they were satisfactory.

"Peter, Peter, there's ma!" cried Miss Priscilla Figgs as she flew to the opposite side of the room, assuming a look of intense demureness, which was perhaps a little overacted, if not also a little contradicted by the mantling colour of her cheek and the dewy softness of her eyes.

"Let her come," said Peter, with delight, "all the ma's there are, and pa into the bargain."

Figgs had no objection to Peter as a son-in-law, now that he had "got over his foolishness," and was so strict n his attention to business, and "ma" was charmed to

think that her theory of the tender passion in reference to grocers, had been so happily illustrated, the more especially as she had somewhat risked her reputation upon it that Peter was in love.

Smith, Baritone, Quillet, Twod and Samson Hyde were at the wedding, and you may be sure there was a merry party. Peter told them his dream as a bachelor's legacy of warning against the dangers to which they were individually exposed, and the effect was no doubt salutary. Certain it is, that Peter Ploddy heard the clever imitations, the funny stories, and the good songs—listened to Quillet's neat and appropriate speeches—saw the pretty man dance and the valiant man look heroic, without a shadow of discontent or envy, satisfied to be, in every particular, as he was and as he was like to be. Priscilla was decidedly good-looking enough for both, and Peter Ploddy was a happy man.

THE PRISON VAN; OR, THE BLACK MARIA.*

"Hush! there she comes!"

It was a pleasant summer morning,—brightly shone the sun, and the neighbours gossipped at the door. Nancy polished the handles—Susan had the windows wide open, and, with handkerchief on head, leaned forth to join in the conversation. Mrs. Jenkins had been at market, and paused upon the step, with the provision-laden Polly. There was quite a discussion of the more agreeable points of domestic economy, and a slight seasoning of harmless scandal gave piquancy to the discourse. All were merry. Why, indeed, should they not be merry? Innocent hearts and balmy weather—sunshine within and sunshine without. No wonder their voices rang so cheerfully. Even Mr. Curmudgeon, over the way, that splenetic and supercritical bachelor, with no partner of his bosom but a flannel waistcoast, and with no objects of his tender care but the neuralgics and the rheumatics—even Mr. Curmudgeon chirped, and for once granted that it was a fine day, with no reservation whatever about the east wind, and without attempts to dash the general joy by casting forth suspicions that a storm was brewing. If he said so—if Mr. Curmudgeon confessed the fact—not a doubt can be entertained—it was a fine day beyond the reach of cavil—a day free from the reproach of a flaw—with no lingering dampness

* In Philadelphia, the prisons are remote from the Courts of Justice, and carriages, which, for obvious reasons, are of a peculiar construction, are used to convey criminals to and fro. The popular voice applies the name of "Black Maria" to each of these melancholy vehicles, and, by general consent, this is their distinguishing title.

from yesterday, and with no cloud casting its shadow before, prospective of sorrows to-morrow.

In short, every thing looked warm, cheerful, and gay —the Nancies, the Pollies, and the Susans were prettier than usual—there are pretty days as well as lucky days—when cheeks are more glowing and eyes are more brilliant than on ordinary occasions—when Mrs. Jenkins is more pleasant than is the wont even of pleasant Mrs. Jenkins, and when the extensive brotherhood of the Curmudgeons pat children on the head, and give them pennies—days when one feels as if he were all heart, and were gifted with the capacity to fall in love with everybody—happy days! The day of which we speak was one of these days—nature smiled, and the people smiled in return. Nature approached as near to a laugh as was becoming in a matron at her time of life and with so large a family, while the people did laugh with the smallest provocation thereto.

"Hush! there she comes!" said somebody, in tones of commingled fear and curiosity.

"Who comes?"

The finger of the speaker pointed steadfastly down the street.

"Who comes?"

"Black Maria!" was the half-whispered reply.

Conversation ceased—a shade of gloom passed over every brow—all gazed in the direction indicated—it was a melancholy pause—a pause of sad attention.

"Black Maria!" was the unconscious and involuntary response.

The children looked behind them, as if to ascertain whether the doors were open for retreat into the recesses of home, and then peeped timidly and cautiously around the skirts of their mothers. The mirth of their seniors was also checked in mid career.

"'Black Maria,' sissy," said curly-headed Tom, and "sissy" clasped Tom's hand with the energy of apprehension.

"'Black Maria,' Tom!" repeated his aunt, with an air of warning and admonition, at which Tom seemed to understand a whole history, and was abashed.

"Black Maria!"

Who was this strange creature—this Black Maria—that came like a cloud across the ruddy day—that chills the heart wherever she passes? What manner of thing is it which thus frowns gayety itself into silence?—Black Maria!—Is she some dark enchantress, on whose swart and sullen brow malignity sits enthroned?—or is pestilence abroad, tangible and apparent?

The "Black Maria" goes lumbering by. It is but a wagon, after all—a wagon so mysteriously named—a wagon, however, which is itself alone—not one of the great family of carts, with general similitude and vast relationship, but an instrument of progression which has "no brother—is like no brother." It creaks no salutation to wheeled cousins, as it wends its sulky way—it has no family ties to enable it to find kith and kin, more or less humble and more or less proud, in the long line of gradation, from the retiring wheelbarrow up to the haughty and obtrusive chariot. It is unique in form and purpose—it has a task which others are unfitted to encounter, and it asks no help in the discharge of duties. It moves scornfully among hacks and cabs, while even the dray appears to regard it with a compound feeling of dread and disdain. It is, as we may say, a vehicular outcast, hated but yet feared—grand, gloomy and peculiar—a Byron among less gifted but more moral carriages—tragedy amid the niceties of commonplace. Such is the social isolation of the "Black Maria." Even in its hour of repose—in its stabular retreats, the gig caresses

it not, nor does the carriole embrace it within its shafts. The respectability of the stalls shrinks from contact with the "Black Maria," and its nights are passed in the open court-yard. Nor is it to be wondered at. The very *physique* of the "Black Maria" is repulsive, apart from the refinements of mere association. What is it—a coffin, rude but gigantic, travelling to and fro, between the undertaker and the sexton? Why is it that the eye fails to penetrate its dark recesses? No "sashes" adorn the person of the "Black Maria." Unlike all other vehicles, it has no apertures for light and air, save those openings beneath the roof, from which a haggard and uneasy glance flashes forth at intervals, or from which protrudes a hand waving, as it were, a last farewell to all that gives delight to existence. Sternly and rigidly sits the guard in the rearward chamber, and beyond him is a door heavy with steel. It is no pleasure carriage then—it is not used as a means of recreation nor as a free-will conveyance, travelling at the guidance of those who rest within. No—they who take seats in the "Black Maria" feel no honour in their elevation—they ride neither for health nor amusement. They neither say "drive on," nor designate the place of destination. If it were left to them, they would, in all likelihood, ask to be taken another way, and they would sooner trot on foot for ever, than to be thus raised above contact with mud and mire. They are not impatient either—they make no objection to the slowness of the gait. In short, they would like to get out and dismiss all cumbrous pomp and ceremonious attendance.

But there are bars between—yes, bolts and bars, and there is nothing of complaisance on the brow of him who has these iron fastenings at control. Polite requests would be unheeded, and he has heard the curses of despair—the sobs of remorse—the bitter wailings of heart-broken wretchedness too often to be much moved by

solicitations such as these. Nor is he to be shaken by the fierce regards of hardened recklessness. Even the homicide may threaten—red murder itself may glower upon him with its fevered glare; but there is neither weakness nor terror in the hard business-like deportment with which he silences the exuberance of lacerated feeling. He is but a check-taker at the door, and cares naught about the play within. Tears may fall—convulsive sorrow may rend the frame; but what is that to him whose limited service it is to watch and ward—to keep them in and keep them out? To weep is not his vocation, who sits at the door. He has no part in the drama, and is no more bound to suffer than they who snuff the candles for the stage. His emotions are for home consumption—his sympathies are elsewhere—left behind with his better coat and hat, and well it is so, or they would soon be torn to tatters—all—heart, cloth, and beaver.

What, then, is this "Black Maria," so jocularly named, yet so sad in its attributes? The progress of time brings new inventions—necessity leads to many deviations from the beaten track of custom, and the criminal, in earlier days dragged through crowded streets by the inexorable officers of the law, exposed to the scorn, derision or pity, as the case might be, of every spectator, now finds a preliminary dungeon awaiting him at the very portals of justice—a locomotive cell—a penitentiary upon wheels. He is incarcerated in advance, and he begins his probationary term at the steps of the court-house. Once there was an interval:

> "Some space between the theatre and grave;"

some breathing time from judge and jury to the jailer,—a space to be traversed, with the chances incident to a journey. Constables on foot are but flesh and blood, after all, and an adroit blow from a brawny thief has often laid them prostrate. A short quick evasion of the body

has extricated the collar from many a muscular grasp, and once it was a thing of not unfrequent occurrence that the rogue flew down the street, diving into all sorts of interminable alleys, while panting tipstaves "toiled after him in vain." There were no cowardly, sneaking advantages taken then—enterprise was not cabined in a perambulating chicken-coop—valour had room to swing its elbow, and some opportunity to trip up the heels of the law. But as things are at present managed, a man is in prison as he traverses the city—in prison, with but a plank between him and the moving concourse of the free—in prison, while the horses start at the crack of the whip—in prison, as he whirls around the corner—in prison, yet moving from place to place—jolted in prison—perhaps upset in prison. He hears the voices of the people—the din of traffic—the clamours of trade—the very dogs run barking after him, and he is jarred by rough collisions; but still he is in prison—more painfully in prison, by the bitterness of intruding contrast, than if he were immured beyond all reach of exterior sound; and when the huge gates of his place of destination creak upon their hinges, to the harsh rattling of the keeper's key, the captive, it may be, rejoices that the busy world is no longer about him, mocking his wretchedness with its cheerful hum.

If it were in accordance with the spirit of the age to refine upon punishment and to seek aggravation for misery, the "Black Maria" would perhaps furnish a hint that the pang might be rendered sharper, by secluding the felon from liberty by the most minute interval—that freedom might be heard, yet not seen—as the music of the ball-room fitfully reaches the chamber of disease and suffering—that he might be in the deepest shadow, yet know that light is beaming close around him; in the centre of action, yet deprived of its excitements—isolated in

the midst of multitudes—almost jostled by an invisible concourse—dead yet living—a sentient corpse.

It is not then to be marvelled at that the "Black Maria" causes a sensation by her ominous presence—that labour rests from toil when the sound of her wheels is heard—that the youthful shrink and the old look sad, as she passes by. Nor is it strange that even when empty she is encircled by a curious but meditative crowd, scanning the horses with a degree of reverential attention which unofficial horses, though they were Barbary coursers or Andalusian steeds, might vainly hope to excite. The very harness is regarded with trepidation, and the driver is respectfully scrutinized from head to foot, as if he were something more or less than man; and if the guard does but carelessly move his foot, the throng give back lest they should unwittingly interfere with one who is looked upon as the ultimatum of criminal justice. Should the fatal entrance be left unclosed, see how the observant spectator manœuvres to obtain a knowledge of its interior, without approaching too closely, as if he laboured under an apprehension that the hungry creature would yawn and swallow him, as it has swallowed so many, body, boots, and reputation. Now, he walks slowly to the left hand, that he may become acquainted with every particular of the internal economy afforded by that point of view. Again, he diverges to the right, on another quest for information. Do not be surprised, if he were also to "squat," and from that graceful posture glance upwards to ascertain the condition of the flooring, or sidle about to note the style of the lynch-pins. A mysterious interest envelopes the "Black Maria;" every feature about her receives its comment—she has not a lineamen. which is not honoured by a daily perusal from the public. She is the minister of justice—the great avenger—the receptacle into which crime is almost sure to fall, and as

"Here comes one—a woman—traces of comeliness still linger even amid the more enduring marks of sin, poverty, and sorrow."—*Book* III, *page* 32.

she conveys the prisoner to trial or bears him to the fulfilment of sentence, she is still the inspirer of terror. There may be some, no doubt—perhaps there may be many—who have forebodings at her approach, and tremble as she passes, with an anticipation of such a ride for themselves. Could upbraiding conscience come more fearfully than in this "Black Maria's" shape, or could the sleeping sinner have compunctious visitings more terrible than the dream in which he imagines himself handed into this penitential omnibus, as an atonement for past offences? What, let us ask, can be more appalling than the "Black Maria" of a guilty mind?

It is a matter of regret that history must be the work of human hands—that the quill must be driven to preserve a record of the past, and that inanimate objects—cold, passionless, and impartial witnesses—are not gifted with memory and speech. Much has been done—a long array of successive centuries have fidgeted and fumed; but, after all, it is little we know of the action of those who have gone before. But if a jacket now were capable of talk, then there would be biography in earnest. We would all have our Boswells, better Boswells than Johnson's Boswell. A dilapidated coat might be the most venerable and impressive of moralists. Much could it recount of frailty, and the results of frailty, in those who have worn it; furnishing sermons more potent than the polished compositions of the closet. Could each house narrate what it has known of every occupant, human nature might be more thoroughly understood than it is at present. What beacons might not every apartment set up, to warn us from the folly which made shipwreck of our predecessors! Even the mirror, while flattering vanity, could tell, an it would, how beauty, grown wild with its own excess, fell into premature decay. Ho! ho! how the old goblet would ring, as we

drain the sparkling draught, to think of the many such scenes of roaring jollity it has witnessed, and of the multitude of just such jovial fellows as are now carousing, it has sent to rest before their time, under the pretence of making them merry! Wine, ho! let the bottle speak. Your bottle has its experiences—a decanter has seen the world. Thou tattered robe—once fine, but now decayed—nobility in ruins—how sourly thou smilest to discourse of the fall from drawing-rooms to pawn-brokers' recesses. What a history is thine—feeble art thou—very thin and threadbare; still thou hast seen more of weakness, ay, in men and women too, than is now displayed in thine own ruin. Yea, cobble those boots for sooterkin—they are agape, indeed; yet were once thought fit ornaments for the foot of fashion. Leathern patchwork, thou hast been in strange places in thy time, or we are much mistaken. Come, thy many mouths are open, and thy complexion scarce admits of blushing—tell us about thy furtive wanderings.

Let then this "Black Maria" wag her tongue—for tongue she has, and something of the longest—and she would chatter fast enough, I warrant me. Let us regard her as a magazine of memoirs—a whole library of personal detail, and as her prisoners descend the steps, let us gather a leaf or two.

Here comes one—a woman—traces of comeliness still linger even amid the more enduring marks of sin, poverty, and sorrow. Her story has been told before, in thousands of instances, and it will be told again and again and again There is not much that is new in the downward career of those who fall. It is an old routine. Giddiness, folly, and deception, it may be, at the outset—remorse, misery, and early death, at the close. Yes, yes—the old father was humble in his ploddings—the mother had no aspirings above her sphere; but she who now is weeping bitter

tears, she longed for silks and satins and gay company. It was but a cracked and crooked looking-glass that told her she was beautiful, but its pleasing tale was easily believed—for perfumed youths endorsed its truth, and whispered Fanny that she was worthy of a higher lot than that of toiling the humble wife of dingy labour. Those secret meetings—those long walks by moonlight—those stories of soft affection, and those brilliant hopes! Day by day home grew more distasteful—its recurring cares more wearying—the slightest rebuke more harsh, and Fanny fled. That home is desolate now. The old father is dead, the mother dependent upon charity, and the daughter is here, the companion of felons, if not a felon herself.

Another!—that dogged look, man, scarcely hides the wretchedness within. You may, if it seems best before these idle starers, assume the mask of sullen fierceness. "Who cares," is all well enough, indeed, but still the thought travels back to days of innocence and happiness. You set out in the pursuit of pleasure and enjoyment, but it has come to this at last; all your frolickings and drinkings—your feastings, your ridings, and your gamblings. You were trusted once, I hear—your wife and children were happy around you. But you were not content. There were chances to grow rich rapidly—to enjoy a luxurious ease all your life, and to compass these you were false to your trust. Shame and disgrace ensued; dissipation environed your footsteps, and more daring vice soon followed. It is a short step from the doings of the swindler to the desperate acts of the burglar or the counterfeiter. You, at least, have found it so. Well, glare sternly about you—turn upon the spectators with the bitter smile of defiance. It will be different anon, in hopeless solitude—the past strewed with the wreck of reputation—the future all sterility.

Here is one who had a golden infancy. Where was

there a child more beautiful than he? No wonder his parents thought no cost too great for his adornment. Who can be surprised that caresses were lavished upon the darling, and that his tender years knew no restraint. But it was a strange return in after time, that he should break his mother's heart—plunder his father, and become an outcast in the lowest haunts of vice. Were the graces of Apollo bestowed for such a purpose?

This fellow, now, was destroyed by too much severity. His childhood was manacled by control. Innocent pleasures were denied—his slightest faults were roundly punished—there was no indulgence. He was to be scourged into a virtuous life, and, therefore, falsehood and deceit became habitual—yes, even before he knew they were falsehood and deceit; but that knowledge did not much startle him, when the alternative was a lie or the lash. Had the cords of authority been slackened a little, this man might have been saved; but while the process of whipping into goodness was going on, he paid a final visit to the treasury and disappeared. Being acquainted with no other principle of moral government than that of fear and coercion, he continues to practise upon it, and helps himself whenever the opportunity seems to present itself of doing so with no pressing danger of disagreeable consequences. Mistakes, of course, are incident to his mode of life. Blunders will occur, and, in this way, the gentleman has had the pleasure of several rides in the "Black Maria."

Here is an individual, who was a "good fellow,"—the prince of good fellows—a most excellent heart—so much heart, indeed, that it filled not only his bosom, but his head also, leaving scant room for other furniture. He never said "no" in his life, and invariably took advice when it came from the wrong quarter. He was always so much afraid that people would be offended, if

he happened not to agree with them, that he forgot all about his own individual responsibility, and seemed to think that he was an appendage and nothing more. Dicky Facile, at one time, had a faint consciousness of the fact, when he had taken wine enough, and would say, "No, I thank you," if requested to mend his draught. But if it were urged, "Pooh! nonsense! a little more won't hurt you," he would reply, "Won't it, indeed?" and recollect nothing from that time till he woke next day in a fever. Dicky lent John his employer's cash, because he loved to accommodate; and finally obliged the same John by imitating his employer's signature, because John promised to make it all right in good time; but John was oblivious.

The "Black Maria" has a voluminous budget,—she could talk all day without pausing to take breath. She could show how one of her passengers reached his seat by means of his vocal accomplishments, and went musically to destruction, like the swan—how another had such curly hair that admiration was the death of him—how another was so fond of being jolly that he never paused until he became sad—how another loved horses until they threw him, or had a taste for elevated associations until he fell by climbing—how easily, in fact, the excess of a virtue leads into a vice, so that generosity declines into wastefulness, spirit roughens into brutality, social tendencies melt into debauchery, and complaisance opens the road to crime. We are poor creatures all, at the best, and perhaps it would not be amiss to look into ourselves a little before we entertain hard thoughts of those who chance to ride in the "Black Maria;" for, as an ex-driver of that respectable caravan used to observe, "there are, I guess, about two sorts of people in this world—them that's found out, and them that ain't found out—them that gets into the 'Black Maria,' and them

that don't happen to be cotch'd. People that are cotch'd, has to ketch it, of course, or else how would the 'fishal folks—me and the judges and the lawyers—yes, and the chaps that make the laws and sell the law books—make out to get a livin'? But, on the general principle, this argufies nothin'. Being cotch'd makes no great difference, only in the looks of things; and it happens often enough, I guess, that the wirchis looking gentleman who turns up his nose at folks, when the constable's got 'em, is only wirchis because he hasn't been found out. That's my notion."

And not a bad notion either, most philosophic Swizzle, only for the fault of your class—a little too much of generalization. Your theory, perhaps, is too trenchant—too horizontal in its line of division. But it too often happens that the worst of people are not those who take the air in the "Black Maria."

Still, however, you that dwell in cities, let not this moral rumble by in vain. Wisdom follows on your footsteps, drawn by horses. Experience is wagoned through the streets, and though your temptations be many, while danger seems afar off, yet the catastrophe of your aberrations is prophetically before the eye, creaking and groaning on its four ungainly wheels. The very whip cracks a warning, and the whole vehicle displays itself as a travelling caution to all who are prone to sin. It is good for those who stand, to take heed lest they fall. But we have an addition here which should be even more impressive, in these times of stirring emulation. Take heed, lest in your haste to pluck the flowers of life without due labour in the field, you chance to encounter, not a fall alone, but such a ride as it has been our endeavour to describe—a ride in the "Black Maria."

SLYDER DOWNEHYLLE.

A SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

"How happy I'll be to-morrow!" exclaimed little Slyder Downehylle, in anticipation of Christmas; "oh, how happy I shall be to-morrow!"

"Couldn't you contrive to be happy a little now?" replied Uncle John, who had learned somewhat to distrust anticipation and its gorgeous promises.

"Happy now, Uncle John!" retorted little Slyder Downehylle, rather contemptuously, "happy now!—what with, I should like to know—what shall I be happy with —now? Where's the candy, the cakes, the pies—where is the hobby-horse that somebody's going to give me—and all the Christmas gifts? How I wish to-morrow had come—what a long day—what a long evening —what a great while I've got to sleep!"

Little Slyder Downehylle became quite cross, and Uncle John whistled. Twenty-four hours afterward, little Slyder Downehylle was still more cross—he had been happy with candy, with cakes and with pies, until he was very uncomfortable indeed; he had been happy with toys, until he had quarrelled with his little companions and strewed the room with broken playthings; he had been happy with his hobby-horse, until he got a fall.

"Oh, what a stupid day!" said little Slyder Downehylle, "I wish to-morrow would come—I'll be so happy at Aunt Betsy's."

It is unnecessary to intrude at Aunt Betsy's, for the events there were of a character strongly resembling what had already occurred. Little Slyder Downehylle went to bed in tears.

It was always so with the unfortunate Slyder Downehylle. Throughout life, he wanted something to be happy with; and strangely enough, it universally occurred that when he had obtained the thing, it did not prove to be exactly the thing he wanted. His expectations were never realized, and he was, therefore, constantly in a state of disappointment. Unlucky Slyder Downehylle! It was deplorable too that such should be the case, for Slyder Downehylle was anxious to be happy—he was always looking forward to be happy—for something "to be happy with." He never got up in the morning but that it was his resolve to be happy in the afternoon—and, if not successful in accomplishing his purpose at that time, he endeavoured, as far as possible, to retrieve the failure by forming a similar determination for the evening. No one ever had a greater variety of schemes for living happy—very happy—than he; for living happy next week, for living happy next month, or next year; but it appeared to him that a malignant fate was sure to interfere, in order that his projects might be frustrated. At school, he was always thinking how happy he would be on Saturday afternoon; but then sometimes it rained on Saturday afternoon, or his companions would not do as he wished them to do on Saturday afternoon, or it may be that, although he had toiled hard for pleasure on Saturday afternoon, and the toil for pleasure is often the severest of work, he returned home weary, dispirited, and out of temper. Of course, it was unavoidable that his pleasure should be postponed until some other Saturday afternoon. And it was even so with the larger holidays. They never were exactly what they ought to have been—what they promised to be—what they seemed to be, when viewed from a distance. If Slyder Downehylle went a-fishing, why a treacherous bank would often give way, and then—pray, who can possibly be happy when drip-

ping wet, with his clothes on? Nobody but poodles. What felicity is there in losing one's shoe in a swamp? Who is perfectly happy when scouring across the plain, like "swift Camilla," with old Jenkins' big dog—that dog always bites—rustic dogs do—following close at his heels, widely opening a mouth which shows no need of the dentist? Then, if Slyder Downehylle went skating, it not unfrequently happened that he cried with cold, —what a strange arrangement it is not to have the best of skating on the warmest days! At other seasons, there was the sun. It never rains but it pours, in this world. Is it happiness, think ye, to have one's dear little nose—incipient Roman, or determined pug, as the case may be—all of a blister, and to have one's delectable countenance as red and as hot as a scarlet fever? "There's lime in the sack"—invariably, in Slyder Downehylle's sack—it would be easy to make mortar of it.

The young Downehylle, finding that happiness eluded his grasp while a boy, made sure of throwing a noose over its head when he should be a man. What on earth is there to prevent a man's being happy, if he chooses—especially if a man has money, as was the case in the present instance, Uncle John and Aunt Betsy both being gathered to their fathers and mothers. May not a man do as he pleases?—go to bed when he pleases, and get up when he pleases?—eat what he pleases and drink what he pleases? A man is not compelled to learn lessons. All his afternoons are Saturday afternoons—his holidays last all the year round. Who would not be a man? "Oh, when I am a man!" said Slyder Downehylle. "I wish I was a man!" exclaimed Slyder Downehylle. "I want to be a man!" cried Slyder Downehylle, with impatience.

Sooner or later, at least in the eye of the law, most boys become men, in despite of remonstrance. These

boys are remarkable for an upstart tendency, and the Downehylles themselves are not exempt from the peculiarity. So Slyder Downehylle was a man at last, though, on the whole, it must be confessed that he did not derive the satisfaction from it that he had been led to expect.

* * * * * *

Slyder Downehylle was extended at full length upon a sofa.

"I say, Spifflikens, what shall I be at? I'm twenty-one—I've got plenty of money—I'm as tired as thunder already—what shall I be at, Spifflikens?"

"Lend me a hundred, and buy yourself a buggy,—why don't you get a buggy, to begin with?"

"Yes, Spifflikens, I will. You're right—the Downehylles were always great on buggies, you know, Spifflikens."

It was Slyder Downehylle's theory, after this conversation—for he often theorized—that happiness was, to some degree, vehicular; that, like respectability, it was to be found in a gig, if it were to be found anywhere. He, therefore, bought him a sulky and a fast trotter—a mile in two minutes or thereabouts. What could escape a man who followed so rapidly? If you wish to be successful in the pursuit of happiness, do not forget to buy a sulky—there's nothing like a sulky.

"Aha!—that's it!" muttered Slyder Downehylle, as he tugged at the reins, and went whizzing along the turnpike in a cloud of dust, passing every thing on the road, and carrying consternation among the pigs, the ducks, and the chickens.

Slyder thought that this was "it" for several consecutive days; but as the novelty wore off—there's the rub—(that Hamlet was rather a sensible fellow—did he too keep a "fast trotter?")—Slyder was not so sure whether it was the thing exactly, and on the recommendation of

his friend Spifflikens, who borrowed another hundred on the occasion, he endeavoured to improve it a little by drinking champagne and playing billiards at the "Cottage." Fast trotters and champagne—fast trotters and billiards harmonize very well. Under this combination, Slyder appeared to think that "it" was considerably more like the thing than before. He had found "something to be happy with," at last, and so had Spifflikens. It was not, however, so difficult to make Spiffy a happy man,—only allow him to go ahead, and say nothing about "returns." He hates any thing sombre—any thing "dun."

"Now I'm happy," said Slyder Downehylle, as he stood on the portico of the "Cottage," and saw every eye fixed with admiration on his establishment, as the boy led his horse and sulky through the crowd of vehicles. "That's it, at last!" and he lighted another cigar and called for an additional bottle of iced champagne. "That's it, certainly," remarked Spifflikens, at the explosion of the cork.

Slyder Downehylle was perfectly satisfied that this was indeed "it," for a considerable portion of the afternoon, and, to tell the truth, when he remounted his buggy, nodding his head to the bystanders, as he hung his coat-tails over the back of the vehicle, he was not a little "elevated."

"There—let him go!" said he, tossing a half-dollar to the hostler's deputy.

Mr. Downehylle's sulky flew like lightning across the lawn.

"Splendid!" ejaculated the spectators.

"Superiaw—fine!" added Spifflikens.

The dogs barked—the coloured gentlemen, who officiated as waiters, grinned from ear to ear.—There was quite a sensation at the "Cottage."

"That's it, at last!" said Slyder Downehylle, triumphantly. But he forgot that existence, short as it is, cannot be crowded all into the exhilarating moment of a "start." Life is not to be distilled and condensed in this way, though his life seemed to come as near it as possible, on the occasion referred to.

Why are we made ambitious? Why will we endeavour to jump over puddles that are too wide, when we so often miss immortality by no more than a hair's breadth? But "touch and go" is the secret of great enterprises. Slyder Downehylle was struck with a desire to sublimate the sublime—to "o'ertop old Pelion," and old Pelion, as it was natural he should, resented the insult. Downehylle was allowed to "touch"—we often do that—but there was a veto on his "go." He wished to shave the gate-post, in his curricular enthusiasm—to astonish the natives with his charioteering skill. Yet the poplars might have reminded him of Phaeton—of Phaeton's sisters weeping, lank and long.

It certainly was the champagne—that last bottle, so well iced.

Mr. Downehylle was out in his calculation by about the sixteenth part of an inch. He was on a lee-shore.

A cloud of splinters went up and came down again. "There is but a Frenchman the more in France," said a Bourbon on the Restoration. It was also quite evident that there was a sulky the less in existence. As this could not be considered the "fast trotter's" business—he having no further concern with the matter than to do a certain number of miles in a specific number of minutes—he, therefore, went straight on to fulfil his part of the contract, and it is to be presumed that he was successful, as nothing has been heard from him since.

"That's not it, after all," murmured Mr. Slyder Downehylle, as he was carried into the Cottage for surgical aid.

The bystanders, lately so full of admiration, ungraciously placed their thumbs upon their noses, and waggled their fingers. Greatness always falls when it meets with an upset.

"What could you expect from a fellow that holds his elbows so, when he drives?" was the general remark. When we are down, every one can see the reason why. The world is always full of sagacity, after the event.

Slyder Downehylle is known by the coloured waiters at the Cottage as "the gemplin that got spilt," and he was so knocked down by the affair that he felt flat at the slightest allusion to it. He never hunted happiness in a buggy again, but went slowly home in the omnibus, and, though it did not enable him to journey very rapidly, he yet contrived, while in it, to arrive at the conclusion that, if "fast trotters" carried others to felicity, the mode of travel was too rough for him.

He was puzzled. What could be the matter? He was a man, a man of cash—money in both pockets; but yet Slyder Downehylle was not happy—not particularly happy. On the contrary, striking an average, he was, for the most part, decidedly miserable. He yawned about all the morning; he was not hungry in the afternoon; he was seldom sleepy at night,—vexatious!

"There's something I want," thought Slyder Downehylle; "but what it is—that's more than I can tell; but it is something to be happy with. What other people get for the purpose, that they go grinning about so, hang me if I can discover."

Slyder Downehylle was rather good-looking, about these times—not decidedly "a love," but well enough; and so, as nature had been propitious, he struck out in a new line—a very popular line—the hair line. He cultivated whiskers, "fringing the base of his countenance;" he set up a moustache; he starred his under lip with an imperial, and

he balanced the superstructure with the classical "goatee." Medusa herself never had more luxuriant curls. When Slyder Downehylle wanted to find himself, he was obliged to beat the bushes. He passed half the day with a brush in his hand, in adjusting his embellishments—in giving them the irresistible expression; and the rest of the time was consumed in carrying them up and down all manner of streets, and to all sorts of public places. Slyder Downehylle was now the envy of the young bloods about town, and was regarded as a perfect Cupidon by the ladies. How, indeed, could it be otherwise! Birnam Wood had come to Dunsinane—not a feature was discernible. Esau and Orson were shavelings and shavers to Slyder Downehylle. But, notwithstanding the fact that Samson found strength in his hair, Slyder was not so lucky. A thick-set hedge cannot keep out ennui. It is true that the buffalo and the bison at the menagerie, took Mr. Slyder Downehylle for a patriarch of the tribe, fresh from the head waters of the Oregon; yet, after all, Slyder's spirit was nearly as bald of comfort as the "hairless horse"—that unfashionable quadruped. It must be confessed, however, that there were gleams of consolation attendant upon his bristly condition. The servants at the hotels styled him "mounsheer." How delightful it is to be mistaken for what you are not! People thought he talked "pretty good English, considerin'," and, best of all, the little boys ran backwards that they might look with wonder at his face, while the smaller children went screaming into the house to call their mammas to see the "funny thing." But "false is the light on glory's plume;" and it is no less false on glory's hair. Even the excitement of such enviable distinction as this soon wears away, and it may be questioned whether, barring the expense of soap, a furry-faced gentleman is, in the long run, much happier than the more sober citizen who has so little taste for the

picturesque as to shave several times a week, and who is neither a "foundling of the forest" nor a perambulatory Moses, always among the bulrushes.

Slyder Downehylle, therefore, reinforced his whiskers by an elaborate care in dress. He was padded into a model of symmetry; but, although the buckram was judiciously placed, he soon ascertained that this was not the kind of bolstering he wanted. The cotton made him warm, but it did not make him happy—not quite. It was "nothing to be thus," unless one were "safely thus." Slyder Downehylle began to feel small, when his muscular developments were hung upon the bed-post. Which was Slyder, in the main—he beneath the cover, or that larger part of him against the wall? He was tired of packing and unpacking; wearied with being "spectacular."

It was not exactly kind in Uncle John and Aunt Betsy—though they thought it was—thus to bequeath their savings to Slyder Downehylle. Their legacy perplexed him sadly. He discovered, in a very short time, that money is not in itself—notwithstanding the fact that it is generally known as the "one thing needful"—the material of happiness. But he was clear in his own mind that it was something to be got with money. Still, however, he could not find it—that "something to be happy with"—that cake, that candy, that sugar-ice, that hobby-horse. When his game was run down, why, it was only a fox after all.

"Life's an imposition—a humbug," said Slyder Downehylle, pettishly; "I've tried much of the fun that's said to be in it, and I'm beginning to have an idea it's a confounded stupid piece of business, when a man has seen it pretty much all through, like a farce at the theatre. I'm sure I don't know what to be at next. There's a man to be hung to-morrow; but I've seen two or three

fellows hung, and they do it just alike. The fun is soon got out of that. Then there's to be a fight somewhere this afternoon; but what's a fight, or a race, or any thing, in short? A spree is to come off to-night at Crinkum-crankum's; but I suppose every thing's to travel down our throats in the old way—botheration!"

"You should go it," remarked Spifflikens, "go it strong—that's the way to scatter the blue devils: go it strong; and, as the poet judiciously remarks, 'go it while you're young.' That's the time—lend me fifty, and I'll show you a thing or two—there are several things to be seen yet, by individuals who don't wear spectacles. This is good brandy, Slyder—prime brandy—where did it come from? Have you got any more? Brandy's wholesome. It agrees with almost everybody."

This postulate is not exactly so self-evident as Mr. Spifflikens thought it to be; but while it is not clearly proved that brandy agrees with everybody, yet it was plain enough that Spifflikens agreed with it, and Slyder Downehylle began likewise to have a slight agreement with that adjective, both in number and person.

He followed the advice of Spifflikens. No one knew the world better than Spifflikens, and, therefore, Spifflikens must, of course, be right,—so Slyder Downehylle became convivial. He slept by day and he frolicked by night. If this was not the long-sought "it," where could "it" be. Slyder Downehylle was merry—exceeding jocose. He was sometimes turned out of three theatres in one evening—he had fought in a ball-room—had thrashed several watchmen—had been honoured with "private hearings" by the magistracy, and had been more than once almost beaten to a jelly. Slyder Downehylle earned the right and title to be known as a spirited youth, and so he was, generally. But, by dint of repetition, the blue began to disappear from this plum also—

the peach was no longer downy. If it had not been for the peach-brandy, what would have become of Slyder Downehylle? It was not, indeed, perfect bliss—Slyder was subject to headache in the earlier part of the day—but it was as nearly "something to be happy with," as he had yet been enabled to discover.

It was a hard case, view it as you will. Mr. Slyder Downehylle wanted to be happy—he had the greatest disposition to be happy. He had tried every possible experiment in that direction that either he or Spifflikens could suggest; but yet he was a dejected man, even when tipsy twice a day. He could find no delight that was of a substantial character—nothing to which he could constantly recur without fear of disappointment and disgust—nothing that would wear all the week through and be the same to-day, to-morrow, and the day after that. It was in vain that he intermingled his pleasures—took them in alternation—over-eat himself in the morning and over-drank himself in the evening, or reversed the process, turning the bill of fare upside down. It came all to the same thing in the end. There must be something wrong—why could not Slyder Downehylle be happy? Who laboured harder to boil down common-place and to extract from it the essence of felicity—to concentrate the soup of life, and to elicit essentials from their insipid dilution?

A man laughed in the play-house—laughed several times. What right had he to laugh in that side-shaking manner? Slyder Downehylle could not laugh—he saw no particular joke that required it; but the man laughed again, and when Slyder requested him not to make a fool of himself, the man pulled Slyder's nose. Hope deferred engenders fierceness. Slyder quarrelled with the man about making so free with another person's nose, as if it were a bell-pull or a knocker. A nose is not much,

to be sure—many noses are not—but when a nose is constituted a point of honour, it expands to the dimensions of a geographical promontory—it is peninsular—it is an independent territory, over which no one can be allowed to march, much less to make settlements upon it. Slyder Downehylle resolved to stand by his nose, and so he stood up to it, and a duel was the consequence—a duel, according to the barbarian custom of modern times, which was fought before breakfast. Who can be surprised that there is so much bad shooting extant on these interesting occasions? A gentleman, no matter how much of a gentleman he may be in proper hours, cannot reasonably be expected to be altogether a gentleman—altogether himself—at such an uncivilized time of day. A man may be valiant enough after nine o'clock—when he has had his coffee and muffins—he may be able to face a battery in the forenoon, and ready to lead a forlorn hope when he has dined comfortably; but to ask one to get up to be shot at, in the gray of the morning—in the midst of fogs and all sorts of chilly discomfort, his boots and his trowsers draggled with dew, and himself unsustained by a breakfast, why the whole thing is preposterous. No man can be valiant unless he is warm, and, as no man can be warm without his breakfast, it is a demonstrated fact that breakfast is itself valor, and that one may be frightened before breakfast, without the slightest disparagement to his character for courage. Master Barnardine was right when he refused to get up early to go to the gallows. There is a time for all things. But Slyder Downehylle was not more alarmed than was natural and proper—not more, probably, than his antagonist. "How do they come on?" said the surgeon to Goliah Bluff, who acted as Slyder's second. The fourth shot had been interchanged and no blood drawn. "As well as could be expected," replied Goliah; "they are approximating—

the seconds don't have to dodge now, and the principals are not so likely as they were to shoot off their own toes. Practice makes perfect. Gentlemen, are you ready?—one, two, three!"—bang!—bang!—The man had winged Slyder, and both were glad—the one that it was safely over, so far as he was concerned, and the other that the affair was finished and no worse, so far as he was concerned. Further approximations might have been dangerous. But the result was a downright flying in the face of poetical justice, owing, no doubt, to the fact that poetical justice wisely lies abed till the last bell rings. But then, as Goliah Bluff announced to the parties belligerent, Slyder Downehylle was "satisfied," and who else had a right to complain? His nose was the feature most interested, and it said nothing, "as nobody knows on"—for it was now a nose which, when regarded in its metaphysical and honourable aspect, notwithstanding its rubid tints, had not a stain upon its escutcheon. The bullet in its master's shoulder had been soapsuds to its reputation, and the duel had been brickdust to the lustre of its glory. Slyder Downehylle's nose actually "shone again," brighter than ever. His arm, indeed, was in a sling—the same arm that had conveyed so many slings into him, to support him, comfort him, and keep him up; but his nose was self-sustained; it had been proved to be a feature not to be handled with impunity. But what are noses, after all—what are noses in the abstract—noses individually considered? Slyder, in the end, did not care much who pulled his nose, so they did it gently.

He was engaged in solving a great moral problem. He left the longitude and the squaring of the circle to intellects of an inferior order. It was for him to determine whether it was possible to live upon the principal of one's health and capacities for enjoyment, without being restricted to such beggarly returns as the mere in-

terest thereof. As for content—the "being happy with one's self," as Uncle John expressed it—this was a very flat sort of happiness in Slyder Downehylle's estimation, if, indeed, he ever placed it in that category at all. It was by no means strong enough for the purpose. Happy upon water! "I'll trouble you for that pale brandy," said Slyder Downehylle. He desired that his existence should be one vast bowl of champagne punch—an everlasting mince-pie—terrapins and turtle soup—glaciers of ice-cream and cataracts of cognac, sunned by frolic and fanned by the breeze of excitement,—a "perpetual spree." There were to be no shady sides of the way in his resplendent world.—How many practical philosophers have failed in the same pursuit! Is the *aurum potabile* never to be discovered? Are we always to come down to the plain reality, at last? Downehylle could not endure the thought. "More cayenne, if you please."

"Have you ever tried faro?" whispered Spifflikens; "there's considerable fun at faro, when you are up to it."

Spifflikens passed the bottle. Slyder Downehylle had never tried faro, but he did try it, and thought that he rather liked it. In short, it improved upon acquaintance. At length, he had reached the *ultima Thule.* The "something to be happy with" had, to all appearance, been found. Redheiffer was but a goose. He knew not where to look for the "perpetual motion"—the everlasting jog to the flagging spirit. But the top of our speed brings the end of the race. He who moves most rapidly, is the soonest at the close of his career. Faro is fickle, and Slyder Downehylle, in his zeal to pile enjoyment upon enjoyment—to be happy, if possible, with several things at a time—had unluckily a habit of not taking even his faro "plain;" he needed syrup also in that effer

vescing draught, and, as his head became warm, the "cool" amounts in his pockets melted away.

Slyder Downehylle was a cashless man—his researches after felicity had not only proved unsuccessful, but had left him without the means of future progression. He was bemired, half-way—swamped, as it were, in sight of port. Even Spifflikens cut him dead. The tailors desired no more of his custom—his apartments at the hotel were wanted. The "credit system" was out of fashion. Financiering had been clipped in its wings. How doleful looks the candle when capped with an extinguisher!—The wounded squirrel drops from limb to limb. The world has many wounded squirrels, besides those that crack nuts to earn a living. Just such a squirrel was Slyder Downehylle, compelled, before he reached the top of his aspiring hopes, to abandon every step that he had so toilfully surmounted.

How he now obtained any thing to eat, is not exactly known. His mode of obtaining something to drink, is, if not original, certainly ingenious. He never goes to the pump, having no taste for hydraulics. Nor does he find water with a hazel twig. He has a more effective "twig" than that. He lounges in bar-rooms, and, as his old acquaintances, searchers after happiness not yet brought up with a "round turn," go there to drink—a dry bar is a sad impediment to navigation—it is astonishing how very solicitous he becomes in reference to their health.

"How do you do, Mr. Jones? I've not had the pleasure of seeing you for a long time. How have you been?"

"Pretty well, Downehylle, pretty well—but excuse me—Bibo and I are going to try something."

"Why, ah—thank you—I don't care much if I do join.

The pale brandy—yes—that will answer," would be Slyder Downehylle's response under such circumstances, from which it is apparent that misfortune had somewhat impaired his sense of hearing.

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Slyder Downehylle is supposed to be yet about town, looking earnestly for his undiscovered happiness. The last time he was seen by credible witnesses, they noted him busily employed in playing "All Fours," in front of John Gin's hostelry—a game probably selected as emblematic of his now creeping condition. He lounges no more in fashionable resorts. Champagne punch is a mere reminiscence. His Havanas are converted into "long nines," and his bibulations are at two cents a glass, making up in piperine pungency what they lack in delicacy of flavour. He is sadly emaciated, and, in all respects, considerably the worse for wear, while a hollow cough indicates that his physical capabilities have proved inadequate to the requirements of his method of employing life, and are fast dropping to pieces. Slyder Downehylle is consequently more melancholy than ever. He is troubled with doubts. Perhaps he may have proceeded upon an error—perhaps the principle, the high pressure principle, of his action was not the right one. It may be that excitement is not happiness—that our pleasures are fleeting in proportion to their intensity—that, indeed, if "life be a feast," the amount of satisfaction to be derived from it is rather diminished than increased by swallowing the viands hastily, and by having a free recourse to condiments, and that a physical economy is as wise and as necessary to well-being as economy of any other kind. He is almost led to suppose that his "something to be happy with" is a fallacy; he never could hold it within

"The last time he was seen by credible witnesses, they noted him busily employed in playing 'All Fours,' in front of John Gin's hostelry—a game probably selected as emblematic of his now creeping condition."—*Book* III, *page* 52.

his grasp, and he inclines to the belief that a man probably does well to have a home in himself, that he may not always be compelled to run abroad for recreation, or to appeal to his senses to give vivacity to the hour. If it were his luck to begin again, perhaps he might try the tack thus indicated. But that hollow cough!—Our experiences oft reach their climax too late; yet others may learn from the example of Slyder Downehylle.

HIGHDAYS AND HOLIDAYS.

A CHRISTMAS FANCY, AND A NEW-YEAR'S THOUGHT.

UNDOUBTEDLY—we never meant to deny it—anniversaries are pleasant enough, in their way. It is true, perhaps, that if our wishes could have an effect in the matter, we might rather desire them not to come quite so rapidly as they do of late, thus huddling on each other as if the space between had undergone abridgment, and as if years, like ourselves, as they grow older, are liable to shrinkage. There is no audible call for despatch in this particular, and thus to mount the months upon a locomotive, to sweep by in such undignified haste that they are gone almost before we are able to avail ourselves of their services,—which every one must have observed to be peculiarly the case since steam became the fashion and hurry the order of the day,—is annoying to people of leisurely habits, who like to deliberate before they act, and to consider consequences in advance of the deed, instead of afterwards, according to modern usages. To our fancy, the slow year—the year in hoop, powder and buckles—in full decorum and expansion—was a much more respectable personage than such years as we have now; years which have changed the minuet measure of their ancestors for a hop, step and jump, not to be set down as otherwise than an abomination. We hate to be jostled and pushed from our propriety, and though it is admitted to be true that "here to-day and gone to-morrow" is symbolical of human existence, this incessant bustle of preparation causes an absorption of the day in the morrow. There is no "to-day"—scarcely the fragment of an afternoon; nothing but beginnings and endings, without an intervening pause for thought.

Still, however, as you say—as all the world says—these anniversaries are pleasant things; not emphatically pleasant, but pleasant, with no particular stress upon the word. They will intrude into our company, you know, without ceremonious observances. It is not easy to shut the door in the face of old time, nor is it of avail to reply "not at home," to the New Year; and, in emergencies of this kind, when there is no help, we cannot probably do better than to insist upon it, downright—to ourselves and to other people of less importance, that the inevitable visitant is under our patronage, and has agreeable points about him. Marvels are to be accomplished in regard to such convictions, by dint of perseverance. Resolve upon it that you shall think so, and you will think so,—sooner or later. Only want to think so, and the object is more than half achieved. We are very docile to ourselves, and in an internal dispute, inclination is so fertile in argument that it becomes "useless to talk." The fair lady at last confessed that John Wilkes had a squint—the aberration from the true line was too evident to be denied—but then, she had prevailed on herself to admire even his defects, and she qualified her unwilling admission by declaring that, to her view, "Mr. Wilkes did not squint more than a gentleman should." And so, these anniversaries are pleasant things. There is a little of a sinister expression in their aspect, no doubt—father Saturn is charged with a disposition to devour his children—but we will set it down as a peculiarity which is rather attractive than otherwise—romantic interest, such as that which envelopes gentlemen of the "suspicious look," who combine the bully and the beau in so just an equipoise, that they command success and enforce admiration.

No one pretends to assert, at least, that it is not a source of pleasure to meet with friends, on a festive occasion—provided always that we have friends and possess

a fondness for festivities. To give and to receive tokens of love and amity, affords refreshment to the spirit. The heart is cheered by smiling faces and the voice of joy, and it is not to be disputed that dining well is a circumstance by no means repugnant to the ordinary constitution of human nature—not repugnant at the moment, though sometimes apt to entail remorseful reminiscences. There is a period also, in our terrestrial career, when the dance comes not amiss, even if we should chance to feel a little dull upon it, when the next day's sun peeps in at us; and, indeed, it may be conceded that all the incidents of the holiday season and anniversary return—very nearly all—are decidedly pleasant—bright to anticipate, happy in fruition, and well enough in the retrospect. Let us, then, look gayly on the approach of the "happy New Year," when we rejoice by tradition, and take up the echo of old time, that it may reverberate to posterity. Our merry-makings now, are the connecting link between the past and the future.

We are told, moreover, that it is not the part of true wisdom to be strict in the analysis of our pleasures, and that he is more of a simpleton than a philosopher, who stops in the midst of his mirth to ascertain, by critical inquiry, whether, after all, there be any thing to laugh at. And, in fact, if it is our purpose to extract from life as many agreeable sensations as it is capable of affording, we must content ourselves with being entertained, and not insist too strenuously that the cause shall be in strict proportion to the effect. Nor can it be regarded as altogether a matter of sagacity to, pass much time in endeavouring to discover what we have to be unhappy about to-day. There are annoyances enough, of the unavoidable and intrusive sort—vexations which will, of their own impulse, be in attendance, independent of a call—without a recourse to the muster-roll of grievance, to select a

pet sorrow as our special companion. And to search for a discomfort, merely to bring it in action as a means of self-disturbance, may be courageous, but it is, for the most part, an unprofitable exhibition of valour. There is abundant room for the exercise of the passive virtues, without this continued practice upon our fortitude.—Nevertheless, there are occasions when fevers of this peculiar type have their advantages; and when, from unknown causes, be they moral or physical, a diffused irascibility pervades the individual—when we go to rest in gloom and arise in sulkiness—it is a wholesome operation that the disorder should be localized, and that some particular point should be presented, no matter what, on which the pent-up fury may have vent. For example, if a gentleman, in the morning, should chance to be overheard in addressing harsh and uncivil words to his slippers, and in speaking with unkindness and disrespect to his boots, those with whom he is likely to come in contact at subsequent hours, have reason to rejoice that the superfluous electricity with which he was troubled, has wreaked itself upon inanimate objects. A living creature has, in all likelihood, had a fortunate escape. The slipper anticipates a contention—a boot may have frustrated a duel, and deprived surgery of a subject. Should my lady apostrophize the unlucky broom, which careless hands have left upon the stair, or should she, in sparkling monologue, comment on other oversights in housewifery, which meet her early eye, do not repine at wasted energy, or at eloquence scattered to the unheeding air. It is a mercy, though you think it not, and power remains for all needful purposes. Occurrences of this description are, however, but exceptions to the comprehensive rule, and are not to be elevated to the station of a general example. They are not to be pleaded, certainly, as a justification of

undiscriminating cynicism, or as palliating the propensity to seek for faults and to spy out defects.

But yet, as concerns holidays in general—as involves the merits of New Year's days and birth-days in particular—we are little disposed to be captious and hypercritical—but still it must be acknowledged, with all due deference to sounder judgment and more enlarged experience, that when they are regarded apart from their fineries, and the sophistication is dispensed with—when they lay aside hat, cloak and feathers—the comeliness, as in other instances not lying under present notice, measurably disappears, and as they sit down with us quietly by the fireside, it would be difficult perhaps conscientiously to assert, that the sensation is that of unmixed delight, or that the satisfaction would have been much less had their coming been delayed somewhat—not from a dearth of hospitality—not that we are altogether averse to this stranger presence; but from a vague impression that we are not fully prepared for such distinguished company, and would like to be a little more economical in joys of this description—not quite so many birth-days, and a thought less, if we may so express it, of the New Year. Let children be impatient—we can wait well enough; and though it be an axiom that time is money, we care not thus to exercise our arithmetic in its computation—like Hamlet, we are "ill at these numbers."—The observant eye may have noted, too, that with its increase of chronological wealth, the world grows miserly in the accumulation of its anniversary amounts—that it hides them, as it were, in unnoticed crannies and disregarded chinks, and that, as the sum grows larger, it shrinks from every allusion to its doubtful riches, as if there were robbers here, to "steal our years away." Nor can it have escaped intelligent remark, that there are those among us—respectable people, not incompetent to

a gig, if, indeed, they may not justly aspire to a pair of horses—persons not to be suspected, under ordinary circumstances, of a bias towards larceny, who do not scruple to plunder themselves or their historical position, and who, since it would be a work beyond their powers to suppress the First of January outright, nathless do contrive to wink strangely when the day that gave them birth rolls by, as if they had forgotten its distinctive features, and felt no gratitude for the favour it conferred, in the far distant past.

Since such facts are facts, not to be controverted, how happens it that at these moments, a really reluctant people are called upon to rejoice, in assumed jollity and forced smiles? Is it done to drive away care, or is it, after all, a joke—an invocation to merriment and convivialities—we address the question to the common sense of everybody—is it a joke—we mean, a very good joke—a joke to make us frisk, and give us a spasmodic twinge in the side—to peep into the mirror, and to count upon the cheek and brow, the additional flourishes of Time's villanously crampt penmanship? We speak not in regard to connoisseurship or dilletanteism; but are you, in your heart, fond of the study of these ungraceful hieroglyphics? Would you not prefer engrossments on other parchment? A majestic brow is admirable in a statue,—a fine phrenology may be a letter of recommendation; but it is yet to be made manifest that musings upon a wig, or meditations about the approaching necessity for a "scratch," ever provoked a smile in him who was compelled to entertain them. Lear thought it flattery—but he was singular in his opinion—to be told that his beard was white; and it would perhaps move surprise, if there were an issue of invitations to celebrate the arrival of gray hairs. There are methods to create hunger when the appetite is disposed to sleep; but why it should ren-

der us eager for comfits and confections, because another round has been completed—because, though the jubilant be a year older, he is scarce a minute wiser—nearer the end of his career, yet not a penny richer—as full of sin and folly as before, but with much less time for repentance and amendment,—would puzzle Abernethy himself to explain.—There is, besides, a sad waste of gunpowder, and the loud rattle of fire-arms, hereabouts, and it may be appropriate to let off a blunderbuss as the old year expires. There are instances, no doubt, in which that weapon would be characteristic.

Look ye, too, where comes the forgotten tailor, the neglected hatter, the unsought shoemaker, with a long line of others who have administered to your convenience—see them approach, not perhaps having "fire in each eye," but certainly with "paper in each hand," to bring you to a settlement—a winding up of old affairs, preliminary to a new onset. Do you find that funny, friend—heedless, thoughtless, perhaps cashless, friend?—Now, you perceive the moral of the matter—now, you obtain a glimpse of the special mission of this holiday; and the pecuniary settlement to which the time is subject, is but a type of the more impressive settlement which the recurrence of the day should impose upon us. If that be well performed, then, indeed, have we reason to rejoice.

It has struck you often, in moments of calmness and reflection—after disappointments and in grief—in those minutes when the flush of enjoyment had faded to a sombre hue, and self-estimation had proportionably subsided—that there were changes in your own character and disposition which might be made to advantage. It would have been resented, if another had said as much; for you then thought, and still think, it may be mistakenly, that these defects are only apparent in full to their owner. Still, however, the amelioration was resolved upon. At

"Look ye, too, where comes the forgotten tailor, the neglected hatter, the unsought shoemaker, with a long line of others who have administered to your convenience."—*Book* III, *page* 60.

first, it was to begin "now." Then came cares and pleasures; a little postponement was granted, and this great work, if we are not in error, lies in the dusty corners of your determination, quite unfinished. Could you not take it up to-day?—A more fitting time is not likely to present itself.

Somebody has frequently promised—but, after the cautious fashion of Sir Giles Overreach, "we name no parties"—has promised very distinctly to himself—and there is no one with whom it would be more to his advantage to keep faith—that the New Year shall find him, in many respects, a new man. Do you know such a person—a friend, a brother, a lover or a husband, who has done this, in the view of evil habit, of indolence, of ill temper, of any of the thousands of temptations and of faults which beset the human family? Strengthen his will; give encouragement to his weakness. He may chance to need it.

And then, it may not be too much to assume that, perfect as we are, there is no want of certain pestilent imps, who find places in our train, and are ever on the alert for mischief,—saucy companions, of whom we would gladly be rid, but that they take us by surprise, and await not the chastisements of our regret—little petulances, which at times prompt us to wound those who love us best—small discontents, which seek expression in embittered words—unrecognised envies, which lacerate the heart and disturb repose, leading to uncharitable thoughts, and unkindly judgments—petty jealousies, have we not, rendering us unreasonable, querulous, and ill at ease? Such restless spirits swarm the air, causing endless complications of annoyance. Let them, this day, be summoned to your footstool, to meet discharge, and, above all things, let us impress it on your mind to scan their faces closely. They are adroit at a disguise, and often elude the most

careful watch; so that we know them not but in their effects, and by the sorrows they are apt to leave behind.

If such be our policy, as the substratum of our merriment, and the undercurrent to our mirth, and if we can find nerve enough to accomplish but a part of what is deemed desirable,—if each New Year is thus assured of meeting with us so much wiser, and therefore happier—for wisdom is but happiness, after all,—than any of its predecessors, we shall "better brook the loss of brittle youth," and meet the onward tide of time with buoyant hearts and an unshrinking hope—satisfied with the present, and with no terrors for the future.

THE NEWS-BOY.

Arms have had their day. The age of steel is past. The thunders of Mont St. Jean formed the grand finale to the melo-drama of military exploit, and the curtain fell, never to rise again, upon the last scene of martial greatness, when the laurelled warriors of France cast aside the baton of command to have recourse to their spurs. Bellona then went to boarding-school, and learned to comb her refractory locks into the pliant graces of the toilet, while Mars obtained a situation in a counting-house, and seated upon a three-legged stool, still nibs his pen to gain a livelihood. Romance expired at Waterloo. Chivalry expended itself when Ney was foiled; and the Belgian peasant unconsciously depicts the moral of the fall of the empire when he boils potatoes in the helmet of the knight, and cooks his mutton in a breastplate of the "Guard." The world is tired of slaughter—the poetry of the shambles is exhausted. We live as long as we can now, and find existence none the worse for having a full supply of arms and legs. A body like a cullender is not essential to reputation, and death has become so unpopular that it is only by special favour that ambition can get itself hanged.

New elements produce new combinations. When the musket rusts in a garret, and glory puzzles over the multiplication table and retails brown sugar, the restless impulses of humanity seek excitements before unknown. Strategy exhibits itself in the marts of trade. Napoleons are financiers. The sun of Austerlitz bursts through the clouds which overhang the stock exchange. Bulls and bears constitute the contending hosts of modern times,

and there is no analogy to the "maraud," unless we find it in embezzlement and defalcation. We are "smart" now—exceeding smart, and pugnacity is thrown to the dogs. Learning, too, leaves its solidity in the cloister, and, no longer frighted by trumpets and sulphurous vapors, spreads itself thinly abroad. Being in haste, the world reads as it runs, so that heavy books, like heavy artillery, remain in the arsenals. Man, commercial man, speculating man, financial man—man, heedless of gory greatness, but eager for cash, must know all that is in agitation. Having ceased to kill his neighbour, he is anxious to ascertain what his neighbour is about, that he may turn him and his doings to profitable account; and hence, in the place of those gaudy banners which used to flout the sky, instead of the oriflamme of nations, which once rallied their battalia, we gather round the newspaper, not with sword, and shield, and casque, but with ink-stained jacket and with pen in ear. Our clarion now, more potent than the Fontarabian horn, is the shrill voice of the news-boy, that modern Minerva, who leaped full blown from the o'erfraught head of journalism; and, as the news-boy is in some respects the type of the time—an incarnation of the spirit of the day,—a few words devoted to his consideration may not be deemed amiss.

As the true Corinthian metal was formed from the meltings of the devoted city, thus the news-boy is the product of the exigencies of the era. The requirements of the age always bring forth that which is wanted. The dragon teeth of tyranny have often caused the earth to crop with armed men, and the nineteenth century, thirsting for information and excitement, finds its Ganymede in the news-boy. He is its walking idea, its symbol, its personification. Humanity, in its new shape, is yet young and full of undefined energies, and so is he. The first generation of his race not having outgrown their business.

the important part which youth thus trained, is destined to play in human affairs, is as yet too imperfectly developed even for the meditations of the most speculative philosopher that ever extracted glowing sunbeams from the refreshing cucumber; but, as nature does nothing in vain, it is fair to infer that the news-boy is destined, in one way or another, to fix the period which gave him birth, in the niche of history. Too many powerful elements combine in him not to be productive of grand results. What is the news-boy—what is necessary to his original constitution—what faculties are involved, cherished, strengthened and made, as it were, the preponderating forces of his character, by the calling to which he is devoted? Survey the news-boy—extract him from the buzzing crowd and place him on a pedestal, while you analyze his character in its psychological and physical details, estimating, at the same time, the past and future operation of circumstances in educating him for mature effort in the contentions of men. Anatomize him, and "see what breeds about his heart." A rough study, truly—soiled garments and patches. The youth is not precisely fitted for presentation in the drawing-room, evident though it be that his self-possession would not desert him in the presence of an empress. Valets and body servants do not trouble themselves about him. Father and mother, brother and sister, if such there be, have enough to do in struggling for their own existence, without attending to the details of his costume, and many a repair is the result of his own handiwork in hours stolen from needful rest. That battered hat, grown foxy by exposure, is picturesque in its proportions, not so much from careless usage as from hard service, and those ox-hide boots, embrowned and cracked, have shamed the feats of plank-walking pedestrians. Sooth to say, our hero is somewhat uncouth in his externals. That fair

damsel there would scarcely covet him for a parlour pet. He would not shine amid carpet knights, nor would Titania weary Oberon with prayers to have him for her henchman. The news-boy would not weep either, if he were to know that perfumed pride and silken delicacy thus curl the nose at him; for he would be lost and wearied in such preferment. Observe his frame, so light, yet so strong;—so pliant, wiry and enduring. No "debile wretch" enters the ranks of these juvenile Prætorians; or, if he should venture on services so far beyond his capacity, exhaustion soon removes him. Glance at the expression of that weather-beaten face, prematurely channelled into line and hardened into muscle. Care, courage and resolution are in every curve of those compacted lips. The soft roundness of childhood has departed long since. That mouth knows more of the strong word, the keen retort, the well-weighed phrases of the bargainer, of cunning solicitation, and of the fierce wrangle, than of the endearing kisses of affection. It brings no memory of rosebuds. It is no poetic feature for romance to dwell upon, but a mouth of plain reality—of confirmed utilitarianism. It wreathes itself more readily into the mould of worldly intrepidity, than into the gentle dimples of early life. It is, in the news-boy, as in all mankind beside, a key to the individual mysteries of our nature. The impulses, the ruling trait, are here developed, and the news-boy offers no exception to the rule. The glance of his eye is as cold, but as bright, as the beaming sun of a frosty morning, which sparkles on the ice, but melts it not. Still, though self-interest and sordid calculation dwell in its depths, we find a laughing devil there, which feasts on satire and sports like the chevaliers of old, *à l'outrance.* Its jokes bite shrewdly, and the lance of its wit displays the point "unbated," though not "envenomed." When the news-boy turns awhile from

business to the pleasures of companionship, he asks no quiet recreation. His raillery and his pleasant tricks both deal in heavy blows and rude interchanges. Your nice, nervous sensibility finds no quarter from one whose very existence in all its phases is roughness. Should he hereafter learn to woo, it will be "as the lion wooes his bride."

Such is the *physique* of the news-boy, and it contains many of the constituent points of greatness. Tossed early into the world, the impediments which cause other men to fail, are soon surmounted in his path. He has no kindly arm to lean upon, and, through mistaken tenderness, to make his steps unsteady. He is his own staff—his own protector. Of diffidence, he never heard the name—he does not know its nature. Imaginary barriers cannot interpose between him and his object; for he recognises none as worthier than he, and self-distrust plays no fantastic tricks to defeat the consummation of what he may resolve. He lives in deeds, and not in dreamy speculation—he is an actor, not a looker on, and practice has given him that estimate of his own powers which rarely falls below the mark, and which, best of all, surrounds disappointment with no unreal terrors. When he falls, he falls but to rise again with renewed strength, like the fabled Antæus. And while continued collision with the world thus hardens his intellectual being, his muscular energies, which sustain the spirit, receive a training of proportionate severity. He has no tender years. Let wealthy youth be housed in luxury, and guarded from the storm. Soft couches and protracted slumbers do not enervate the news-boy. Compared to him, the sun itself is a sluggard. No morning ray finds him in bed; the moon and stars witness his uprisings, and he travels forth in darkness to commence his daily toil. Let the rain fall in torrents—the lightning flash—the thunders roar, the

news-boy laughs at the elemental strife. Heat and cold are alike indifferent to one who has such duties to perform. It is on him that society waits for its mental aliment, and can he falter—can he shrink before winds and showers, before frosts and heats, who, more truly than any human being, is the "schoolmaster abroad?" No—others may crouch around the fire, or shrink beneath their blankets, at the sound of winter's threatening blasts; but the news-boy springs up, whistling cheerily, to encounter any hardship that may oppose him.

Now, it is contended that whole masses and classes of youth, thus educated, thus trained—who live, as it were, by their wits—by their boldness, their address, their perseverance—whose faculties are always literally at the grindstone—who daily practise endurance, fortitude, self-restraint, abstinence, and many other virtues; who are pre-eminently frugal and industrious; who learn to understand men and boys, dandies and dandizettes, and are schooled to emulation and competition—must of necessity produce something—not a little of roguery, mayhap, which is often the fungous growth, the untrimmed shoot, of a certain grade of cleverness. But we look for more than this—if genius is ever latent, the life of the news-boy must bring it forth. The blows which fall on him, would elicit sparks from the flint. In the school which boasts of such a pupil, society is the book, adversity the teacher, and harsh circumstance plays the part of rod and ferula. He is scourged into wisdom, almost before others can walk alone.

In what peculiar way, Tom Tibbs, whose admirable portrait graces our present number, is likely to distinguish himself, remains to be seen. His faculties are expansive—roaming like summer bees. The moment of concentration, when genius, rallying upon its focus, burns its way through all impediments, has not yet come to him. But

TOM TIBBS—THE NEWS-BOY.—*Book* III, *page* 68.

Tibbs is one of whom expectation may be entertained. In fact, he has long been spoken of as a "hopeful youth," by many of those who know him; and though the phrase may often be applied derisively, as a sort of *lucus a non lucendo*, still this is but the vulgar error, which cannot comprehend the kittenhood of lionism—the unappreciated infancy of power. No one ever achieved distinction who did not begin by being a nuisance, just as greatness in a single walk, of necessity constitutes a bore; and it may be so with Tibbs. He has already learned the one great lesson of success. He looks upon the community as a collective trout—a universal fish, which must nibble at his bait, lie in his basket, and fill his frying-pan. On this maxim, heroes have overrun the world. It has been the foundation, not only of fortunes, but of empires. Why should it not elevate Tibbs? Especially as his soul has not been whittled down to a single point, by the process of acquiring the knowledge to which we refer. Tibbs has the affections, the sympathies, the twining tendrils of the heart, in as great perfection as can be expected in one who has been taught to look upon downright fact as the great purpose of existence. The pennies, however, do not engross him utterly; but when he is in pursuit of the pennies, that pursuit is made paramount. He takes his business as Falstaff did his sack, "simple, of itself;" and his pleasures are imbibed "neat," never spoiling both by an infusion and admixture of either. That soldier is a poor sentinel who nods upon his post, and would both watch and wink upon a tour of duty. The winkings of Tibbs are wisely condensed into a continuous slumber; and when he watches, it is generally found that his eyes are quite as widely open as the eyes of other people.

Tom Tibbs had a father, a necessity from which it is believed the greatest are not exempt, and in Tom's case,

as indeed in many others, it was a hard necessity, from which it would have pleased him to be excused. Tom's father was a disciplinarian—that is, he compounded for his own delinquencies by a compensatory severity upon the delinquencies of others. When he had made a fool of himself abroad, he balanced the account and atoned for the folly, by chastising Tom at home, and thus went to bed with a cleared conscience and a weary arm. When he had spent more money upon a recreation than precisely suited his circumstances, the family were put upon short commons, and Tom's contingent of shoes and jackets, as well as those of his brothers and sisters—for he is not the only scion of Tibbsism—was economically retrenched. The elder Tibbs piqued himself much upon his paternal kindness in teaching prudence to his offspring. "You'll bless me for it," said he, with tears in his eyes, as he prepared to hammer them all round, after having been fined for wheeling his barrow upon the pavement, "you'll bless me for it the longest day you have to live." The elder Tibbs was patriarchal—he made the law as the necessity arose, carrying it into effect himself, and its adaptation to circumstances was wonderful. Any trouble in solving the equity of the case was instantly obviated by flogging Tom, and then old Tibbs would exclaim, "My conscience is easy—I do my best towards these naughty children—my duty is fulfilled—if they come to bad ends, they can't blame me for it. I have spared no pains to bring 'em up properly," and he had not been sparing, so far as the strap was concerned.

Mrs. Tibbs was a tender-hearted woman, who did not exactly understand parental duties as they were received by her husband; yet, being somewhat overcrowed by the commanding spirit of her mate, she sometimes almost began to think that Tom must indeed be rather a bad boy to require the neat's leather so often. But Mrs. Tibbs

loved her children, and did her best to console them, thus preserving a verdant spot in Tom's otherwise arid heart; for, as his cuticle was hardened, his spirit also grew callous.

The pressure of the times, however, at last compelled the Tibbs family to migrate westward; and the father, when two days out from the city, having become warm with his own eloquence upon the difficulties of making a living, called Tom to his side and diverged into a personal episode and an individual apostrophe:

"It's so hard now to get along in the world, that I shouldn't wonder, if any thing happened to me, if these children were to starve. Tom, Tom, how often have I told you that you'd never come to good! Tom, Tom! you'll break my heart! Where's that strap? I don't want to do it, but I must!"

Tom, however, could not be prevailed upon to "stay to supper," and escaped, retracing his steps to the city, and dissolving all connection with the strap. He thought that he had received quite as much "bringing up," in that respect, as was necessary.

Tom felt his destiny strong within him. He threw himself into the bosom of the news-boys, and through their kindness, for they are a kindly race when properly approached, soon became one of the most distinguished of the corps. No one can sell more adroitly than he; his perseverance is mingled with tact, and his verbal embellishments as to the peculiar interest of the number of the journal he has to sell, are founded on fact. He never announces the steamer to be in before she is telegraphed, nor indulges in the false pretences which so often derogate from the dignity of the profession. He estimates its importance, and proceeds upon principle. The traveller who trades with Tibbs, at the cars, or on board the steamboat, may safely buy under the ringing of

the last bell, without finding too late that his pennies have been exchanged for newspapers stale as an addled egg, and freshly pumped on, to give them an appearance of juvenility. Nor does Tom ever avail himself of hasty departures, to be oblivious in the matter of returning change. He does not, under such circumstances, "as some ungracious pastors do," put your quarter in one pocket and fumble for sixpences in the other, until the train darts away; nor would he, if tempted to the performance of this unworthy feat, add insult to injury, by holding up the cash when distance had made its reception impossible, or by assuming that burlesque expression of hypocritical astonishment with which some paper-venders, in a similar catastrophe, outrage your feelings besides wronging your purse. As Tom often justly remarks to such of his colleagues as are habituated to these practices, "This 'ere chiselling system won't do. Nobody likes to be chiselled, and when you have chiselled everybody, why then they'll get a law passed, and chisel us all to chips. A joke to-day is often a licking to-morrow, mind I tell you."

Tom's philosophy was, at once, Franklinian and indisputable. He felt the necessity of obviating all danger of a war of races. He knew that nothing but mischief was to be anticipated, if all the rest of the human family were to be "chiselled" into a hostility against the news-boys; for the minority always stand in the predicament of being presented and suppressed as a nuisance, whenever the stronger party think fit to exercise the power of numbers; and, as a natural consequence, Tom was opposed to the practice of clustering about a corner and selling newspapers in a flock. "A sprinkling of news-boys, one or two in every square," thought he, "is well enough. It's good for trade, and makes things lively; but to be cutting up, so fashion, all in a jam, why people go on t'other side of the way, and retailing's done for. I vote for

scatteration. Folks hate being obligated to fight their way through the literary circles."

But Tibbs, with all his good sense, has a weakness. There is a forte and a foible to every blade, and even such a blade as a news-boy cannot escape the common lot of humanity. Sound upon the general principle of not annoying others, yet, in the indulgence of his humour, he sometimes makes an exception. He especially dislikes Mr. Sappington Sapid, a starched gentleman of the old school, who never reads a journal, cares nothing for the current of events, and entertains a perfect horror of the modern style of newspapers and of all concerned in their distribution. In fact, he attributes much of the evils of the time to cheap journalism, and he has not been sparing of an expression of his views on the subject, whenever the opportunity was afforded. On some one of these occasions, it was his luck to wound the feelings of Thomas Tibbs, and Tibbs accordingly marked him for a sufferer.

Incessantly was Mr. Sappington Sapid assailed. Not a news-boy passed his door without ringing the bell to ascertain whether a paper was not required—he never walked the streets without perpetual and ridiculous solicitations. When he appeared, all customers were left for his special annoyance, and, in consequence of failing in the attaint one day, when he directed an indignant kick at the provoking Tibbs—unpractised individuals should never essay the rapid and extemporaneous application of the foot—Mr. Sappington Sapid sat suddenly and unexpectedly down in a puddle of water, in full sight of a legion of his tormentors, who never forgot the incident, but would rehearse it, to the delight of their fellows, whenever the unfortunate man happened to present himself, and Tibbs was especially dexterous in giving the broadest effect to the incident.

What a vitality there is in our worst mishaps! It would be nothing, comparatively, if disaster were circumscribed by its immediate consequences, and it would have made but little figure in Mr. Sapid's memoirs had he only caught cold by the operation referred to; but when a personal sorrow is transmuted into a general joke, it becomes, *ipso facto*, a living piece of attendant biography, a walking companionship, which even smiles over a man's last resting-place. Death itself affords no refuge to the hero of a "ridicule." "Poor fellow!" say his dearest friends, "perhaps it's wrong to mention it now, but, by-the-way, did you ever hear how,—ha! ha! ho!—how he made such a fool of himself at Mrs. Dunover's pic-nic? Ho! ho! ha! Poor soul!!"

Rob a church, or lay logs on the rail-road, and there is a chance that the last may be heard of it; but if a drollery, no matter how sad in its essence, be created at any one's expense, he and it are so far married that they cling together through life, while the jest is a "relict," to move *post mortem* mirth, autopsical grins and necrological merriment. A dear departed is much more likely to be resurrectionised by a surviving joke, than by the most intrepid of body-snatchers, and the best of portraits is not so good a memento as being implicated in an anecdote which is sure to create laughter. Under an inkling of this truth, Mr. Sapid always denies that he is the person who "shook his foot" at the news-boys.

But there are bounds to patience. A man is but a bottle before the fire of mischance, and when the heat becomes insupportable, he must of necessity explode, no matter how tightly corked by fortitude, or wired down by philosophy. "The grief that will not speak," is a deadly inward fermentation. They who survive sorrow, are those who "exteriorize" sorrow, and give sorrow a free channel. To scold is the vital principle of practical hygieine for the

ladies, and grumbling humanity rarely needs the doctor. The inference therefore is, that the average of existence would be at a higher rate, if the admirable counter-irritant of round swearing were not proscribed in refined society, thus killing people by the suppressed perspiration of an indignant spirit.

Sapid, however, was none of these. Patience might sit upon a monument, if she liked; but there was nothing of the marble-mason in his composition, nor did he at all affect the "statuesque," when vexation chafed his heart. If preyed upon in this way, though he never indulged in Commodore Trunnion's expletives, nor "shotted his discourse" like that worthy commander, yet he did not, by any means, pray in return, as Dinah had often reason to acknowledge, when the chamber pitcher was left vacant of water, or when forgetful Boots failed in the performance of his resplendent office. No! Sappington Sapid makes people hear of it when he is offended, justly thinking it better that their ears should be annoyed, than that he should pine away of an unexpressed inflammation.

It was a bright forenoon, such as elicits snakes in the country, and evolves the fashionable in cities, when Mr. Sappington Sapid walked firmly along the street, filled with a settled purpose. His coat was buttoned up to the chin, to prevent the evaporation of his stern resolve; his lips were drawn together, as if to obviate all danger of evasion by word of mouth; his hat had settled martially down almost to the bridge of his nose, while his heels saluted mother earth so determinedly, that his whole frame-work jarred at the shock. If ever a man displayed outward symptoms of having his mind made up into the most compact kind of a parcel, it was Sappington Sapid, on this memorable occasion. No beggar would have dared to ask charity from him, under such an aspect. He was safe from being solicited to take a cab. They who

met him, made way instinctively. "Under him, their genius was rebuked; as, it is said, Mark Antony's was by Cæsar;" a psychological phenomenon often manifest, when, by the force of an emergency, even inferior men are screwed up to the sublime,—just as valour's self hrinks abashed from the angry presence of a cornered cat.

But whither wandered Sapid? No one knew. He had taken breakfast without a word, and had wandered forth in equal silence. Counsel he sought not—sympathy he did not require. When we are girded up, of our own impulse, to pull the trigger of a catastrophe, advice is felt to be an impertinence, and no spur is needed to prick the sides of our intent. We are a sufficiency unto ourselves. Legions could not make us stronger, and, therefore, Sapid disdained companionship or an interchange of thought. He, Sapid, was enough to fill the canvas for the contemplated picture. He was the tableau, all alone, so far as his share in the incident was to be concerned.

Some clue to his state of mind may be afforded, when it is known that he was visited by a night-mare, a journalistic incubus, on the previous night. An immense Tom Tibbs sat upon his breast, and tried to feed him with penny papers. His head seemed to grow to the size of a huge type-foundery, and each of his ears roared like a power press. Then again, he was flattened into an immense sheet, and they printed him as a "Double Brother Jonathan," with pictorial embellishments. He was expanded into whole acres of reading for the people, and did not awake until he was folded, pasted up, and thrust into the mail-bag; when, protesting against the ignominy of being charged "at the usual rate of newspaper postage," he sprang up convulsively, and found that his night-cap had got over his nose.

"Is this the office of the 'National Pop-gun and Universal Valve Trumpet?'" inquired Sapid, in sepulchral tones.

"Hey—what? Oh!—yes," gruffly replied the clerk, as he scrutinized the applicant.

"It is, is it?" was the response.

"H-umpse;" being a porcine affirmative, much in use in the city of brotherly love.

"I am here to see the editor, on business of importance," slowly and solemnly articulated Sapid.

There must have been something professionally alarming in this announcement, if an opinion may be formed from the effect it produced.

"Editor's not come down yet, is he, Spry?" inquired the clerk, with a cautionary wink at the paste-boy.

"Guess he ain't more nor up yet," said Spry; "the mails was late, last night."

"I'll take a seat till he does come," observed Sapid, gloomily.

Spry and the clerk laid their heads together, in the most distant corner of the little office.

"Has he got a stick?" whispered one.

"No, and he isn't remarkable big, nuther."

"Any bit of paper in his hand—does he look like State House and a libel suit? It's a'most time—not had a new suit for a week."

"Not much; and, as we didn't have any scrouger in the 'Gun' yesterday, perhaps he wants to have somebody tickled up himself. Send him in."

St. Sebastian Sockdolager, Esq., the editor of "The National Pop-gun and Universal Valve Trumpet," sat at a green table, elucidating an idea by the aid of a steel pen and whitey-brown paper, and, therefore, St. Sebastian Sockdolager did not look up when Mr. Sapid entered the sanctum. The abstraction may, perhaps, have been a sample of literary stage effect; but it is certain that the

pen pursued the idea with the speed and directness of a steeple-chase, straight across the paper, and direful was the scratching thereof. The luckless idea being at last fairly run down and its brush cut off, Mr. Sockdolager threw himself back in his chair, with a smile of triumph.

"Tickletoby!" said he, rumpling his hair into heroic expansiveness.

"What?" exclaimed Sapid, rather nervously.

"My dear sir, I didn't see you—a thousand pardons! Pray, what can be done for you in our line?"

"Sir, there is a nuisance——"

"Glad of it, sir; the 'Gun' is death on a nuisance. We circulate ten thousand deaths to any sort of a nuisance every day, besides the weekly and the country edition. We are a regular smash-pipes in that line—surgical, surgical to this community—we are at once the knife and the sarsaparilla to human ills, whether financial, political or social."

"Sir, the nuisance I complain of, lies in the circulation —in its mode and manner."

"Bless me!" said Sockdolager, with a look of suspicion; "you are too literal in your interpretations. If your circulation is deranged, you had better try Brandreth, or the Fluid Extract of Quizembob."

"It is not my circulation, but yours, which makes all the trouble. I never circulate,—I can't without being insulted."

"Really, mister, I can't say that this is clearly comprehensible to perception. Not circulate! Are you below par in the 'money article,' or in what particular do you find yourself in the condition of being 'no go'? Excuse my facetiæ and be brief, for thought comes tumbling, bumping, booming"—— and Sockdolager dipped his pen in the ink.

Mr. Sappington Sapid unravelled the web of his mise-

ries. "I wish you, sir, to control your boys—to dismiss the saucy, and to write an article which shall make 'em ashamed of themselves. I shall call on every editor in the city, sir, and ask the same—a combined expression for the suppression of iniquity. We must be emancipated from this new and growing evil, or our liberties become a farce, and we are squushed and crushed in a way worse than fifty tea-taxes."

"Pardon me, Mr. Whatcheecallem; it can't be done—it would be suicidal, with the sharpest kind of a knife. Whatcheecallem, you don't understand the grand movement of the nineteenth century—you are not up to snuff as to the vital principle of human progression—the propulsive force has not yet been demonstrated to your benighted optics. The sun is up, sir; the hill-tops of intellect glow with its brightness, and even the level plain of the world's collective mediocrity is gilded by its beams; but you, sir, are yet in the foggy valley of exploded prejudice, poking along with a tuppenny-ha'penny candle—a mere dip. Suppress sauciness! Why, my dear bungletonian, sauciness is the discovery of the age—the secret of advancement! We are saucy now, sir, not by the accident of constitution—temperament has nothing to do with it. We are saucy by calculation, by intention, by design. It is cultivated, like our whiskers, as a superadded energy to our other gifts. Without sauciness, what is a news-boy? what is an editor? what are revolutions? what are people? Sauce is power, sauce is spirit, independence, victory, every thing. It is, in fact,—this sauce, or 'sass,' as the vulgar have it—steam to the great locomotive of affairs. Suppress, indeed! No, sir; you should regard it as part of your duty as a philanthropist and as a patriot, to encourage this essence of superiority in all your countrymen; and I've a great mind to write you an article on that subject, instead of the

other, for this conversation has warmed up my ideas so completely, that justice will not be done to the community till they, like you, are enlightened on this important point."

St. Sebastian Sockdolager, now having a leading article for "The National Pop-gun and Universal Valve Trumpet," clearly in his mind, was not a creature to be trifled with. An editor in this paroxysm, however gentle in his less inspired moments, cannot safely be crossed, or even spoken to. It is not wise to call him to dinner, except through the keyhole, and to ask for "more copy," in general a privileged demand, is a risk too fearful to be encountered. St. Sebastian's eye became fixed, his brow corrugated, his mouth intellectually ajar.

"But, sir, the nuisance"—said Sappington.

"Don't bother!" was the impatient reply, and the brow of St. Sebastian Sockdolager grew black as his own ink.

"The boys, sir, the boys!—am I to be worried out of my life and soul?"

The right hand of St. Sebastian Sockdolager fell heavily upon the huge pewter inkstand—the concatenation of his ideas had been broken—he half raised himself from his chair and glanced significantly from his visiter to the door.

"Mizzle!" said he, in a hoarse, suppressed whisper.

The language itself was unintelligible—the word might have been Chaldaic, for all that Sapid knew to the contrary; but there are situations in which an interpreter is not needed, and this appeared to be one of them. Sapid never before made a movement so swiftly extemporaneous.

He intends shortly to try whether the Grand Jury is a convert to the new doctrine of sauciness.

Tibbs, in the meantime, grows in means and expands in ambition. Progress is in his soul, like a reel in a bottle. He aspires already to a "literary agency," and often feels as if he were destined to publish more magazines at a single swoop than there are now in existence, each of which shall have upon its cover, a picture of "The News-Boy," while the same device shall gleam upon the panels of his coach.

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GOSSIP ABOUT GOSSIPING.

WITH HINTS ON CONVERSATION.

It is a matter both theoretical and practical in our philosophy, (and we are reckless enough not to care who knows it, either,) that, next to lounging at a front window when the weather's sunny, to see the world from a safe and luxurious ambushment, there are few among human pleasures at once so cheap, so agreeable, and so enduring as that slipshod and unpretending delight of the leisure hour, stigmatized by ignorant incapacity under the reproachful name of "gossip." We are not, however, about to trouble ourselves to prove the correctness of the assertion. There are cases wherein the logical demonstration is an impertinence. If a truth, in matters of feeling, come not home to us at the instant of its enunciation, why, our perceptions are defective—our experiences incomplete. We have not been educated and finished up to that point. It may be, indeed, that we are not calculated to attain it, even with opportunities the most favourable to this species of advancement; and it is not in the nature of words to change the quality of the material of which we are composed, or to anticipate the results of that practical schooling which chisels away the block to bring out the man. In the profundities of wisdom, you and I learn nothing from each other. Argument and demonstration are wasted, unless there be that within, which, to some extent at least, has experimentally proved the soundness of the doctrine. To be convinced, is but to recognise a conclusion towards which our imperfect intelligence had previously been tending; and hence it is that the treatise on morals is so often an encumbrance to

the shelf. It addresses itself to those who are not sufficiently ripened by trial and observation, to be gathered up in the harvest of the ethical essayist. Available knowledge, in the main conduct of life, is a precious ore, to be, with toils and strugglings, mined out by personal effort. It is not enough that myriads have passed through the same process, and have devised to us their experiences as a legacy. We are only satisfied when, like the child, our own little hand has established the fact that fire will burn. We are sure of it then, and govern ourselves accordingly; but the mere *dictum* of mamma and all the warning voices of the nursery, could not otherwise have impressed it upon us that the lighted taper is an uncomfortable plaything, as dangerous as it is brilliant. Can vanity be soothed into an unassuming temper before its inordinate appetites have caused it to falter, enfeebled by the very food on which it grew? Is vaulting ambition to be checked, think you, by the uplifted finger of precept? Are we to be deterred by "wise saws and modern instances," until we have felt it stinging in our inmost soul, be it by success, or be it by disappointment, that unregulated impulses and morbid cravings lead to satiety and to the sickness of the heart? So, the time may be long or short, before we turn with weariness from the champagne exhilarations of existence, to find health and comfort in its cooling springs; but, if we are capable of wisdom, that time must come; and happy they, who, through many stumblings, by much groping in thick darkness, with painful bruises and in sad tribulation, have reached the broad refreshing daylight of this conviction. Let them not regret the years that have been consumed. The remnant is the leaf of the sybil, its value enhanced by the antecedent destruction. Weep not over the afflictions that have been encountered in threading the labyrinths of passionate delusion. A prize has been gained

worth all its cost; and we have now taken the first degree in the great university of human training.

All our refinements, in the end, resolve themselves into nothing more than an unpretending simplicity; for simplicity is itself the highest of refinements. Your "frogged" coat and your embroidered vest are indications from the circus and the theatre. Rings and jewels and *bijouterie*, though they may clink and sparkle innocently enough, do still suggest ideas of the faro-table and a predatory life; while gaudiness and assumption give rise to an inference that we are making the first attempt in a position above our habitude. The true voluptuary, he who regards pleasure as a science and would derive from existence all the delight it is capable of yielding, is economical in his enjoyments, and shuns the debauch as a serpent in the path. Ignorance may feed fat at its evening meal; but he who takes things in their connection, as if they were links in a continuous chain, looks beyond the hour, and is content with tea and toast; sweet sleep and a clear head on the morrow being essential items in his calculation. Whatever be the line of our travel and the nature of our experiences, we arrive at simplicity at last, if we are so fortunate as to survive the exploration; and those who have outlived this arduous task, which cannot be performed by proxy, and which is a conscription admitting of no substitute, will agree with us that gossip, goodly gossip, though sneered at by the immature, is, after all, the best of our entertainments. With no disparagement to the relish of professional pursuits—without invidiousness towards the ball-room, the dramatic temple, the concert, the opera or the lecture, we must fall back upon the light web of conversation, upon chit-chat, upon gossip, an thou wilt have it so, as our mainstay and our chief reliance—as that *corps de reserve* on which our scattered and wearied forces are to rally.

What is there which will bear comparison as a recreating means, with the free and unstudied interchange of thought, of knowledge, of impression about men and things, and all that varied medley of fact, criticism and conclusion so continually fermenting in the active brain? Be fearful of those who love it not, and banish such as would imbibe its delights, yet bring no contribution to the common stock. There are men who seek the reputation of wisdom by dint of never affording a glimpse of their capabilities, and impose upon the world by silent gravity —negative philosophers, who never commit themselves beyond the utterance of a self-evident proposition, or hazard their position by a feat of greater boldness than is to be found in the avowal of the safe truth which has been granted for a thousand years. There is a deception here, which should never be submitted to. Sagacity may be manifest in the nod of Burleigh's head; but it does not follow that all who nod are Burleighs. He who habitually says nothing, must be content if he be regarded as having nothing to say, and it is only a lack of grace on his part which precludes the confession. In this broad "Vienna" of human effort, the mere "looker-on" cannot be tolerated. It is not to be endured that any one should stand higher than his deserts, because he can contrive to hold his tongue and has just wit enough to dodge the question. And there is no force whatever in an unwillingness to give forth nonsense, or in the dread of making one's self ridiculous. It is part of our duty to be nonsensical and ridiculous at times, for the entertainment of the rest of the world; and, if not qualified for a more elevated share in the performance, why should we shrink from the *rôle* allotted to us by nature? Besides, if we are never to open our mouths until the unsealing of the aperture is to give evidence of a present Solomon, and to add something to the Book of Proverbs, we must, for the

most part, stand like the statue of Harpocrates, with "still your finger on your lips, I pray." If we do speak, under such restrictions, it cannot well be, as the world is constituted, more than once or twice in the course of an existence, the rest of the sojourn upon earth being devoted to a sublimation of our thought. But always wise, sensible, sagacious, rational—always in wig and spectacles—always algebraic and mathematical—doctrinal and didactic—ever to sit like Franklin's portrait, with the index fixed upon "causality"—one might as well be a petrified "professor," or a William Penn bronzed upon a pedestal. There is nothing so good, either in itself or in its effects, as good nonsense. It is, in truth, the work of genius to produce the best article of the kind, and, if men and women cannot reach the climax in this particular, they owe it to the common welfare to soar as near it as their limited capacity will allow.

But, while it is regarded as a bounden duty upon all who enjoy the protection of society, to talk on proper occasions, both for the benefit of others, and that, for ulterior purposes, the strength of each individual may be properly appreciated, still there is no intention to undervalue the advantage afforded by good listeners. They are a source of blessing for which the talking world cannot be too grateful. Did they not exist, the vast steam-engine of human ability would lack its safety-valve. Explosion would ensue, or we should murderously talk each other to death. The man fraught with intellectual product, would find no market for its disposition. The quick fancies of his wit would beat against the bars in vain, and perish miserably by their own efforts to escape. Our thinkings are for exportation—not to be consumed within. There must be no embargo on the brain, or the factory is stopped by accumulating goods. Hence, the speaker and the listener combine to make a perfect whole.

The one is the soil—the other the sun—the plant and that refreshing shower, which enables the leaf to put forth and the bud to bloom. No man, whatever may be the intrinsic force of his genius, can form an idea of what he is capable, until he is well listened to. Much of his power lies in the auditory. There is a subtle correspondence between them, which raises or depresses as the sympathetic intercommunication happens to be the more or less perfect in its vibrations. But there should be alternation in this, to develope human powers, to increase human affections, to complete the republic. There must be no division into exclusive classes, the one all vivacity, all pertness, all tongue—an unremitting volume of sound and a vocal perpetuity of motion; while the other, subdued and overwhelmed, curves into a huge concavity of ear, into a mere tympanum for the everlasting drummer to play upon. Where this happens to be the case, from colloquial encroachments on the one hand, and from submissive dispositions on the other, there is a double degeneration—to words without meaning, and to hearing without heeding. They who are talked to beyond the bounds of salutary affliction, only escape the fatal result of being subjected to such cruelty, by emulating the rhinoceros in his impervious cuticle; so that the pattering storm of speech rebounds innocuously from the surface. They close the porches of the sense while elocution rages around them, and, snug within, cogitate securely upon their own ruminations. Turn from your florid rhetoric to the sharp interrogation, and you shall find the patient fast asleep as to external uproar, though his eyes be open. Nature has provided him with a safeguard—he has been bucklered by inattention, and has left you to your own applause.

To listen well, it is not enough that we yield, rescue or no rescue, and ask not for quarter, when detained by the

button or cornered in a *cul de sac*. More is required than hopeless resignation, as, with a sigh, we surrender to an inevitable fate. The abject look, so generally worn by the man who knows that he is going to be talked to, and evinces by his aspect that he has no hope of mercy, is unworthy of the heroic soul. It is emphatically an art, and it is scarcely necessary to state that there are moments when it is no easy art, to "lend me your ears" to our mutual profit and pleasure. This is not an anatomical demonstration we are upon, that the mere handing over of the physical body is sufficient. Your imaginations are not to ramble all about the fields, nozzling in every bush and giving chase to every butterfly. The appropriate interjection is wanted, living, breathing, burning; nicely timed, too, and imperceptibly strengthening the oratorical wing—not like the Roman citizen of the mimic stage, whose accordance with Brutus and whose sympathies with Antony, are stamped with that indifference which arises from supernumerary station, and whose limited share of the receipts causes him to care no more than the worth of fifty cents about "Cæsar's testament"—but as if the business were your own. It is imperative on you to adjust the countenance to the nicest expression of appreciating intelligence—to be in tune, not only in the tones of the voice, but in the cadence of the body—to display attention in the very play of the fingers—to laugh readily, just enough and no more, and to show by slight subsequent observation, that all which has been uttered is duly estimated, instead of bringing the speaker to the ground with a jarring shock, by betraying, in an unconscious word, that his flight has been alone. The mere powers of endurance—fortitude, patience, and long-suffering—are indeed much; but still, they are but a part of what is demanded. If it were not so, the passive pump, which stands in sad aridity before the door, would an-

swer every purpose. More is necessary than to be an unresisting recipient—a conversational "Deaf Burke," who can endure any amount of "punishment" without being much the worse for it. Like the red warrior at the stake, the perfect listener should so comport himself as to induce the belief that he has pleasure in his pain, and invites its increased continuance. He should be made up of tact and benevolence—of courage and humanity. His nerve should be strong—his perception nice. At one moment he needs forbearance, to suppress the almost irresistible interruption, and anon, his rapid powers of anticipation must be ridden with a curb. His philological expertness cannot be permitted to patch the gaps of hesitancy, by the impertinent suggestion of a word; but, when intuitive promptness is expected, a broken syllable should point the way to a desired conclusion. Worse, much worse than nothing, is the uneasy listener, who, like "Sister Ann" upon the tower, gazes every way for relief, and "sees it galloping" at each passing cloud of dust, as if, in short, our beard were blue, and our tongue were as remorseless and as sharp as a Turkish scimitar; and worse than Sister Ann is the abstracted companion, who knows nothing of the subjunctive mood, but endeavours to break the finely woven thread of your discourse by crossing you with irrelevant ideas—he who interrupts your pathetic revelations—perhaps of love—you were in love once—almost everybody is—by coolly inquiring "when you saw Smith?"—As if you cared any thing about Smith—or were even thinking of Smith. Hang Smith!—Never suffer yourself thus to be overcome by Smith, and never talk to that man again, if another is to be had. Nor are kindly feelings to be entertained towards the accommodating friend, that provoking extract from the "Book of Martyrology," who sits him down as nearly as possible in the attitude which

patience has upon a monument, and looks at your approach as if you were surgery itself, fresh from the schools, all glitter with instruments and draped in bandage—compassionating his hard lot, but setting his teeth to suffer. Mark it well. Should you propose to tell this fellow any thing—volunteering to explain to him how it happened, clearly and circumstantially, and with no other view than to his enlightenment, be prepared for ingratitude, in advance—ingratitude, "more strong than traitors' arms." A cold reluctance is within him, and he tries to play Procrustes with your narrative, by asking "how long it will take" to give it expression, his tolerance of you being measured horologically, as it were, by the hour-glass and dial. A shower-bath is warm encouragement compared to his notes of acquiescence; and if he does not yawn—what on earth are we to do with people that yawn?—is there no remedy in legislative action?—why, he always swears he understands—"oh, yes—perfectly"—while calculating the odds and chances of some distant speculation, to which you are not a party. It will be observed that individuals of such a sort are troubled with a propensity to know "what o'clock it is"—not that they have any particular interest in the hour, on their own personal account, but from a vague hope that the time of day may chance to have something in it alarming to you, and that you are to be scared from your present prey to attend to a remote engagement. A benevolent hearer never wants to know what o'clock it is. There is a morose misanthropy in the desire, of which he is incapable; and if an acquaintance with the precise moment be inadvertently forced upon him, he has no such cruelty in his bosom as to affect a look of surprise and consternation, while he hypocritically protests that he had "no idea it was so late." They who are loudest in saying that they had "no idea it was so late," for the most part, fib. They

had that idea, and more. They believed that it was as late, and they hoped it might be a great deal later. They were waiting for the clock to sue out a *habeas corpus* in their case. "Didn't think it was so late," indeed. Pshaw! What question was there touching hours and minutes, when our story was but half developed? Were we singing to Maelzel's Metronome, pry'thee, that we are thus to be reminded of beats and bars, and the prescribed measure of a stave? "Late," say'st thou? What is "late?"—There is no such thing as "late" in modern civilization. Steam has annihilated space, and the "dead-latch-key" has left the word "late" a place in the vocabulary, no doubt; but it has been deprived of its operative meaning. When some one sat up for you, then lateness was possible; but now—do you see this little bar of steel, with its pendant and arabesque termination—this talismanic "open sesame?" "Late" expired when the powers of invention reached their climax in fashioning forth this curious instrument. No one can come in late. Sit thee still, and be not antediluvian. Now-a-days, and especially now-a-nights, it is always early enough.

But good listeners, as there has been unhappily too much occasion to show, are rarities. When they die, they should have monuments loftier far than that of Cheops. Pyramids, with "forty centuries looking from their top," would not be too much of honour for such philanthropists; and, to render education what it ought to be, the human family should be trained to listen, and, at the same time, taught to talk. To sit still with dignity and composure, is as difficult as to move with ease and grace; yet both are matters of importance in the work of refinement. But it is much more essential to success that our presence should be hailed with pleasure, because, whether speaking or being spoken to, the faculty is possessed of

giving pleasure to those by whom we are surrounded. To converse well—to gossip delightfully, is an art that richly deserves to be studied. It does not follow that one is a conversationist, or a perfect gossip, by such endowments, valuable as they are when properly qualified by a little of the "allaying Tiber" of sound discretion, as fertility of mind, a magazine of facts, and a flood of fluency. "Did you ever hear me preach?" said Coleridge to Charles Lamb. "I never heard you do any thing else," was the sarcastic but truthful reply; and herein abides the common error. There is a fever of talkativeness, occasional with some, but constitutional in others, which is the bane of social enjoyment. "First-fiddleism" is as unpleasant to come in contact with, as to pass an evening encaged with a lion of literary, scientific, or metaphysical renown. Your Van Amburgs and your Driesbachs may be fitted for such an encounter; but mortals of inferior nerve find an unpleasant species of annihilation in the contact. Do not, then, attempt the lion's part, even if it be "nothing but roaring;" nor, unless assured past doubt that you possess the skill of Nicolo Paganini, is it ever wise to compel protracted attention to your single string, when others have quite as strong a desire to scrape their Cremonas, as that which burns in your own musical bosom. Play no more than is necessary to the harmonious effect of the whole orchestra; and, should occasion offer for a solo, give it and be done. Monopoly in discourse is "most tolerable, and not to be endured." It should be punishable by statute, thus to invade the inalienable right of utterance.

It is not even freedom to go abroad, when the garrulous kite has wing, to swoop upon his quarry. The liberty—the life itself—of the citizen is at stake, from that stoutly timbered magazine of words, who, strengthened by practice, and warmed by self-complacency, sustains

no injury from wind or weather, and will dilate for hours, in frosty streets, to those who come within the dreadful clutch. We see him now, smiling in conscious triumph, as his prize shivers, shakes, and trembles almost to spectral nothingness, and feels most sadly that this is not all his sufferings—that catarrhs, and feverous aches and pains creep into him at every word. Homicidal—is it not, thus to thin out our population? An oversight in criminal jurisprudence, to let destruction forth into the highways, to run at unprotected men. Cunning doctors do not note it in their cautions, and the bills of mortality are silent on the subject; but it is no less a truth, that though the victim may sometimes be able to travel homeward after the catastrophe, he often gets him to his bed, if he escape the undertaker, from such combined assaults of breeze and bore as are now before us. Wouldst thou despatch thine enemy? What need of steel or poison—why lurk in slouched hat, in moustache, or with stiletto? There is a safer method, and, having no other accomplice than the thermometer, waylay him as he goes, with smiling face and oiled tongue. You have him there, and safely too. Chemistry has no surer poison, if you hold him fast; and justice has no cognisance of the deed.

The true conversationist requires as nice a balance of qualities as the adroit swordsman. He should have an eye, an ear and a tongue, equally on the alert, perfectly under control, and skilled to act together. It is his duty to be able to mark the moment when a slumbering idea is awakened in the mind of another, and to afford opportunity for its development. When the thought quivers in an almost inaudible murmur upon the lips of the timid, it is not to be suppressed in premature death by the rattling noise of practised confidence; not to be driven over,

if we may so describe it, by each hackney cab that thunders up the street. It claims to be deferentially educed, not so much by a display of patronising encouragement, which is almost as fatal as harsh disregard, but by that respectful attention which creates no painful sense of inferiority. He cannot pretend to civilization, who, in his wild dance of intellectual excitement, tramples under his massive foot all the little chickens of our imagination, and scares each half-fledged fancy back to its native shell. Be it rather your pleasure to chirp the tremblers forth to the corn of praise and the sunshine of approbation. Who has not found himself to be totally absorbed by the volubility of others; so that he could neither find subject nor words, even when an interval was left for their exercise? And who has not often been altogether debarred from the delight of speaking, merely because he had not space to set himself fully in motion? Many, perhaps, have resigned themselves to the taciturnity of La Trappe and have gone voiceless to their graves, from injudicious treatment in this respect. The humane citizen, then, will not of himself take all the labour of talking, lest he may be inadvertently stifling a Demosthenes, and smothering a Cicero—a case, it is true, which does not very often happen, though it might happen.

And, besides, let it be remarked, there is no fact, in our day of innovation, scheming and discovery—when we reform, remodel, and lay our hands upon every thing—which deserves to be more strongly imprinted on the recollection than this, that man does not go forth into society, "no, nor woman neither," armed, *cap-à-pie*, like a gladiator, to battle for opinion, or to thrust the sword of conversion through reluctant ribs. Let such things be confined to the dedicated halls of controversial debate, where one may be polemically impaled, *secundum artem*, expecting no better treatment. It is good to be wise—

"merry and wise," saith the song; but, then, wisdom need not always be at our throat with spoon and bowl, determined to administer nutriment, without regard to the state of the appetite. Did it never occur to you, my game friend, as you strapped on your gaffs, and crowed defiance at a rooster of another feather, that the rest of the social circle do not derive your pleasure from the "set-to," and would gladly be excused from being annoyed by the argumentative combat? And, as for hobbies, they prance prettily enough on their proper ground; but do not let them caracole in the parlour. People would rather be kicked by any thing than by other people's hobbies; and, again, these hobbies, being merely composed of wood and leather, are never wearied, and cannot stop. They outstrip everybody, and carry none with them. Hark, in your ear. Leave hobby at home; he will not be restive or break things, when you are not by. It is disagreeable to be ridden down by these unaccommodating quadrupeds. Folks do not like it.

The engrossing idea, too, should be hung up with the hat in the vestibule. It is near enough there; and, admitting that you have troubles of your own, ambitions of your own, prospects of your own, projects and inventions of your own, let it always be borne distinctly in mind that this, singular as it may appear, is, to a certain degree, the case with several other individuals of your acquaintance. What right they have to an engrossing idea when yours wishes to awaken their sympathies, is a point of equity which we cannot take it upon ourselves to decide; but it is so, nevertheless, as the groaning soldier found when rebuked for making so much noise over his hurts, "as if, forsooth, no one is hit but yourself."—"Am I then reposing on a bed of roses?" said Guatemozin, in a similar spirit, to his complaining courtier, when Spanish cruelty had stretched them upon the

glowing grate; and every man has, to some extent, a gridiron to himself.—To push this point still further, are they entitled to rank with conversationists, who stand as greyhounds on the slip, with straining eyes and quivering limbs, heedless of all remark, and waiting only till an opening be made, that they may course their peculiar game, rabbit or otherwise, as the case may be? Are they qualified gossips, who only talk to exercise the organ, and to luxuriate on the sound of their own sweet voices? —who, at last, dash forward over every impediment, and, by their bad example, like prairie horses in a stampede, set the whole circle into a very Babel of tongues—into what we may call a steeple-chase, straight across the country, and through any man's field—each for himself, boot and saddle, whip and spur? Nay, never think it. He is scant in his schooling who shifts impatiently from foot to foot when another has the floor—who darts his restless head into the aperture of every pause, in the hope that the shoulders may be permitted to follow, and who is only kept in abeyance by those stentorian lungs which crush the puny interruption.

No—to gossip well is a delicate thing—a game of address—a school of self-command—an academy for nice perceptions. To be skilled in it, involves the main points of an accomplished gentleman. It furnishes, moreover, a key to character. The selfish man cannot be versed in it, for he has no appreciation of the minor rights of others, and, in this garden, no compulsory code exists to prevent him from pocketing all the fruit. Harshness is incompatible with it, for it is the very essence of respectful consideration. The domineering spirit cannot gain laurels here; while pride and vanity display themselves in their true colours. The proselytes of Lavater and the disciples of Combe may, by their science, be enabled to read the soul; but, as the one traces the lines of the coun-

tenance, and the other toils among the hills and valleys of the skull, the surest observer of disposition is he who notes the deportment of those bearing part in the animated gossip. Before him, the secret unrolls like a map, and the geography of the heart is familiar to his searching eye. When the glow lights up within, there is a ray behind the best adjusted mask which reveals the features as they are.

As the day is utilitarian, the *cui bono*, the advantage and the profit, form a material part of every matter, and it will be found that to cultivate these responsive faculties —to add the art of hearing and of speaking to the catalogue of accomplishments—has a moral as well as a pleasure in it. A skilful talker, who is, at the same time, a thorough listener, is not a spontaneity—an unlessoned creature. Oaks do not bear such acorns. The spirit of such a one, if feeble, has been strengthened. His temper, if tempestuous, has been subdued. He has sympathies, cultivated and refined. He feels for those around him, in great things and in small. He is that wisest of philosophers, the well regulated man of the world, who shuns the wrong because he knows its evils, and adopts the right, from having proved it to be an essential to his own happiness, and the happiness of others. And what contributes more largely to this important end, than a perfect system of hearing and of being heard? Nature does not furnish it. To be nothing more than natural, is to be an egotist, a glutton, a monopolizer. That the untrained steed has power enough, is not to be disputed; but, in the simplicity of his unsophisticated heart, he is apt to apply his strength in an uncomfortable manner, to those who wander within range of his heel, never thinking that the joy he derives from the rapid extension of his locomotive muscles, is not likely to be reciprocated on our part. He is not aware of the difference of sensation between kicking

and being kicked, which is often a point to be considered. It is even so with bipeds, who have not properly undergone the discipline of the *manège*. It cannot be denied that the child of nature has something in him of the poetical; but, in practice, he is likely to border on the uncouth and uncontrollable.

If, therefore, after the experiment of a year, according to our suggestion, it be found that the trial does not bring out the better constituents of character, while restraining those of less amiability, why, continue to chatter, without stint or limitation, to the end of your days, and throw no chance away, unless compelled to it by exhaustion; or, if it please you, sit in sulky silence, and have never a word by way of change.

SHIVERTON SHAKES;

OR, THE UNEXPRESSED IDEA.

Shiverton Shakes had an idea—a cup of tea had warmed the soil of his imagination, and it was flowering to fruit—he had an idea in bud—a thought which struggled to expand into expression, and to find a place in the great basket of human knowledge.

Shiverton Shakes had an idea, and ideas, whether great or small—whether good, bad or indifferent—must have utterance, or the understanding wilts and withers. Even the body sympathetically suffers. It is easy to mark the man who smothers his intellectual offspring—the moral infanticide, with his compressed lip, his cadaverous hue, his sinister eye, and his cold, cautious deportment; whose thinkings never go out of doors, and lack health for want of air and exercise. That man is punished for his cruelty to nature, by a dyspepsia affecting both his mental and physical organization. There is no health in him.

But it must not be forgotten that Shiverton Shakes had an idea—little Shiverton, in his earlier years, when the world is fresh and new, and when the opening faculties are wild in their amazement.

"Mamma," said Shiverton, suspending the assault upon his bread and butter, "mamma, what d'ye think? —as I was going down—"

Mr. and Mrs. Shakes were too earnestly engaged in the interchange of their own fancies, to heed the infantile voice of Shiverton.

"What d'ye think, ma?" repeated the youthful aspirant for the honour of a hearing; "as I was going down Chestnut street, I saw—"

"A little more sugar, my dear," said Mr. Shakes.

"And, as I was telling you," added Mrs. Shakes, "Mary Jones has got—"

"Sweetened to death! There—don't!" said Mr. Shakes, withdrawing his cup rather petulantly.

"Down Chestnut street, I saw—"

"A new black hat, trimmed with—"

"Sugar enough to fill a barrel," muttered Mr. Shakes.

"I saw—"

"Hat with—"

"Tea spoilt altogether—give me another—"

"Very little black hat, trimmed with—"

"Two boys, and what d'ye think!" chimed in the persevering Shiverton Shakes.

"Why, what is all this?" exclaimed Mr. Shakes, as he raised his eyes in anger. "Hats and boys and sugar! I never heard such a Babel!"

"That child!" ejaculated Mrs. Shakes; "did you ever know—"

"Two boys, and they were a—" continued Shiverton, pursuing his own peculiar train of reminiscence, undisturbed by Mary Jones or any thing else, and happy in feeling that there now appeared to be no impediment to the flow of his narrative.

But yet, this moment, though he knew it not, was a crisis in the fate of Shiverton Shakes—a circumflex in the line of his being; slight perhaps in itself, but very material in determining the result of the journey.

Mr. Shakes fixed his eye upon his son—Mr. Shakes seemed to ponder for a moment.

"I cannot stand it any longer," said he, "and what is more, I won't—that boy is a nuisance—he talks so much that I cannot tell what I'm reading, taste what I'm eating, or hear what I'm saying. I'm not sure, in fact, when he

is present, that I know exactly whether it's me or not. He wants to talk all the time."

Luckless Shiverton had been running wild in the country for a considerable period, and, while his elocutionary capacities had been greatly developed, the power of endurance in his parents had been weakened for want of exercise. They were out of practice—he was in high training. They were somewhat nervous,—he was, both in mind and body, in the best possible condition, deriving as much nourishment from the excitement of noise as he did from food.

"Well, I declare, he does talk all the time and asks such questions—so foolish I can't answer them," exclaimed the mother, with her usual volubility; "just as if there was a reason for every thing—so tiresome. I do declare, when he is in the room, I can scarcely slip in a word edgeways, and his tongue keeps such a perpetual clatter, that since he came back, I hardly think I've heard my own voice more than—"

"You hear it now," said Mr. Shakes; "but I'm determined Shiverton shall be spoiled no longer. Do you hear? From this time forth, you must never speak but when you are spoken to. Little boys must be seen, and not heard."

"Well, I do declare, so they must—mus'n't be seen and not be heard—that's the way to bring up children."

"Shiverton," added his father, impressively; "Shiverton, when you are old enough to talk sensibly, then you may talk. When you are mature enough—I say mature—"

"What is mature?" inquired Shiverton, tremblingly.

"Mature is—never mind what it is—when you are older you'll know. But, as I before remarked, when you are mature enough to understand things, then you may ask about them."

The rule, thus emphatically laid down, was enforced inexorably. It, therefore, not only happened that Shiverton's idea was suppressed on the occasion referred to, thus preventing the world from ever arriving at a knowledge of what really was done by those two mysterious boys, as he went down Chestnut street, but likewise cutting him off from other communications relative to the results of his experience and observation. Henceforth he was to be seen, not heard—a precept and a rule of conduct which he was compelled to write in his copybook, as well as to hear, whenever the workings of his spirit prompted him to "speak as to his thinkings." The twig was bent—the tree inclined.

What Shiverton Shakes might have been, had the trunk of his genius been permitted to ascend according to its original impulse, is now but matter for conjecture. How far he would have reached in his umbrageous expansion, had the shoots of his soul been judiciously trimmed and trellised—sunned, shaded and watered—who can tell? There may be a blank in glory's book which his name should have filled—an empty niche in our century's greatness, where Shiverton Shakes should have been embalmed. At this instant, perhaps, the world suffers because some momentous truth which it was for him to have drawn to light, is still "hushed within the hollow mine of earth." Why, indeed, may we not suppose that when he was rebuked for making chips, to the annoyance of the tidy housekeeper, an invention perished in its very inception which would have superseded the steam-engine? What might Shiverton Shakes—Shiverton cherished—Shakes undismayed—what might he not have been? A warrior, probably, phlebotomizing men by the battalion and by the brigade, and piling skulls to build his way to fame. Why not a patriot and a statesman, heading parties and carrying elections, with speeches from the stump

and huzzas from the multitude? Nor would it be considering too curiously if it were to be imagined that, had circumstances been propitious, Shiverton Shakes might, at this very hour, have been in the enjoyment of the highest of human honours and the most sublime of modern inventions, that of being pilloried by the political press and flung at by half the nation—the new pleasure, for which an exhausted voluptuary of the classic age breathed sighs in vain.

But such delights as these were denied to Shiverton Shakes, who was too strictly taught to be seen and not heard—who was not to speak until he was spoken to; in consequence whereof, as the invitation was not very often extended, he came near being deprived of the faculty of speech altogether.

When Shiverton Shakes came home—"why, there's company in the parlour," and Shiverton Shakes went to learn manners and deportment in the kitchen. Shiverton Shakes breakfasted, dined and supped in the kitchen, and when promoted by a call up stairs, Shiverton mumbled in his words, fumbled in his pockets and rumpled among his hair. An ungainly lout was Shiverton Shakes. He had been, so to speak, paralyzed by his undeveloped idea. His original confidence, instead of being modulated and modified, had been extirpated, and the natural *aplomb* of his character—that which keeps men on their feet, maintaining the adjustment and balance of their faculties—had been destroyed.

"The boy is a booby," said Mr. Shakes; "why can't you stand up straight and speak out?—you're old enough."

"Well, I do declare," subjoined Mrs. Shakes, "I'm quite ashamed of him. I can't think how he came to be such a goose. When Mary Jones spoke to him the other day, I do declare if he didn't put his thumb right in his eye, and almost twist himself out of his jacket; and when

she asked him what he learned at school, all he could say was 'he! he! I don't know.' He shan't show himself again till he behaves better—a great long—"

"I don't like to be harsh—in fact, I'm rather too indulgent," philanthropically remarked Mr. Shakes; "but, if I were to do my duty by this boy, I ought to chastise him out of these awkward tricks. There—go—down stairs with you. It's the only place you're fit for."

"He must never be allowed to come up when any body's here—not till he knows how to speak to people."

Such was the earlier life of Shiverton Shakes. He was not to plunge into the billows of the world before he had learned to swim, and yet was denied the opportunity to acquire the rudiments of this species of natation, in those smaller rills and ripples where alone the necessary confidence and dexterity are to be obtained. It was perhaps believed that he could cast the boy off and assume the man, without preliminary training, and that, having been seen but not heard, for so many years, he would have an instinctive force, at the proper moment, to cause himself both to be seen and heard, thus suddenly stepping from one extreme to the other. There may be such forces in some people—in people who, in a phrenological aspect, have a large propelling power, to drive them over the snags, sawyers and shallows of this "shoal of time." They were not, however, to be found in Shiverton Shakes. Nor was he a proof of the correctness of that common parental theory, so often urged to palliate and to excuse deficiencies in culture and supervision, that he would "know better when he grew older," thus endeavouring to make future years responsible for duties which should be performed by ourselves and at the existing moment. This method of "knowing better" may suit the procrastinating disposition, and there may be instances in which it engenders a corrective influence; but it

is at best a doubtful experiment to permit defects to "harden into petrifaction," while awaiting the uncertain period of removal. That we may "know better when we are older" is like enough; but then, will we do better? Who, of all the world, does better—much better—half as much better as he ought—as he "knows better?" There are differences, sad to experience, hard to overcome, between knowing and doing. The right habitude is the surest panoply. Shiverton Shakes had no habitude but the wrong habitude—no panoply at all.

Shiverton went forth into the world—shrinkingly forth—modestly forth, and so forth, which perhaps is very amiable as an abstraction, though its value, in a peculiarly brazen state of society, is not quite so great, in a practical point of view, as the school-books would have us to believe—for if, as we are told, this modesty is a candle to one's merit, there must be some strange omission in regard to lighting the wick, and, unless that process be complied with, it is as clear as darkness can make it, that all the candles in the universe will do but little toward an illumination. It is at least certain that Shiverton's merit gained no refulgence from his unobtrusiveness, and that his retiring disposition, so far from promoting his interests and extending his fame, according to the philosophic notion on the subject, came near causing him to be pushed out of sight and forgotten altogether. No one searched him from his obscurity—fortune passed by his door without knocking, and reputation swept onward without offering him a seat in its vehicle. Yet Shiverton was as modest as modest could be—as modest, according to the popular comparison, as a sheep. He thought nothing of himself at all—he invariably got out of the way when other people wanted to advance, on the principle of "after you is manners," and when others spoke first, he was particularly careful to speak last, or not to speak at all;

suppressing his own wishes, feelings, and opinions, to promote the general harmony. A retiring man was Shiverton, and he obtained an occupation wherein his main intercourse was with his pen and with columns of figures, so that he still could be seen and not heard, according to the regulation which governed his childhood. He stooped as he walked, that his superiority of height (for Shiverton had stretched in longitude far beyond his unpretending wishes) might be lost, as it were, in the smaller crowd; and he went home, as far as it was possible to do so, by the "alley way," to escape the ostentation of parading the thoroughfares, and to elude the embarrassing operation of returning salutations to those with whom he was unavoidably acquainted. What would Shiverton Shakes not have given if he had known nobody—if there were nobody here but himself, or if he could consume this troublesome "how d'ye do" existence in a back room, up three pair of stairs, where no one could by possibility come? And his bashfulness grew by being indulged. He suffered, not only by the painful sensations of his own timidity, but more by the thought that others likewise saw into his perturbations, and derived enjoyment from his internal distress. He appropriated every laugh to himself—he could not think that when he was within range of observation, there could reasonably be any other jest so likely to provoke a smile; and when people talked together with mirthfulness on their countenance, he was sure that the awkwardnesses and defects of Shiverton Shakes were under discussion. He had never heard of any thing else at home, and he always felt as if he were a discreditable intruder, who ought, if any thing, to apologize for having come into this breathing world at all. Had there been such a thing as a back door to our sublunary sphere, he would certainly have opened it, if it could have been done without noise, and have crept

out, glad to escape into the immeasurable solitude of ether.

But a retreat of this sort is not possible, according to existing planetary arrangements, without a recourse to means to which Shakes had a repugnance. The sensibility of his nervous system rejected the thought of a cold bath by midnight, with brickbats in his vest and paving stones in his coat pockets—the pistol is a means of dismissal altogether too noisy for the retiring disposition, and the elevation of the cord shows an aspiring temper which would not have been at all characteristic in Shiverton Shakes. Besides, a jury in such cases generally looks for the impulsive reason, and how ridiculous it would seem to be returned in the newspapers, as one who had voluntarily gone defunct through lack of brass! Such an imagination could not be entertained even for an instant. There would be more chuckling than ever. Shiverton resolved to live—to be Shakes to the end of his terraqueous term, no matter how unpleasant it might be.

Still, however, manœuvre as one may, we cannot always avoid contact with the world in some of its phases. Invitations will come, for instance, from which there is no moral possibility of evasion. To be very unwell, sometimes answers a good purpose, if indeed these dodging purposes be ever good, when the motive is simply a dodge from a failure in self-reliance. It will do to have prior engagements occasionally when none such exist, and the pressure of business at certain seasons may be extreme; but, exert ourselves to that end as we may, there are few individuals who can contrive to be ill all the time, or always to have a prior engagement, or to be busy so continually as not to have an evening to spare; and then a point blank *non inventus*, without the shadow of a palliation, is scarcely to be attempted under certain circumstances. It requires the imperturbable solidity of a dead

wall to be guilty of it. It sits upon the soul like a nightmare, and the guilty wakes next morning with a conscience as heavy as a millstone. Shiverton Shakes was cornered by such an invitation—to a dance of the most extensive and brilliant description—in honour of the marriage of the daughter of one concerning whom he had *post mortem* expectations—expectations which he fondly dreamed would productively survive the individual who had given rise to them. It was, therefore, what we may call, for want of an established phrase to describe it, the invitation undeniable—the trident of an appeal, which forks on either side and pins one through the body. It was an invitation which, with all Shiverton's agile practice in this respect, he could neither leap over nor creep under. It was not to be got round, on the right hand or upon the left. It enflanked and enfiladed—encircled and hemmed in. Yet, if boldly faced, it was obvious that Shiverton Shakes could not help being, to some extent at least, a feature on the occasion—occasions, like countenances, must have features, or they cease to be occasions. But to be suddenly elevated into a feature—projected from the level into a promontory, like some diver duck of a volcanic island—when we are not used to it—when we don't know how! Who, in such a crisis, could avoid feeling like Shakes? To be a protuberance—a card—a first or a second fiddle, with no acquaintance with the bow and innocent of rosin—to dance with the bride—to be fascinating to the maids—to make himself generally agreeable, he, who had never before been on such hard duty—to be easy, graceful, and witty—"preposterous and pestiferous!" cried Shiverton Shakes; "me making myself agreeable! I should like to catch myself at it."

Shiverton was haunted by Mrs. Marygold's note. In his dreams, it was like the air drawn dagger of the tragedy.

It seemed to "marshal him the way he was to go," and beckoned him on, not to Duncan's surcease—Duncan surceased in the dark—the fewer witnesses the better—but to something much worse, in his fearful estimation—to violins and laughter—to smiles and compliments—to airs and graces—to silks and cologne—blooming bouquets, pearly teeth and sparkling eyes—more terrible to him than frowning ramparts and stern artillery.

Shiverton sat alone in his chamber. The lamp burned dimly, and the fatal note, its perfume not yet departed, lay before him.

"There's my ankle," said he, after a gloomy pause, "if I could only sprain it now, without hurting myself much—sprain it gently—but no—that wont do—they'd guess in a minute—and I couldn't very conveniently contrive to break my neck for a day or two, by way of something original; but I almost wish it was broke. It would save a fellow a great deal of trouble. I should like to raise a fever, if I only knew how; but I can't find a headache with all the shaking I can give it. Perhaps it wouldn't do to be found 'no more' when they came to call me to breakfast, on the morning of this horrible dance; but I wish I was no more—I wish I never had been more at all. But more or less, I must go, if an earthquake does not intervene, or if there is not a blow up of some sort. But these things never happen when they're wanted. I never found the dentist out in my life when I was to be hurt. There are matters which can't postpone. Hanging day is hanging day, whether it rains or shines, and then hanging day is never yesterday—I don't mind things when they're past—hanging day is always to-morrow or to-day—something to come—something that's not done, but must be done. It appears to me that I'm never done, but always doing—going to be done."

After this escapade, Shiverton was moodily silent—expressionless outwardly, save in the uneasy transposition of his pedal extremities, while his brows were knitting like a weaver's loom.

"If they'd let me be, now—but they wont—they never do," continued he sharply; "let me be in a corner, or in the refreshment room, eating things and drinking things—cracking nuts, or forking pickled oysters, or spooning in ice cream, and nobody looking on—it always chokes me when anybody's looking on—things wont get on the spoon, and my plate is sure to spill and run over—if they'd do so, I'd be able to get along well enough; but then I must go in among the ladies—there's nothing scares me more than ladies—good-looking ladies particularly—I can't talk to them—they frighten me like Old Scratch. Yet I've got all the books about manners, in that closet—'American Chesterfield,' 'Etiquette,' and all that—why don't somebody publish how to flourish away in other people's houses, so we can learn it in three lessons, like French, Italian and Spanish? That's the kind of cheap literature I want."

At last he sprung impatiently from his chair, and the clock struck one.

"Since I must go to Mrs. Marygold's whether I will or not, I had better begin to practise as soon as possible—practise tea party"—and Shiverton brushed up his hair and pulled down his wristbands; "that's the way, I suppose.—Now I come in, so," and he threw his head aside in a languishing manner—"Hope you're very well, Mrs. Marygold—that chair's the old lady—how dee doo, Mrs. Marygold—how's Bob?—no, not Bob—how is Mr. Robert?—then that bedpost's the old man—compliments to the old man—that wash-stand is the young ladies, all of a bunch—your most obedient, says I, in a sort of off-hand way—most obedient to the wash-stand, and a sort

"'Now I come in, so,' and he threw his head aside in a languishing manner —'Hope you're very well, Mrs. Marygold—that chair's the old lady—how dee doo, Mrs. Marygold—how's Bob?—no, not Bob—how is Mr. Robert?—then that bed-post's the old man—compliments to the old man—that wash-stand is the young ladies, all of a bunch.'"—*Book* III, *page* 110.

of a slide all round. Pooh! it's easy enough, if you go right at it—who's afraid? Ha! ha!" and Shiverton became excited, bowing about the room. "Dance! why yes, to be sure I will. Pleasure of dancing with Miss Slammerkin?—ho! ho! tolderol! tolderol! chassez across —swing corners—slambang! pigeon-wing!"

Shiverton's operations in this matter were rather of the old school; more, it is to be presumed, from the dash of desperation that tinged his spirit at the time, than from any other cause; and so, forgetting, if he ever knew it, the easy, unambitious and nonchalant manner of the modern ball-room, he set arms and legs agoing with the whirligig vigour and expansive reach of a windmill. The floor creaked and trembled—the windows rattled and shook; but still he danced away with the concentrated energy of one who "had business would employ an age, and but a moment's time to do it in." He was, in fact, and without being conscious of it, realizing a great moral and physiological truth. His mental uneasiness found relief in physical action, on the principle which renders the body restless when the mind is disturbed, that the superabundance of the nervous force may be diverted from our thoughts to our muscles. Care and bashfulness seemed to be driven away together. The rust flew off, and a momentary hardness and transient polish appeared.

He upset the chair. "Mrs. Marygold's done for," said he, in breathless exultation. Crash went the table. "Supper's over—let's waltz! Taglioni and Queen Victoria—who's afraid! I knew I only wanted to begin, to go ahead of D'Orsay!" and he flew round like a top, to the complete discomfiture of the "Dukedom of Hereford and those movables."

"Murder!—or fire!—or thieves!—or something!" screamed Mrs. Fitzgig, the landlady, as she awoke in

trepidation from her slumbers, the more appalled because it was impossible to imagine what was the matter. Terror is never so terrific as when we do not know what terrifies us. "Boh!" cried in the dark, will unsettle the firmest nerves, because it has never yet been decided exactly what "Boh!" means. People will tremble and run at "Boh!" who do not shrink from surgery or from an unpaid bill.

The uproar continued, and at last Mrs. Fitzgig, with her boarders, men, women and children, leaped from their beds and rushed, blanketed and sheeted, to the scene of action.

"Shiverton Shakes is crazy—run for Doctor Slop!"

"Shave his head!" said one.

"Knock him down!" exclaimed another.

"Law suz!" pathetically cried Mrs. Fitzgig, looking at the devastation—"What's all this?"

"It's tea-party—it's hop—it's ball!" shouted Shiverton, for once grown bold, and seizing upon his landlady —"Why don't you jump along?—swing around—practice makes perfect!"

The laughter, loud and long, which followed these explanatory exclamations, brought Shiverton Shakes to his senses, and awakened him from his dream of ball-room triumph, as if he had suddenly been subjected to the tranquillizing influence of a shower-bath.

"Exercise—nothing but exercise—bad health—too much confined," muttered he—"a man must have exercise."

"But two o'clock in the morning 's not the time, is it? and breaking things is not the way, I guess," said Mrs. Fitzgig, sulkily. Shiverton Shakes paid the damages, but the balance of ridicule was not so easily settled. It is a strange thing, too, that the rehearsal should be a subject of derision, when the deed itself is rather commend-

able than otherwise. If a man is found making speeches to himself, people will regard it as a joke, and should he be discovered taking off his hat to his own reflection in the mirror, that he may bow with grace in the street, and perform his *devoir* to fair damsels with becoming elegance, why he would never hear the last of it. Always turn the key, and speak softly when practising gentlemanly deportment to supposititious society. If you experience a lack of preparatory drill in the art of making yourself peculiarly agreeable, go through your discipline in the vacant garret, and should there be no bolt to the entrance, keep your face to the door, that you may confront the sudden intruder, with a vacant countenance and the fragment of a tune, as if nothing in the world were the matter. Demosthenes himself must have felt what is now termed "flat," when detected shoveling flints into his mouth, to turnpike his vocalities, and to Macadamise the way for his oratorical genius. To do such things is praiseworthy. To be surprised in the act, is the offence. The spirit of Lycurgus survives in the nineteenth century, and the Spartans were not alone in thinking that it is not the deed, but the discovery, which is to be reproved. Shakes found it so, when jeered for his social training. And, in referring to this popular contradiction, which asks for the thing, and in some sort derides one of the means of obtaining it, we cannot refrain from introducing, as an illustration, a colloquy in which our hero bore a part.

It was in the evening, at Mrs. Fitzgig's—Shakes was forlornly looking into the fire-- but few of the family remained, and Mr. Dashoff Uptosnuff, a gentleman probably of northern descent, but professing to know a thing or two in the west, twisted his moustache, adjusted his flowing locks, and ceased for a moment to admire his legs.

"Shakes," said Dashoff Uptosnuff, "this sheepishness of yours will never do, at your time of life."

"I know it," replied Shakes, with a sigh; "it never did do, and I don't think it's going to do. But what am I to do?"

"Do! where's the difficulty?—do like other people—do like me—do, and don't be done. I tell you what it is, Shakes, there's a double set of principles in this world, one of which is to talk about, and the other to act upon—one is preached, and the other is practised. You've got hold, somehow, of the wrong set—the set invented by the knowing ones, to check competition and to secure all the good things for themselves. That's the reason people are always praising modest merit, while they are pushing along without either the one or the other. You always let go, when anybody's going to take your place at table—you always hold back, when another person's wanting the last of the nice things on the dish. That's not the way—bow and nod and show your teeth with a fascination, but take what you want for all that. This is manners—knowing the world. To be polite, is to have your own way gracefully—other people are delighted at your style—you have the profit."

"But I'm ashamed—what would people think?"

"Why, Shiverton Shakes, if you only learn to understand the hocus pocus of it, they'll think of you just what you wish them to think. Don't be afraid of other people—other people is a goose. Hav'n't you found that out yet? Who is ever afraid of people when he knows them well—lives in the same house with them? You're not afraid of Mrs. Fitzgig; you're not afraid of me—you're not afraid of the washerwoman—not much afraid, even when you owe her for the last quarter. Confidence is only carrying out the principle—look upon everybody as me, or Mrs. Fitzgig, or the washerwoman. That's the way to do. As for your not knowing people, it amounts to nothing—it's often an advantage—for then

you may fairly conclude they don't know you. How are battles gained? Because the party who run away, don't know that their enemies were just about to do the same thing—they don't know that their opponents were as much scared as themselves. Look bluff, and the day's your own. Nobody sees beyond appearances."

"Yes, but I can't do as you advise—I think I can sometimes, when no person's by; but when I come to try it, I can't—I feel so—my heart bumps so—my tongue's so dry, and I always tumble over things and tread on somebody's toe. I'm sure to tread on somebody's toe."

"Shiverton, you're a melancholy victim to the errors of education and the wrong set of principles, or you wouldn't tread on other people's toes—not so they'd know it, even if you had to step over their heads. If you only understand how, you can do what you please. The style is all. Ah," continued Dashoff Uptosnuff, falling into a philosophic reverie, "what a world of blunders is this! They've got free schools and high schools, and universities and colleges,—they learn to cipher—to read languages—to understand mathematics and all sorts of things—comparatively useless things—but who is taught confidence—that neat kind of confidence which don't look like confidence—who is taught to converse, when in that lies all the civil engineering of life, which shaves the mountain from our path, tunnels the rocks and lifts us to the top of the social Alleghanies? Who learns at school how to make a bow, or to get a wife with a hundred thousand dollars or upwards? Where, in short, is that professorship which shows us the road to success, and indicates how we are to live without work, the great secret at which we are all struggling to arrive? As things are managed now, we are soldiers sent to the battle before we have learned to tell one end of our muskets from the other; and before we have discovered where to insert the

load and where to place the priming, the war is over and we are among the killed, wounded and missing. Is'nt it doleful?"

"Very," said Shiverton, mournfully.

"Well, now, for my part, I don't see the trouble," said Mrs. Fitzgig; "why can't a man buck up?"

"Nor I," added Miss Jemima Fitzgig, who wanted to be Mrs. something. "It is the easiest thing in the world to get along, especially among ladies," and she glanced tenderly at Mr. Dashoff Uptosnuff.

"You must make an effort, Shiverton—one plunge and all will be over—go to Marygold's determined on boldness. Sooner or later, you must begin. It is impossible to dodge in this way for ever."

What a happy thing it would be if the determination were the achievement—if "I will" were the consummation—if, by one potent screw upon the organ of firmness, the little troop of faculties which make up our identity, could be wheeled into the unshrinking and impenetrable Macedonian phalanx, and if there could be no uneasy intervention of doubtful thoughts between the firm resolve and its execution.

"I will," said Shiverton, and he did.

* * * * * * *

He did—but how? Let us not anticipate. Let us sooner pause before ringing up for the catastrophe of this painful drama, and rather seek metaphysically to know why it was a painful history and why it had a catastrophe —why any of us have catastrophes—for catastrophe is not necessary to our nature. If the faculties were in equipoise, we should never fall—Shiverton Shakes would not have fallen. We are, to a certain extent, rope-dancers here below—Seiltanzers—Herr Clines; and there is truth in the Mahommedan supposition that we cross the gulf upon a bridge finer than a hair. Any internal force,

therefore, in excess or in deficiency, swerves us from the right line, and we run the risk of being impinged upon an adverse catastrophical circumstance, having the melancholy preferment of serving to point a moral and adorn a tale. Our vices are our virtues running to riot and pushing into the extreme, and all human impulses are good, in subordination and in their place. It is their morbid, unwholesome condition which makes our trouble. There is no sinfulness in thirst, if the proper means are used to quench it; nor is ambition unholy, if it only seeks honourable and useful distinction among men. Acquisitiveness is derided; but a subdued acquisitiveness is requisite, if we would not be a burden to our friends and subject old age to the degradation of being a charge upon the public purse. Even anger—the combativeness and destructiveness of modern definition—is essential to our well-being, as a defensive means, and that the oppressor may fear to set his heavy foot upon us. We are, in short, good people enough in the constituents of our individuality—all the materials are respectable in themselves; it is the quantity of each which causes the disturbance. Too much courage makes the bully—too little shrinks into the coward. A modicum of self-esteem induces us to scorn meanness—with too large a share, our pride becomes an insult and an outrage. The love of approval gives amiability to our deportment; but it may run into perking vanity and ambling affectation. Happy they "whose blood and judgment are so well commingled," that they can march with a steady step and have no reason for pausing analysis to learn why they stumble.

Now the psychological ship of Shakes—the vessel which carried this Cæsar and his fortunes—was defective in its trim—the ballast was badly stowed—too much by the head or too much something else, which prevented

it from working "shipshape and Bristol fashion." His deference to "other people" had been nourished to an extent which cast a destructive shadow over his other faculties, and his firmness and self-reliance had probably left hollows in his pericranium. But it was not altogether that he placed no sufficient estimate upon himself—there were times—times apart—times of retiracy, when he felt "as good as you"—perhaps better, and it may be that it was an overweening desire to fill out his fancy sketch of himself—to be a sublime Shakes—the embodiment of his own conception—which gave such paralyzing force to the eye of the observer—that "Mrs. Grundy" whose criticism we all fear, more or less, and made him either shrink from the effort, or fail miserably when he did venture on the attempt. Was it at all thus with Shakes? There are such apparent contradictions in humanity. But who is "clairvoyant" enough to penetrate into the mental council-chamber, and discover what we scarce know ourselves?

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It was cold and dark, but yet a man in a cloak walked uneasily up and down the street. Lights beamed from the windows and carriages drove up to the door of a mansion, upon which his earnest regards seemed to be fixed.

"Now, I will," said he, pausing under the trees; "no, not yet—I can wait a little while longer.

"I wish it was to-morrow, or some time next week," muttered he. "I wish I was a chimney-sweep, for they are all a-bed—I wish I was that limping fellow with a bad cold, crying oysters—he don't wear white kids—I almost wish I had an attack of apoplexy, and somebody was rolling me along on a wheelbarrow.

"Now for it!" and he dashed desperately up the steps and seized the bell-handle with unflinching fingers—but

he did not pull—like the renowned "King of France," he walked gently down again.

"I think I should like a little hot whisky punch," sighed he; "very strong whisky, and remarkable hot punch."

It is an anti-temperance weakness, no doubt; but still there are passages in most men's lives when they feel the very want expressed by Shiverton Shakes—when they would "like a punch"—a strong punch—to make them go. But such punches are apt to become bad punches—to punch out one's brains. If you cannot get along without punch, you had better not go at all.

"But no—who's afraid?—Uptosnuff will laugh if I don't—here goes!" and the bell rang loudly.

Shiverton Shakes had committed an error—nothing daunts a man of his infirmity more than unaccustomed garments. One who is at ease in a familiar coat, feels embarrassed in a new dress. Shakes had caused his hair to be curled—it pulled in every direction. His white gloves were rather of the tightest—his satin stock had not yet the hang of his neck—his pumps uncomfortably usurped the place of his expanded boots—his coat had only come home that afternoon. He had practised to dance, but it was not a full dress rehearsal. His white waistcoat and his snowy gloves were ever in his eye; he saw himself continually, and there is nothing worse than to see one's self, under circumstances of restraint—to be reminded all the time that yourself is there. Shiverton had that species of consciousness which poetic souls have attributed to the poker. He felt like a catapult, without hinge or joint. He was cold at the extremities.

"If nobody knew me, I wouldn't care so much," quoth he.

But Uptosnuff was unexpectedly there—there before him.

"Now, Shiverton—your respects to the hostess—graceful and rather affectionate."

"I wish he hadn't said that," growled Shiverton, as he made his way, as if travelling on eggs, through the gayly dressed throng to Mrs. Marygold, who stood in all the splendors of matronly embellishment.

"Mrs. Marygold—I'm very—how d'ye—hope you 're—good evening—how's—yes, ma'am," ejaculated Shiverton, spasmodically.

"Ah, ha! Shiverton! rejoiced to see you," said Mr. Marygold, a jocular gentleman, with a mulberry nose; "got over your bashfulness, I suppose."

"Ye—e—s," responded Shiverton, with a mechanical effort at a smile, in which the mouth went into attitude, curving toward the ears, while the rest of the face kept its rigid, stony appearance.

"Glad of it—plenty of pretty girls here—come, let me make you acquainted."

"No, thank you—I'd rather—"

"Now's your time, Shiverton," whispered Uptosnuff, "keep it up—don't flinch."

"Mr. Shakes, bashful Mr. Shakes, Miss Simpkins—very desirous of dancing with you. Didn't you say so?" observed the jocular Mr. Marygold.

"No—yes—I—oh!—very—it's getting warm," and Shiverton Shakes sat forcibly down upon the elderly Mrs. Peachblossom, who shrieked aloud, while Shakes sprang up with amazement: "just as I expected—right on somebody's toe!"

"Never mind—persevere," whispered Uptosnuff. "Nobody's hurt. Now be bold—it's much easier than being timid."

"I will," said Shiverton, drawing down his waist-

coat; "I will—keep near me, but don't look at me—" and Shiverton led his partner to the dance, resolved at all hazards to try the advice of his friend. But when the dance began, he suddenly felt as if ten thousand eyes were upon him—his little knowledge of the subject, picked up "long time ago," deserted from his memory. It was all confusion, and every attempt to guide his erratic steps made the confusion worse confounded. "Now, Mr. Shakes"—"there, Mr. Shakes," and "here, Mr. Shakes," only served to mystify his perceptions still more deeply, as, driven to desperate courses, he danced frantically about, in the vain hope that lucky chance might put him upon that undiscovered and apparently undiscoverable clue to the labyrinth, to which, it was plain, direction could not lead him.

"Whew!—Uptosnuff," panted Shiverton, during a prelude to a new complication of dance and suffering,—when the tamborine rang out, and when the yellow man in ear-rings was evidently inhaling volumes of the atmosphere, to aid him in calling figures in that as yet unknown tongue and untranslated language which dancers alone comprehend. "Uptosnuff, I can't stand this—what shall I do?"

"I cannot tell—did you ever try to faint?" replied Uptosnuff.

"Yah-yay—doo yandleming foo-yay!" shouted the yellow man in ear-rings.

"Jang-jingle—r-a-a-n-g foodle," said the tamborine.

"Shaw-shay!"

If Shiverton could have reached the yellow man, there would have been an end to the ear-rings; but as this was out of the question, he shut his eyes and set his arms and legs in action with an unlimited power of attorney, and, though he went many ways, it happened, with a perversity peculiar to Terpsichorean tyros, that he never

hit upon the right way, at the right time; for, in these matters, the right soon becomes wrong.

The company began to gather round, to witness this extraordinary and extemporaneous performance.

"'Pon my soul, if I don't think it 's animal magnetism," remarked a scientific looking individual, with a bald head and green spectacles. He 's mesmerized—he 's under the influence of the fluid."

"I wish I was," thought Shiverton, as he bounded like a kangaroo, catching his rearward foot in the flowing robes of Miss Simpkins, and oversetting the "one lady forward," as he himself came lumbering to the floor.

All was chaos.

"Intoxicated!"

"Insane!"

"Insufferable!"

"Infamous!"

"Satisfaction!" said whiskers.

Shiverton scrambled to his feet, and stared wildly around.

"Shiverton Shakes, I never could have believed that you would have come to my house, in such a condition," said Mrs. Marygold, in awful tones.

"Shiverton Shakes, I 've done with you for ever," said the old gentleman.

"My friend will wait on you in the morning," remarked whiskers.

"Beat a retreat, Shiverton—you're Waterloo'd," hinted Uptosnuff. "*Sauve qui peut.* It's too late to faint now—why didn't you lie still, to be picked up?"

Shiverton charged like a conscript of the French republic, without much science, but with inflexible will, at what he thought to be an open door—it was a costly mirror; but, though a deceptive appearance, it did not "take him in"—he rebounded, amid the crash of glass.

Shrieks of dismay arose on every side; but Shiverton, having now a clearly defined object in view, "bent up each corporal agent to this terrible feat," and overthrew all impediment, including stout Mrs. Marygold and sundry other obstacles which were in the way of his recoil, to say nothing of John with the refreshments, who was thus deluged in lemonade, and the cabman at the door, who was summarily taught how to execute a backward summerset down a flight of steps.

Shiverton reached home, breathless, hatless, cloakless, and in despair—a melancholy example of the perilous consequences of endeavouring to "assume a virtue, if you have it not."

"A man must be brought up to it," soliloquized Shiverton, when he had recovered coolness enough to think, and had kicked his kid gloves indignantly into a corner; "at least, I 'm sure that this spontaneous combustion sort of way of going at it, will never answer for me. If I could now, little by little, just dip in a foot—wet my head—slide in gradually—become accustomed and acquainted by degrees, and not be spoken to or bothered at first—begin where I wasn't known, or where people don't laugh at every thing so confoundedly. But no—I'm done for—this blow up at Marygold's—I can never show my head again," and he buried himself in the blankets, as if he never more wished to be looked upon by the surrounding world.

This was the first and last attempt of Shiverton Shakes to gain a footing in society. He held no more intercourse with Dashoff Uptosnuff; for, although he admitted the correctness of that individual's theory, still he had an overwhelming consciousness of inability to carry it into effect. He bought him a turning lathe, and made knick-knacks in the long winter evenings, smoked cigars, and tried to read "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman

Empire." He would have liked to have a wife, but the process of getting one was too much for his nervous sensibilities; so he dined at an ordinary and made his own tea and toast, being literally and truly an "unexpressed idea"—an undeveloped capability.

THE BOYS THAT RUN WITH THE ENGINE.

We are deceived. There is not so much inequality of talent as the world supposes. From the earliest ages, there has been a conspiracy of caste, to blind and to mislead the mass of mankind, by giving a monopoly of fame to those who stand in certain positions. To all the rest, renown has been denied, and they have been content with a lot, not inevitable, but cunningly imposed; and thus the world, at every period, has been converted into a crowd of "stupid starers"—shouters for self-constituted idols, when, if the truth were known, thousands of those who submit to be lookers-on, and to be shut from the historic page altogether, not only possess genius equal to that of the hero, but, actually, albeit in an humbler field, give unhonoured manifestations of superior ability. The difference is, that one man is framed, gilded, and hung up against the wall, to be looked at and admired, while another plods along the dusty highway, without attracting notice. An accident has been wanting. A concurrence of circumstances has brought about greatness in one instance, when, in the other, the individual did not happen to be within range of the breeze of fortune at the proper moment; and hence, his sails flap idly against the mast, while the happier ship proudly careers across the seas. Luck may not be a very euphonical word; but there is much in luck. Instances of course arise, in which the individual has not the innate force to improve his luck, and is, therefore, rather overwhelmed than benefitted by it. If a man be crank, and lack ballast, he is swamped by the prosperous gale; but there are many others who lag behind, only because they need the ex-

ternal impetus which has been fatal to him. If, then, any one stands before our eyes, sparkling with reputation and glittering with glory—like Gesler's cap upon a pole, to which all are required to bow—let us shade our eyes from the effulgence, and do honour rather to the luck, than to him who has been the subject of it. Let us enquire whether it has been his own strength of limb, or the brawny muscle of propitious fortune, which has borne him up the steep, and let us pay our respects accordingly.

Glory, in the main, is a delusion. It is too often rather a concession on our part, than a merit in him to whom it is accorded. It is not so much the talent we admire, as the chance which gave room for its exhibition. The same elements of character might be at our side for a lifetime, and receive no appreciation. It is only when they are successfully displayed in the arena peculiarly dedicated to glory, that our wonder is moved. The dexterity of a Talleyrand may retail dry goods, but who writes the history of him that wields a yard-stick? The strategic talent of a Napoleon may be evinced in robbing the "watermillion" patches of New Jersey; but where is the O'Meara to note the sayings of one who expiates his offences in a county jail? Humanity is unjust to itself. If genius be the thing to be admired, why should it command our homage more readily when attired in feathers and embroidery, than when skulking in rags and tatters? Are the constituents of heroism less worthy when their owner is in the hands of a constable, than when he is incarcerated in an island prison like St. Helena? Never credit it. We are fools to our false views and erroneous estimates. We are struck by the circumstance, and not by the essential. The ragamuffin's head has not been adorned with a laurel wreath—he never, perhaps, caused an illumination, except when dragged from his thieving

ambush in the coal-hole, by the light of a single candle ;—but analyze his actions, put his motives and his achievements into the crucible of philosophic reflection, and then determine whether, in a happier sphere, he would not have stolen "crowns" where he now filches shillings, and have appropriated empires, instead of "hooking" boots from an entry. Is it not true, then, that we esteem the lucks and chances of a man, much more than we reverence the man himself? Why, even when hero meets hero, he receives the applause who carries off the victory, when it is plainly apparent that accident alone was decisive of the conflict. A chance shot disables the frigate,—the bugler is killed, and does not call "boarders to repel boarders,"—an aid-de-camp fails to convey orders,—a Grouchy does not bring up the reserve in time,—the success is determined by some petty failure in the details of a masterpiece of skill, and he is hailed the great one who stumbles into triumph. Blind luck draws the bow-string round the neck of genius, and the goose pecks out the eyes of the eagle.

The same injustice prevails throughout. Why should familiarity breed contempt, but that we have what may be called a proclivity to humbug—a disposition to be deceived? And yet it will always be found, that no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre—no, nor to his wife, his children, or his friends, except in some rare instances. Who can believe that Peter, by our side,—Peter, whom we have known from childhood upwards,—Peter, whom we have rebuked, rebuffed and perhaps cuffed,—who can think that Peter is a genius? And why not Peter?—who is inevitably better than Peter? Warriors and statesmen? They were not born warriors and statesmen. They were once little Peters, probably Peters not so promising as yours. Scurvy little Peters, crying on the stairs—rebuked, rebuffed and cuffed, no doubt, like him. But we

know Peter—know him too well, and seem to lose the power of appreciation by that intimate knowledge; and in this respect, as in all others, it is distance and ignorance combined, which creates our astonishment. Thus it is, indeed, that they err, who wish to see the great ones close at hand; and thus the great ones err, who suffer themselves unnecessarily to be seen close at hand. He who really desires to enjoy the enchantment of the drama, is not wise in thrusting himself behind the scenes. The tyrant does not become more awful, when it is observed that his portentous moustache and terrific eye-brow are the product of a burnt cork; nor are the dancing-girls a whit more full of fascination, when it appears that their roseate blushes are the quintessence of brick-dust. And what literary lion is there, in the long list of those who have visited our shores, who did not lose his mane by the adventure?—who did not sink in public estimation, and gradually decline from the majesty of a quadruped, into the ordinary two-legged condition of the indigenous man? Where, in fact, is the exception? Not one. Familiarity is the "Lion King." It reduces all such rampant creatures to the mere household standard, and puts them to sleep before the fire.

But all these things are nevertheless wrong. Genius is genius, whether the chance be afforded or not;—it is still genius, and the same genius, whether its field be small or great;—it is genius, notwithstanding, however close it may be in our intimacy, and the truth of our prelude may be demonstrated in all its branches, by a slight recurrence to the history of "The Boys that run with the Engine."

They are but imperfect observers of human nature, who look abroad and look upwards, to note character in its more striking developments. If their study is man, the true materials for research are best found close at hand.

History is a falsifier. All actions, when viewed from a distance, are seen through a distorting medium. The so-called chronicles of the times, are but the mirage of the desert, in which the parties represented often appear upside down, one swelling to a gigantic stature, while another dwindles to dwarfish proportions. Motives are mistaken and results are exaggerated, and he who hopes, in this way, to arrive at knowledge through the medium of written records, must, by dint of preparatory study on the living subject, have learned to separate the reality from the fictitious. Cabinets and camps are well enough, to be sure, if we are on our guard against the deceptive glare which is almost invariably thrown around them—if we are gifted with that rare discrimination which considers the man himself, and not his embroidery; but, in the generality of cases, it is our weakness to regard as fine birds, all poultry which has been lucky enough to trig itself out in fine feathers, and hence we are led into errors innumerable,—our swans are geese, and the turkey is often degraded to the rank of a buzzard. If, however, we turn from courts and camps and cabinets, to the engine houses of a great metropolis, we shall there find action, and the springs to action,—action as energetic, and the springs to action as forcible, as are to be seen any where,—laid open to our view, without gilding and without guile. Here is manhood in its opening flower,—in the summer morning of its restlessness. The untrimmed colt of aspiring ambition prances upon this plain; a colt which may hereafter be the war-horse, with his neck clothed in thunder—a more striking adornment, as must readily be admitted, than even one of Tennent's best fitting stocks, in all the glory of shining satin. Diplomacy may perhaps be expanding in this group, little restrained by the weak embraces of a thread-bare jacket, and, by its side, stands that emulation, which

may lead to the pinnacle of fame, though at present content with carrying a torch, with bearing the massive weight of a branch-pipe, with having the head of a rope, or with having the hand of control upon the tongue of the carriage. All propelling qualities are developed here, and "the boys that run with the engine" have within them every faculty necessary, in a more polished condition, for the conduct of an empire.

And it is for these reasons, that "the boys that run with the engine," are deemed worthy of being sketched by the cunning hand of the artist, and of having their mental characteristics pourtrayed in an essay especially devoted to the subject. Fastidious refinement may turn its head aside in scorn, to luxuriate upon the historical novel or the metaphysical romance, to contemplate representations of man as he is not, and of woman as she ought not to be; but these things are passing away, and it is to be the glory of our time to "catch the manners living as they rise,"—to look upon nothing as beneath its notice which contributes to modify the dispositions of the age.

Who, let us ask, is more of a "feature" in the countenance of the times, as they exist hereabouts, than these juvenile Rosicrucians—these Ghebers—these modern Fire-worshippers? Who stand out more prominently on the face of things than they who, by night and by day, sweep like the wind along the streets, and, by their obstreperous clamour, prevent even echo from indulging in a protracted nap? Who are more active, more courageous, more constantly on the alert,—who make more noise in the world, or force their way more readily through every obstruction, causing all people and all things to give way before them, than "the boys that run with the engine?" Who are more frequently heard, more often felt, or more continually seen than these skimmers of the street, and

are they not to find a place in the portraiture of the period? It would be a gross dereliction of duty to suffer them to pass unheeded.

The "spirit of fire," which early seizes upon a considerable portion of the youth of cities, is so far from being properly subject to those who have that limited species of control over them, which is accorded to parents and guardians, that perhaps it may be said, there is no other branch of insubordination which causes so much trouble and uneasiness. To the "boss," whose apprentices have reached the state of development necessary for the reception of the fever, an alarm of fire is a perfect horror—not because his sympathies with the probable sufferer are excessive—not because he mourns over the ragings of the destructive element; but because he knows that, under such circumstances, his authority is neutralized and negatived—that his influence is so far gone that "moral suasion" will not keep his boys to their work, and that, if he expects that the shop is not to be left to take care of itself, he must prevent its depopulation by bringing the strong arm in play. To lock the door is not sufficient, while windows remain practicable, and even should the windows be hermetically sealed, egress by the chimney would not be thought too much of a feat to meet the call of paramount duty. Should the alarm come in the night, it is in vain that the "old man"—all superiors are "old men," in modern phraseology, and our standing in that respect is measured by rank, not years—has made all fast and gone chuckling to bed, with the key under his pillow. He forgets that sheds and fences and out-houses are as available to intrepidity as a staircase, and that "the boy that runs with the engine" can travel over the exterior of a house with as little embarrassment as if the laws of gravitation exercised no influence over him—that, with his jacket under his arm and his boots slung

about his neck, no denizen of the forest can run up perpendiculars more cleverly than he; and, while the aforesaid "boss" notes the heavy eyes and nodding heads which hang during the day so listlessly over their task, he never arrives at the true secret until he discovers that "there was a fire last night." Little did he dream—poor unsuspicious soul!—when the midnight bell struck on his ear, and he turned him again to sleep, after ascertaining the key to be safe in its snug position—that Tom and Dick and Ben, and all the rest, were off in triumph, and that the energies which should have been expended in his service, according to the articles of apprenticeship, had been exhausted in extinguishing far distant flames. He never thought that those hoarse yells, which broke his rest with momentary dismay, emanated from most familiar voices, nor that the unintelligible, but none the less fearful on that account, "waugh-baugh-wulla-balloo!" which sounded so dreadfully before his door, mingled with the clanging of the bell and the fitful glancing of torches, was a derisive cry, uttered for his especial edification, by one of those whom he believed still to be slumbering in the garret. Nor when at breakfast time, he told the lads how loud was the alarm last night, and how the signal indicated that the danger lay "nor-west," did he mark the cunning wink which stole from eye to eye, in mockery of the ignorance that would give them information upon a subject so familiar. Why the lads are all so harsh in their tones, he cannot imagine, unless it be that the influenza is about; but he does think that the variety of soil upon their boots, indicates the fact of more previous travel than he was aware of. At such times also, there are apt to be unaccountable deficiencies in the quantity of cold provisions in the cellar, which are scarcely to be attributed to the gastronomic performances of a single cat. The amateur fireman, on the return from service, is apt to

feel the calls of appetite, and as he is, as it were, a principle essential to the well-being of real estate, he takes due care to nourish himself accordingly.

The learned may not perhaps have taken due cognisance of the fact, but, in some divisions of knowledge, the extent of information obtained by "the boys that run with the engine," is well calculated to move our wonder. The amount of their acquaintance with local topography, qualifies them to write articles for the Encyclopedia. Not a court, lane or alley—not a hole nor a corner, in the vast circumference of the town, which is not considerably more familiar to them than a glove. They are the Plutarchs of fire-plugs, knowing the history of each, and the comparative merits of all. At every conflagration within their experience, they can tell what engines were in service, what hose companies had "attachments," and how many feet of hose were brought in play—who was earliest on the ground, and obtained the most effective position, with many other particulars with which the world, greatly to its disadvantage, is never likely to become conversant. If it were the nature of "the boys" to write, the annals of the parish, as they would record them, could not fail to form a whole library in itself.

On the score of emulation too, these lads are not to be surpassed by the most ambitious of ancient or modern times. Other people are regardful of creature comforts. They will break away from the most interesting employment, because dinner is ready, or because the hour has come when they are in the habit of imbibing tea. When the time arrives for going to bed, they cease from their labours and get them to repose. They are slaves to routine, and must travel continually in the accustomed circle, or they are wretched in proportion to the extent to which they have deviated; but it is not so with "the boys that run with the engine." The eccentricity is their

delight. Rest, sleep, food, are nothing to them when weighed in the balance with the pleasure of dragging a heavy machine through the mud; and, that they may be first at the engine house, they have often been known, on the frostiest night, to leap from their warm couches, rushing forth with their garments in a bundle, to dress when they had reached their destination. Can disinterestedness, generous emulation and glowing ambition, attain a more exalted climax than this? It does not lie within the range of possibility, and the higher value will be affixed to it, when it is remembered that many of these "young youths" have quite another character in the more ordinary affairs of life. In matters of mere domestic concernment, they who will labour so strenuously in the cause of the engine, are, in frequent instances, found to be in no way addicted to excessive exertion. A night alarm will draw those from their beds, who are not easily enticed therefrom at the call of business; and the most lethargic lounger that ever dozed when he should have been waking, or that ever skulked when work was at hand, will cheerfully encounter any toil, if it happen to be connected with the duties of the hose house.

The leading characteristic, however, of the class to which we refer, is valour—enterprise, energy and valour. Where could a nobler combination be discovered? Next to a fire, the most glorious object to their view, is a fight. But when both unite—when a fight is found at a fire, and when the fire lights the way to a fight, who are happier than "the boys that run with the engine?" And reason good, if it be true that martial heroism is a matter worthy of our aspirations. The elements of war conjoin. The flames crackle—the fierce hurrah goes up —columns charge—the heavy artillery comes lumbering through the press—shrieks, groans, imprecations and denunciations, are mingled thick with blows and thrusts.

The glittering trumpet takes the place of the flashing sabre, and quick as lightning, cuts "six" upon the head and shoulders of the foe, stretching him senseless in the kennel. The massive "spanner" makes short work of the stoutest tarpaulin, and though the combatants may long for the bullet, yet those who have had much experience in the force of projectiles, have discovered that but for the name of the thing, brickbats are likely to answer just as well. All the joy of conflict is called forth in such a field. It is not the distant and cold-blooded courtesy of scientific manœuvre, where legs usurp the prerogative of arms—it is the forlorn hope, the escalade, the storm, the hand-to-hand engagement, developing "the worth of the individual" and giving scope to personal prowess—this is what invests it with fascination for the engine boy; and what more could be accomplished, even at a Waterloo, than to be picked up for dead and carried home on a shutter? The essentials of glory are every one attainable in such a struggle, and it is but that short-sightedness on the part of the world, to which we have already alluded, which prevents the proper distribution of praise. It is true that the scarred veteran obtains no pension to compensate for his knocks; but does that argue that they did not smart as much as wounds that are better paid for? The victor receives neither title nor riband; but, in all likelihood, he has been quite as cruel, brutal and oppressive, to the extent of the opportunity, as if he were honoured with both.

In all associations, whether of men, boys or sheep, there is invariably a bell-wether—a master spirit; one who affords colour to their modes of thought, and furnishes aim for their actions—who warms their spirit when their courage flags—who lends them enterprise when they falter, and gives concentration to their efforts. In an extended sphere, such individuals bestow character on na-

tions and on ages, leaving their impress upon all, and, in a more confined circle, the personal stamp, though not so widely spread, is made with equal distinctness. In the group which forms the subject of our story, such a one will be seen in the person of Hickey Hammer,—he who leans against the wall, with club in hand and with a most majestic sternness in his countenance—he, with the game-cock look all over him—he, whose combativeness and destructiveness are so prominent as to render it unavoidable to wear his hat aslant, that, on one side at least, these organs may be comparatively cool, to ensure safety to his friends—he, Hickey Hammer, who has fierceness enough in his composition to furnish a whole menagerie, and yet leave sufficient surplus to animate and constitute a warrior. Were there ample swing for Hickey Hammer—had we the delights of civil war, or the charms of a revolution, there would be one more added to the list of heroes, and another picture would figure in the print shops. But as it is, Hickey contrives to find some vent for his inspiration, by getting up a quarrel about once a day, and nourishing it into a genial combat—otherwise, he would explode from the attrition of his own fiery spirits. Hickey Hammer "runs with the engine," because it goes to fight fire, and he almost wishes that he were a bucket of water, to grapple more directly with so fierce a foe. So irresistible is his call to contend, that he is obliged to gratify it, whether there be an object present or not. When he goes to bed at night, or when he rises in the morning, the exercise of his muscles is an invariable concomitant. He strikes the air, parries imaginary blows, and passes through all the action of a "heady fight," with an energy that is really alarming. Every door in the house bears the imprint of his knuckles, and the very tables are splintered by the weight of his fist. The "cocked hat" is to him the beau ideal of shapes, and he labours to knock all

"In the group which forms the subject of our story, such a one will be seen in the person of Hickey Hammer—he who leans against the wall, with club in hand and with a most majestic sternness in his countenance."

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things into that antiquated resemblance. Should old time venture within reach of his arm, the existing moment would at once be converted, by a similar process, into "the middle of next week."

It will be seen that one of his devoted admirers is endeavouring to tell him a story about a Mr. Tompkins, who had recently distinguished himself at a fire, and that Hickey Hammer listens with his usual scornful impatience.

"Tompkins!" said Hickey, on the occasion referred to; "well, and who is Tompkins, your great Tompkins? Now I'll bring this thing to a pint at once; for when there's so much talk, there's never a bit of fight."

"I didn't say any thing about fight," was the trembling remonstrance of the admirer.

"But you cracked Tompkins up, didn't you, and Tompkins pretends to be great shakes, don't he? What's that but fight, I should like to know? Now the thing, as I said before, is just this, and no more than this. I don't pretend to be much; but can Tompkins lick me? Could he lick me any way, fair stand up and no closing in, or could he do it, rough and tumble and no letting up? Talking about people is nonsense—this is the how, to find out what a chap is good for. Fetch on your Tompkins, and tie my right hand behind me, if you like—that's all—yes, and he shall have six cracks at me before I begin. I'm not particular about odds. When you see this Tompkins, tell him so, and ask if he or his big brother, if he has got one, or any of the family, boss and all, would like to knock a chip off my hat any afternoon. I'll clear them of the law. I want them to do it—I'd give 'em something if they'd do it. Just feel my arm—hickory and gum logs! Talk of your Tompkinses! Who did they ever lick? I don't even believe they were ever taken up because they were

going to fight. Only wait till there's an alarm some Sunday, and then show me Tompkins, if you want to see a man forget what he had for dinner."

In fact, Hickey Hammer considers himself sent here on a special mission, to accommodate all customers, and whenever he hears of a new comer, his first inquiry is as to the individual's appreciation of his own prowess—whether, like Tompkins, "he thinks he can lick Hickey Hammer." If he does think so, and ventures to say so, why, Mr. Hammer sees to it that the difference of opinion may be settled on the spot. So great is his love of truth, that he cannot bear to leave any one in error upon a point of such interest and importance. Had Hammer lived in earlier times, he would have been the very flower of chivalry—at present, he only rejoices in the distinction of being "a bird."

When squabbles are scarce and riots are a little out of fashion, such events being somewhat epidemic, Mr. Hammer, following the example of other great men, makes the circumstance to suit himself, and, gathering a flock of pupils and proselytes around him, often sets forth on what he calls the "grand rounds." This process consists in taking an evening ramble from one engine house to another, to have a glance at the collection of boys there assembled; for each establishment has its separate set of votaries, who believe that all virtue resides in their gang, and that all excellence is combined in their engine. If there are enough present to render the scene impressive, Hickey Hammer sternly confronts the strangers, and, with a lowering aspect, thus addresses them:

"Well, my lads, where's the bully?"

"What bully?" is the natural response, from those who are yet to be indoctrinated into Mr. Hammer's mode of doing business.

"I want to see the bully of this company—you've got

a bully, I suppose. Everybody says so. Where is he? Tell him to come to supper," and, that there may be no mistake as to his meaning, Hickey throws himself into position, dealing forth experimental blows in the very face of the bystanders, so nicely calculated as to distance, that they are enabled to feel the "whiff and wind," without experiencing personal detriment, the insult being assault enough, though rather constructive than positive, and having no taint of battery.

If a bully be forthcoming, which is not often the case upon an emergency so sudden and unexpected, the consequences are obvious. The combat either comes off at once, or is fixed for a more convenient spot and a subsequent meeting. But, should the assailed party be without a champion, Hickey challenges any two, or more, if they like to undertake him, and this mode of proceeding generally results in a set-to all round, requiring a constabulary suppression, and furnishing material for many a tale of traditionary narrative, in which Hickey Hammer figures as the hero; in consequence whereof, all "the boys that run with the engine," of which Hickey Hammer may be regarded as the patron, are Hickey Hammerites in word and deed. They roll their trowsers up higher than other boys—they roar louder than other boys; they take the engine out on Sundays, and, if they cannot get a fight in any other way, they dash deliberately into every "carriage" that passes. Rare boys are "the boys that run with the engine"—the choice and master-spirits of the time.

JACK SPRATTE'S REVENGE.

A PISCATORIAL EPISODE.

Do you know Mrs. Brownstout? Everybody ought to know Mrs. Brownstout; for Mrs. Brownstout is in the market—not for sale—matrimonially speaking, her market was made long ago, and thence was derived the hearty appellation in which she rejoices. But, as she occupies a conspicuous stand in the Fish Market, it is therefore presumed that everybody knows Mrs. Brownstout, who presides over the eventful destinies of shad and "pearch" and rockfish. That is, they know her "superfishally," if we may be allowed the expression—in her commodities and in her outward appearance. When she passes by, they possess that degree of acquaintance with her exterior, to enable them to say "there goes Mrs. Brownstout;" and when she is seated at her stand—strange perversity of human nature, that it is always sure to sit at its stand!—people are positive that it is really Mrs. Brownstout. They recognise her by her gait, or by her costume, or by the piscatorial circumstances that surround her, which is about as much as the world in general knows of any body. But the moral Mrs. Brownstout—the historical Mrs. Brownstout—the metaphysical Mrs. Brownstout—in short, the spiritual Mrs. Brownstout, as contra-distinguished from the apparent Mrs. Brownstout, who merely sells her fishes and takes your money, why, what does society at large know of her? To the popular eye, she counts one in the sum total of humanity—a particle, and nothing more, in the vast conglomeration of the breathing universe. There is no perception of her mental identity—her intellectual idiosyncrasy

attracts no attention—her past and her future are not inquired into—the Mrs. Brownstout retrospective, and the Mrs. Brownstout prospective, are equally disregarded, so that those ambitious of shad may find her to be the Mrs. Brownstout present; and thus the life of this estimable lady, like the lives of most of us, is narrowed down to the single point of immediate action—she and we are important only when it happens that our services are wanted. Our story—who has not got a story?—all our beings, doings and sufferings—our loves, hopes, successes and disappointments—all the trouble we have taken—the vexations we have endured—the triumphs we have achieved—who that encounters us in the street, ever thinks of them, or reflects that each of us, as we pass on our winding way, is a volume of exquisite experiences, bound in calf, and well worthy of the closest perusal? Not one, of all the vast multitude which throngs the path; and hence it is that the world, collectively considered, is more distinguished by folly than by wisdom, learning nothing from the problems that have already been solved, but preferring to stumble onward, from the beginning to the end, without borrowing a ray of light from the lanterns of those who have gone before.

But it has been resolved that Mrs. Brownstout shall not be sacrificed in this unceremonious manner—that some passages of her existence shall be snatched from oblivion, to amuse or instruct, as the case may be, at least a portion of those into whose hands our pages may be destined to fall. For Mrs. Brownstout, notwithstanding the energetic expression of the outward woman, has had her share of the disasters which seem inevitable to the susceptible temperament. She, too, has had her "trials of the heart," and has felt that though the poets seem to think that the sphere of young love's gambols is chiefly located "among the roses," he may yet exercise much potency

when playing among the fishes. There is no scale armour against the darts of Cupid, and, however steeled against such impressions the fair one may be, it is found, sooner or later, that she falls a prey to the tender passion.

It is an admitted fact, made evident by repeated observation, that this world is full of people—men people and women people—and that there are some among both, who set out and travel to a considerable distance on their earthly journey, upon the self-sustaining principle of celibacy, in a heroic effort not to be bothered with appendages, forgetting that, by a singular provision of nature, their proper condition is that of being bothered, and that, though they cannot see it, they must be bothered, to be at all comfortable. When we are alone, we are not bothered; yet who likes to be alone?

> "Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
> Than reign in this horrible place,"

said Selkirk, in default of the noise of children and of his wife's "alarms," and Selkirk had learned that stagnation is a tiresome piece of work. A few of those, to whom reference is made, protract their restless and uneasy experiment of trying to live a quiet unperplexed life, in which they are unquiet, and very much perplexed, until the period for all human experiment is over. But the great majority fail for lack of nerve, and retract, from a late discovery of the truth. Your Benedicks and Beatrices are almost sure to participate in the lot of those delineated by the first of dramatists—they are certain, somehow or other, to sink into the very calamity against which they formerly protested, and, in an unguarded hour, malignant fate delights to betray them to the common weakness.

To some extent, it was the fortune of Mrs. Brownstout to be a living illustration of the truth of this principle. In her maiden days, Miss Felicia Phinney laughed at the importunities of her numerous admirers. Having early

gone into the fish business, she was confident in her own resources, and felt but little disposed to sink to a secondary place in the firm; and, therefore, "the gentlemen in waiting" each experienced a rebuff, so sharply administered, that they were but little disposed to put themselves again in the way of being similarly astonished—as she had a method of conducting herself little calculated to mollify the disappointment experienced upon such occasions.

One night—it was a lovely night, during a warm spell which succeeded a "cold snap," in the early part of the spring—shad were selling at seventy-five cents, and were scarce at that—the moon shone sweetly upon the chimney-tops—the fire-plugs, which were lucky enough to be on the north side of the street, were tinged and tinted with lines of fairy silver, and the beams of softened light played with romantic effect upon the craggy sides and rough fastnesses of the curb-stones. A balmy southern breeze sighed through the streets and loitered round the corners in lazy luxury, whispering soft nonsense in the ears of the somnolent Charleys, as they dreamily indulged in beatific visions of hot coffee and buckwheat cakes. All nature, including the brickbats and paving-stones, seemed to be wrapped in happy repose. The dogs barked not; even the cats had ceased to be vocal, and when any of these nocturnal wanderers appeared, it was plain from their stealthy step and subdued deportment, that they, too, felt the influence of the hour, and were unwilling to disturb the magnificent but tranquil harmony of the picture. It was, in short, a very fine night, particularly for the season, and, though used by the undiscriminating many for the mere domestic purposes of snoring slumber, for which the coarser kind of night would answer just as well, yet this especial night was worthy of a more elevated fate; and it may be regarded as a great pity that such

nights as these do not come in the daytime, when they would be better seen and more thoroughly admired—as sleep, for the most part, is imperative, and as there are but few of us who can manage its performance with our eyes open.

The main object of nights of this description, taking it for granted that every thing has its purpose, is to soften the heart—to render it flexible, malleable, and susceptible to the softer impressions. The sun, for instance, melts the ice, and gives plasticity to many descriptions of candy; but its warmest rays are ineffective, so far as the sympathies of the soul are concerned. No one is apt to fall in love at mid-day, or is much disposed to a declaration of passion, at three o'clock of a sunny afternoon. Existence, at these periods, is, in the main, altogether practical and unimaginative—good enough, no doubt, for buying and selling, and the eating of dinners; but not at all calculated to elicit the poetry of the affections. Whereas your moonlight evenings, when the frost is out of the ground, play Prometheus to sentiment, and, when the patient is not addicted to cigars and politics, both of which are antagonistical to this species of refinement, are sure to induce the bachelor to think that his condition is incomplete, and that there are means by which he might be made considerably happier. Thus it is that "our life is twofold"—that before tea we are one person, and that after this interesting event, we are somebody else.

It was on such an evening as we have attempted somewhat elaborately to describe, and it was under such a state of circumstances as we have incidentally alluded to, that Jack Spratte escorted Miss Felicia Phinney home from a tea party, given among themselves by the fish-merchants. Jack Spratte had been as merry as a "grigge" throughout the entertainment. He had danced and he had sung—he had played "pawns" and "Copenhagen"

—he had "sighed in a corner"—he had loved his love with a "C," because she was "curious," "crusty" or "crooked," and so forth; but still Jack Spratte was heartwhole—sound as a roach, and as gracefully playful as an eel. Jack Spratte, in that blind confidence for which some men are remarkable, thought that the hook had not yet been baited which was destined to discompose the serenity of his gills, and that he was no catfish in a pool, devoted to an early fry. He little dreamed that celibacy is very "unsartin," and that the cork lines and the lay-out lines, together with the dipsies, to say nothing of the gilling seines, the floats and the scoop-nets, are always about, and that the most innocent nibble may result in a captivation.

Jack Spratte was strong in spirit when he stepped forth from the festive hall, and crooked his dexter arm for the accommodation of Miss Felicia Phinney. He was jocose in his criticisms and observations for a square or two, and he reviewed the sports of the evening with a degree of humour which entitled him to rank with the wits of the time. But the night was one not to be resisted, even by Jack Spratte. He soon found that his chest—the chest enclosing his susceptibilities—was not a safety chest, not a fireproof asbestos chest, such as they roast under cords of blazing hickory, and submit without damage to vast conflagrations—but, on the contrary, though he never suspected it before, rather a weak chest—he had an oppression at the chest—in short, an affection of the chest, resulting in a palpitation of the heart—and his tongue became hard and dry, while there was a peculiar whizzing in his ears, as if the "Ice-breaker" were suddenly letting off steam. He stammered and he trembled.

"It can't be the punch," observed Jack Spratte, internally to himself; "it can't be the punch that makes me such a Judy. I didn't take enough of it for that—

no, nor do I believe it is the fried oysters; for I put plenty of Cayenne pepper and mustard on 'em."

No, Jack Spratte; it was neither the punch nor the oysters. They are wronged by the suspicion. It was the moonlight, chiefly, and Miss Felicia Phinney in the second place. Amid the oysters, the punch and the blazing lamps—amid the joke, the laugh and the song—yea, even in the romp and in the redemption of pawns, Jack Spratte was safe. But a walk into the air proved fatal to him. The contrast was too much for his constitution, like an icy draught on an August day. Mirth often reacts into sensibility, and the liveliest strain easily modulates into tenderness; just as extreme jocundity in a child is but the prelude to a flood of tears.

Jack Spratte acted without premeditation, and instinctively thought it wiser to begin afar off, and to approach the subject by circumvallation. His first parallel was laid as follows:

"Miss Phinney," said he, and his voice faltered as he spoke, "Miss Phinney, don't you think that pearches is good, but that rockfishes is nicer—better nor sunnies?"

"Why, every goose knows that," replied the lady, forgetting, in her dislike to the professional allusion of Spratte's remark, that geese are not particularly addicted to fish—"but what are you talking about sich things now for? We're not setting on the end of the wharf, I'd like to know—are we?"

"No, we're not," hastily ejaculated Jack Spratte, who felt that the crisis of his fate was at hand; "but oh, Miss Phinney!—oh, Miss Felicia Phinney!—don't trifle with my dearest affekshins—don't keep me a danglin' and a kickin', with a big hook right through the gristle of my nose!"

The figurative style in which passion is apt to indulge, was strikingly manifest in Mr. Spratte's mode of expres-

sion; but it may well be doubted whether it operated in a way likely to promote his cause.

"Well, if ever I heerd of sich a tarnal fool!" was Miss Phinney's unkind response; "Jack Spratte, I've not got hold of your nose yet, whatever I may do if you keep a cuttin' up in this crazy sort of way; and as for your affekshins, take care there isn't kicks about your other shins, which might hurt worse. Why—what—do—you—mean—anyhow?" continued she, with great emphasis and deliberation.

"I mean," gasped Jack Spratte, so overcome by the contending emotions of love and fear, that he was constrained to catch hold of a lamp-post with his disengaged hand, to prevent himself from falling; "what I mean is this—you've got a nibble—yes, you've got a bite!—haul me up quick, thou loveliest of sitters in the Jarsey market—haul me up quick, and stow me away in your basket. I'm hook'd and I am cotch'd—I'm your 'catty' forvermore. String me on a willow switch, and lug me right away home!"

And Jack Spratte came near fainting upon the spot. His heart was laid open—a feat of amatory surgery which almost proved fatal to the daring lover.

Miss Felicia Phinney stepped back and gazed at him in undisguised amazement.

"You, Jack!" said she, "you'd better jine the teetotallers to-morrow, when you've got the headache. You must be snapt now—any man that acts so queer, must be blue."

"No, no, no!—I thought it was the punch myself, at first—but it's not—it's love—nothing but love—love, without no water, no sugar, nor no nutmeg. They couldn't make punch so strong—not even with racky-fortus, stirred up with lignum-witey! Take pity on me, do! Mayn't I hope, Phinney, mayn't I hope? If you

hav'n't time to love me now, I can wait till you're ready—yes, wait a hopin'."

"You're much more likely to be sent a hoppin', Mr. Jack Spratte."

"I only want to be on an understandin' now—sort of engaged, and sort of not engaged—just to know who I belong to."

"Well, once for all, you wont belong to me, Jack Spratte, no how it could be fixed," and Miss Felicia Phinney began to look enchantingly savage.

"Ah, now, don't—the cork's under—pull me up—ah, do!"

Jack Spratte sank upon his knees, with mouth open and upturned, as if he expected to be taken in hand immediately, and to have the hook gently and scientifically extracted, after the fashion of the experienced angler; but he was doomed to disappointment; and, to continue the metaphor, he may be regarded as a trout that broke the snood, and was left among the bulrushes, to pine away, with the barb deep in its gullet—an image, to express this peculiar state of things, which is quite as poetical, true and striking as if allusion were had to the "stricken deer," or to the "arrow-wounded dove." Birds and quadrupeds have had a monopoly in this matter quite too long, and original sentiment must now prepare to dive among the fishes, for the sake of novel illustration.

"Jack Spratte," said the "scornful ladye," "quit lookin' like a sturgeon with the mumps—I've done with you—get up and tortle home the straightest way there is, and think yourself confounded lucky that you didn't get spanked this very night. Marry you, indeed!—why, I wouldn't marry a decent man, or a good-lookin' man, or a man with some sort of sense in his head; and nobody would ever tell so big a whacker as to say you are sich a one. Now, do you hooey home, and don't try to follow

me, if you happen to know when a fool is well off;" and the "scornful ladye" walked disdainfully away, with an air like Juno in her tantrums.

Jack Spratte remained upon his knees, as if converted into a perfect petrifaction. His eyelids never twinkled—he seemed not even to breathe—to all intents and purposes, he was, for the time being, a defunct Spratte, and it is presumed that, to this day, he would still have been found upon the same spot, like a spratte done in salt, if the watchman had not threatened to arrest him for being *non com.*

"Where is she?" exclaimed he wildly, as he started to his feet.

"Where is what?" said the nocturnal perambulator.

"Mrs. Spratte!" cried Jack, with a bewildered air, "Mrs. Jack Spratte, that is to be. I'm goin' to be married, aint I?"

"I don't know whether you're going to be marrried or not," was the petulant reply; "but, if you don't go away, you'll be like to spend the rest of the evening with the capun, at the watch'us. It's not my business to tell people when they're goin' to be married, whether they're sprattes or gudgeons."

"Yes, that's it—I am—I am a gudgeon!" said Spratte, smiting his forehead and then darting away.

"A werry flat sort of a fish, that chap is," said Charley, with a sage expression.

Jack Spratte went directly home, just as he had been bid—he went home, not with any definite purpose in view—he did not want to sleep, he did not want to eat, he did not want to sit down—he merely experienced an undefined "want to go home," peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race, when they do not exactly know what to do with themselves, (all other people go out, under similar circumstances,) and, therefore, home he went, very much

after the fashion of a livery-stable horse, when the gig has been demolished, or the rider left in some friendly ditch. He came home like a whirlwind; but yet his feelings were those which may be supposed to belong to the minor vegetables—the most diminutive of the potato tribe. He had not been "strung upon a willow switch"—he, Jack Spratte, was enrolled among the "great rejected"—a goodly company enough; but he derived no consolation from the thought.

Jack Spratte vowed vengeance!—Jack Spratte kept his word!!

Many other lovers shared the fate which had befallen the unhappy Spratte; and, to the general eye, it certainly did appear as if Felicia Phinney was to realize her boast, that "if other gals had to take up with husbands, she, at least, could do without a master," though it was perhaps clear enough that, in any event, the master was likely to be but a "negative quantity."

Miss Felicia Phinney waxed onward in years, and, as her years increased, her energy and her commanding spirit seemed to gather new strength. She became omnipotent in the market-house, and wo to those who dared to undersell, or tried too perseveringly to cheapen her commodities.

"Why now, aunty, is that the lowest?" was sometimes, and not unfrequently, the question.

"Sattingly—what d'ye 'spect?—Fishes is fishes now, and shad is skurse," would be the tart reply, and the saleswoman would slap a pair of shad together, until they resounded through the arches of the market like the report of a swivel—"skurse enough, and the profits being small, them as prices, ought to buy—that's the principle I go upon," and the fishes would again be brought in contact, to the great discomposure of all who happened to be within hearing.

In appeals of this sort, the maiden fish-woman seldom failed to be successful—especially when the customer happened to be rather unpractised in the affairs of the market—for there was something peculiarly imposing in her tone and attitude, as she held a fish by the gills in each hand. Mark Antony himself was not more persuasive over the remains of the slain Cæsar, than was Miss Felicia Phinney when haranguing over her "skurse shad."

"Ha! ha! it's well she bought something," would be the after remark, "for if there's any thing I hate to do, it is being obligated and necessiated to flop a customer over the head with a shad—'specially if it's a lady, with a bran-new, tearin' fine bonnet—a hard flop with a shad is sudden death and run for the coroner, on spring fashions. But when people prices, they've got to buy. I go for principles, and if they wont buy, why, flopped they ought to be, and flopped they must be, or our rights will soon be done for. People are gettin' so sassy now, that by'm'by, if they're not learnt manners, they'll take our shad for nothin', and make us carry 'em home to boot.

There certainly appears to be a retributive principle in nature, which, sooner or later, victimizes us as we have victimized others—a species of moral *lex talionis*, which returns the ingredients of our chalice to our own lips. No man ever made a greater "bull" than he who manufactured a brazen representative of the animal, that Phalaris might roast his victims in it, and hear their bellowing cries—for the ingenious artificer was himself the earliest victim, and roared like a calf. The original hangman does not live in story. It is but fair, however, to infer that he died by the rope, and either strangled himself, or had that friendly office performed for him by another. All who introduced refinements in the application of the axe—that most aristocratic of executive

instruments—have themselves been subjected to a different process of "shortening" from any set down in Miss Leslie's "Domestic Cookery;" and probably the inventor of solitary confinement and the "Pennsylvania system of prison discipline," was she of the "mistleto bough"—the identical lady of the "old oak chest." The retributive principle goes even further than this. There are retributive husbands and retributive wives—such, at least, do they seem to be—whose office appears to consist in being a penance for previous jiltings, previous flirtations, and antecedent insults of all kinds, to the blind little gentleman who primitively sports with bow and arrow, disdaining recourse to the use of fire-arms. In this sense, Mr. Brownstout was a retribution—a retribution for all the past offences of Miss Felicia Phinney. He had been ambushed far onward in her course through time; so that when she thought the past forgotten, and when she had measurably forgotten the past, the retributive husband might, like a steel trap, be sprung upon her. Whether Brownstout—Mr. Brownstout—had been created and trained for this especial purpose, does not appear. He was but a little fellow, it is true—in this respect, his person and his name were in evident contradiction to each other; but he was an ample sufficiency to bring about the purposes for which he was intended.

There is, they say, such a thing as love at first sight—an instantaneous attack, resembling somewhat the unexpected assault of cholera, in Calcutta or thereabouts, where the victim, doubled up, at once falls to the ground. This spontaneous combustion is not perhaps so frequent in modern days, as when the world was younger. Time and change, atmospherical or otherwise, modify all disorders, and by these influences, love, like the lightning, has, to a considerable extent, fallen under the control of science, and has ceased to be so rash, sudden, and explosive as it

was; while the actual cases do not exhibit symptoms so imminent and dangerous. Young gentlemen now-a-days are not nearly so apt, according to the popular phrase, to be "struck all of a heap," as their grandfathers and their paternal predecessors are represented to have been. The Fire-King thought little of remaining in the oven until the dinner was baked—a feat at which precedent ages would have looked aghast—but experiment has since proved that the generality of our kind are salamanders to the same extent, and a similar truth appears to have been demonstrated, as to the capacity existing in the present era, to withstand the fire of the brightest eyes that ever beamed from a side-box at the opera. Who ever hears that Orlando has shot himself for love with a percussion pistol, or with one of your six barrelled, repeating detonators? No—that fashion expired before the flint lock was superseded, and when the steam engine came roaring along, the lover ceased to sigh,—instead of suffering himself to be pale and disheveled, he looks in the mirror and brushes his whiskers; and, as hearts are not knocked about so violently as they were at the period of small swords and chapeaus, it follows as a natural consequence, that they are very rarely broken past repair.

Miss Felicia Phinney, it may be, from having so long evaded the "soft impeachment," was finally afflicted somewhat after the fashion of our ancestors. Her constitution, not being accustomed—perhaps we should say seasoned—to such shocks, "took it hard." An individual of her "timber" could not be expected to "pine;" but when Mr. Brownstout first insinuatingly and delicately asked the price of a shad—in those very tones which cause lovers' words to sound "so silver sweet by night" —she felt that her hour had come—and that her "unhoused free condition must be put in circumscription and confine." Whether she was affected by the force of

contrast, in joining which, as Mr. Sheridan Knowles has taken occasion to remark, "lieth love's delight," or whether Mr. Brownstout only chanced to present himself at the propitious moment, is a problem which the parties themselves, unaccustomed as they are to such analysis, could not undertake to solve. It is true that Felicia Phinney was somewhat tall and not a little muscular, and that Mr. Brownstout had no pretensions either to length, or to any unusual degree of latitude in form. She was bold, determined, and rather Stentorian in her vocalities —he was mild, submissive and plausible, when it was necessary—being both serpentine and dovelike.

Brownstout saw that he had made an impression.—Every one intuitively knows when he has been thus fortunate; and he justly thought that if he had been so successful when only asking the price of a fish, results must ensue proportionably greater, if he were actually to become the purchaser of the article; for, if a mere tap at the door is productive of notable consequences, a regular peal with the knocker cannot fail to rouse the entire household. Now Brownstout, who at that period was "a tailor by trade," but one who had a soul so much above buttons that he could but rarely be persuaded to sew any of them on, had a tolerably clear perception of the fact, that it would be rather a comfortable thing—a nice thing, indeed—to hang up his hat in a house of his own, and to possess a wife gifted with the faculty of making money—a sublunary arrangement of surpassing loveliness, provided the wife be duly impressed with a sense of its symmetrical proportions, and has the good taste not to recur to the subject too often. On the one hand, he saw—"in his mind's eye, Horatio"—enchanting visions of ninepins, shuffleboard and other exercises of that sort, made still more agreeable by proper allowances of ale and tobacco—while, on the other hand, a sufficient basis—"a specie basis"—

for all these absorbing delights was evident in a stand at the mart piscatorial, femininely attended. There was a beautiful harmony in this aspect of the case, that came straight home to his bosom. It combined dignity with utility—poetry with practice—the sweet with the useful, in such architectural grace, that it was not in his nature to abandon the prospect. He had what few men have—a scheme of life before him, which dove-tailed into all his peculiarities of disposition, and might be pronounced perfect. It is not then to be wondered at that Thais at Alexander's side, on the memorable evening when the mail brought the election returns from Persia, was not more soul-subduing than Miss Felicia Phinney seemed in the eyes of the enraptured Brownstout.

It was not in his way, to be sure. He was not altogether accustomed to such matters; but as he was aware of the truth of the axiom, "nothing venture, nothing have," he ultimately made the desperate resolve to buy a fish, and—reckless man!—to pay for it!—to buy, if necessary to the completion of his great design, several successive fishes and to pay for them, and he saw but one difficulty in the way. His road was clear enough so far as the mere purchase was involved; but it was the second clause in the programme of the operation which somewhat puzzled Mr. Brownstout, as indeed it often puzzles financiers of a more elevated range. He might buy, but, like Macbeth, he did not know how to "trammel up the consequence," which was to pay. It is true that a certain practical philosopher has decided that "base is the slave who pays;" yet there are times when circumstances so combine against the principles of "free trade" that to pay is unavoidable. Mr. Brownstout felt his situation to be a case in point, and he was sadly puzzled as to the mode in which this monetary obstacle was to be surmounted, until he remembered that, in default of assets,

there is a mode of hypothecating one's hopes and prospects so that they may be "coined to drachmas." He resolved to borrow on his personal liability, secured by the "collateral" of his chances in matrimony, of course promising a premium proportionate to the risk. For the means of obtaining a half dollar's worth of fish, he was, at a future day, to return a full dollar, which is not unreasonable, considering the shadowy nature of prospective dollars, dependent on contingencies—dollars, so situated, are very uncertain dollars—dollars, which are "to be or not to be," as the fates may determine. When any one says "I'll owe you a dollar," it often requires acute ears to detect even the approaching jingle thereof.

"A sweet morning, Miss Phinney!—a lovely morning—quite circumambient and mellifluous, if I may use the expression. Such mornings as this cause us bachelors to feel like posts in a flower garden—we may look on, to be sure, but no rosies and posies are blooming for us—we are nothing but interlopers and don't belong to the family—solitary and forlorn in the middle of the crowd. More juvenile people, such as you, Miss Phinney, don't realize those things; but for me!"—and Brownstout assumed an expression peculiarly plaintive, as he stood in the market-house *vis-à-vis* to the shad basket.

"I minds my own business, Mr. Brownstout, and never trades in rosies and posies," was the gentle reply; "the beautifulest mornings, to my thinking, is them when people bites sharp and are hungry for fish. Hyperflutenations and dictionary things are not in my way;" but Miss Phinney was evidently pleased with Brownstout's "hyperflutenations and dictionary things," and liked them none the worse probably because they were not very clearly understood.

"You are right, madam—perfectly right. When people have a taste for fish, they are generally fond of fish,

and are likely to show their good sense by buying fish. I'm very much attached to fish myself. How are fish to-day?"

"Why, pretty well, I thank you, Mr. Brownstout; how do you find yourself?"

This being the first attempt at a joke ever essayed by Miss Felicia Phinney, she was quite pleased with the darling, and she laughed—rather rustily, it must be confessed, but she did laugh; and Brownstout, not being deficient in tact, he laughed too. If you desire to win people's hearts, always laugh at their jokes, whether good, bad, or indifferent—more heartily, in fact, at those which are bad and indifferent than at the good ones. It proves your benevolence. The good joke can take care of itself and walk alone, while the others are rickety and require cherishing, and are also, on this account, the greater favourites with the author of their being.

Brownstout laughed—"ha—ha—hugh!" and Miss Phinney laughed—"he—he—haw!" Pretty well on both sides. This intermingling of laughs often leads to an intermingling of sighs, if care be taken not to laugh too much; for a lover habitually jocose seldom prospers with the fair, however deep the undertow of his sentimentality. Brownstout was aware of this, and subsided betimes into a more amiable 'haviour of the visage.

He finally bought his fish, and, as they dangled from his hand, so did he dangle after Miss Phinney, and the combined perseverance of dangling and purchasing at last brought him to the haven of his hopes. They were married, and Miss Felicia Phinney was duly metamorphosed into Mrs. Brownstout.

But who had urged this ill-starred attachment to so dire a catastrophe!—who but Jack Spratte—the Varney Spratte—the Iago Spratte—the worse than Schedoni Spratte!—Spratte, the rejected—Spratte, the despised!! He had

never forgotten, though long years had elapsed, the outrage to his tender emotions on that memorable night of "Copenhagen and fried oysters"—of love and despair—when the expression of his lacerated feelings had been imputed to the effects of punch—when, in spite of assurances that "the hook was through the gristle of his nose," the obdurate fair had refused to "pull him up." Had Jack Spratte been oblivious of his wrongs? No—they had lain within his bosom as icy as a cold potato, while the sweet cider of his affections had passed through all the grades of fermentation—acetous and so forth—until they had become vinegar, sharper than the north wind—pepper vinegar, to which "picalillies" are not a circumstance. The merry Spratte, in a single night, had been converted into a pike of the fiercest description. He frequented the shuffleboard—he early discovered the secret of Mr. Brownstout's attachment—he treated to slings and egg nog, until he ascertained the relative position of parties, and all necessary particulars—he confirmed Brownstout's wavering resolution—he lent him the money to buy shad—and he, even he, stood groomsman at the ceremony, covering his procrastinated triumph in deceptive smiles, and eating cake as if his heart were filled with sympathetic emotions.

Why did Jack Spratte do this?—why?—because he knew Mr. Brownstout's sordid views—his nefarious designs—his intention to frequent the ninepin alley and the shuffleboard, while his wife sold fish in the market—his resolution never to work again. It was JACK SPRATTE'S REVENGE!! Diabolical Spratte!!!

The results which Jack Spratte had anticipated, as some compensation for his sufferings, were not of slow development. "Domestic uneasiness" gathered like a cloud around the hearth-stone of the Brownstouts; for Brownstout, being busily engaged in the pursuit of hap-

"He finally bought his fish, and as they dangled from his hand, so did he dangle after Miss Phinney, and the combined perseverance of dangling and purchasing at last brought him to the haven of his hopes. They were married, and Miss Felicia Phinney was duly metamorphosed into Mrs. Brownstout."—*Book* III, *page* 157.

piness, was not only absent the greater part of the day, but rarely made his appearance at all until one or two o'clock in the morning; and, when he did come, his first visitation was to his wife's professional check apron, to obtain an additional supply of the sinews of war.

"Husbands are luxuries, my dear, and must be paid or accordingly," was his only reply to words of remonstrance; and when the aforesaid pocket was put out of sight, he broke things by way of demonstration, until it was again brought within reach.

Mrs. Brownstout, in the warmth of her affection, for a time tried kindness as a means of reform—she winked at her husband's idleness and made him a weekly allowance; but his ideas on the subject of gentlemanly expenditure, developed themselves too rapidly to be confined within the bounds of such limits, and he had secret recourse to the pocket, until the deficiencies thus occasioned became too palpable to be concealed. The cash would not balance, and, naturally enough, the patience of Mrs. Brownstout then kicked the beam. She "flopped" her little husband—not with a shad, as might be expected, but with a shovel applied in its latitude, "broadside on."

The next morning, silence reigned through the hapless domicile of the Brownstouts. The masculine owner of that name had disappeared, and with him the pocket, check apron and all. Night after night he came not, and Mrs. Brownstout grew meagre and dejected.

"I'm a lone widder feller," sighed she, "or just as bad. When you aint got your husband, it's pretty near the same thing as if you hadn't none. But men is men all the world over, and you can't help it no how. When Brownstout fust came a courtin' to me, you'd a thought butter wouldn't a melted in his mouth, he pretended to be so sniptious. He swore he loved me; but now, just because of a little difficulty about the shovel, he's shinned

it like a white-head, with my pocket full of change and all the spoons he could lay his hands on."

And so Mrs. Brownstout one evening sallied forth in search of the delinquent.

* * * * * * * *

The bar was in full practice—clients and "cases" flocked around it in abundance. Four "hands," with their sleeves rolled up, could scarcely, with all their quickness, mix the "fancy drinks" fast enough to supply the demand, so numerous were the applications for refreshment. Corks were popping—the bottles gurgled—clouds of cigar smoke were "rolling dun," and men had to speak at the very stretch of their voices, to be heard over the thunder of the balls, as they went trolling along the board and crashing among the ninepins, anon booming back adown the trough. There, amidst the crowd, divested of his coat and waistcoat, to give free play to muscular action, was Brownstout!—the faithless Brownstout!—in his glory. His cigar and his half-empty tumbler stood upon an adjacent ledge—in the enthusiasm of the hour, he had not only bared his arms, but likewise girt his body with a bandana, and tucked his trowsers into his boots. There was a streak of chalk upon his face, which gave its general flush of excitement a still more ruddy tinge.

It was his throw!

Nicely did Brownstout poise the ponderous ball, which rested on his right hand, while the forefinger of the left remained for an instant upon its upper hemisphere. He paused a moment for an inspiring sip and a preliminary puff—and then—the living statues never displayed more grace in attitude—every head projected, as if their owners would penetrate into futurity, and see results before they were accomplished. Brownstout bowed himself to the task, scanning the interval with that eye of skill which so surely betokens victory, and then, with a slide like

that of the feathered Mercury—whizz!—bang!—slam.—boom!—bump!—smash!!—crash!!!

"Another set-up!" is the general cry, and Brownstout, with a back-handed sweep across his countenance, which scarcely concealed the half-suppressed smile of conscious genius beaming in every feature—though he would have looked indifferent, had that been possible—turned himself once more to his tumbler and to his cigar, like one who felt that "he had done the state some service and they knew it." He had reason to be proud. Not only had he achieved victory for his "pard'ners" and gained the refreshment tickets—good for a drink and trimmings—consequent thereon—but he had also secured several bets, couched under the mysterious phrase of being for "something all round." Indeed, it is not certain that an "oyster supper for six" was not also dependent on the result, which Brownstout had mentally resolved should be an oyster supper for one, on each of six specified nights, and not an oyster supper for six, on one night; the last being a common arrangement, but regarded by him as at war with true economy, and as most "wasteful and ridiculous excess."

After the first burst of exultation was over, the victors seemed suddenly to become athirst—they smacked their lips, and made many other conventional signs expressive of that condition, jogging the elbows of the defeated, and asking, very significantly, "what shall it be?"—a sound which awakened the smiles of "the bar," the members whereof began scientifically to handle the decanters chiefly affected by Mr. Brownstout's "brave associates—partners of his toil"—for had he not gained the decisive "set-up?"

"Set-up!"—unlucky words! Well said Napoleon to the Abbe De Pradt, that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step. It was so with the emperor.

He and Brownstout both found that often when we have gained a "set-up," we are nearest to a "set-down."

"Out of the way!" shrieked a well-known voice, the owner of which was endeavouring to force a passage through the crowd—"I'm sure he's here—he's always here, and I'm come to fetch him!"

"The old woman!" exclaimed Brownstout, in trembling dismay, as the tumbler slipped from his nerveless hand, and the cigar rolled into the folds of his bosom.

"An old woman!" repeated the gentlemen of the bar, letting fall their "muddlers."

"His old woman!" re-echoed the ninepin players, aghast.

"Brownstout's old woman!" was the general chorus.

"Run, Brown!"

"Hop, Stout!!"

"Make yourself scarce!"

Too late, alas! were these kindly hints from those who would have saved their beloved friend from the infliction of domestic discipline. Brownstout saw that retreat was impossible. His wife's broad hand was upon him. He fell back breathless with terror—it is presumed that reminiscences of the shovel danced athwart his brain.

Like another Mephistophiles, Jack Spratte appeared upon the scene. The author of mischief is always in at the catastrophe.

"You are a precious set of warmint!" said Mrs. Brownstout, as she glared fiercely around—"who am I to thank for deludin' my old man to sich places as this, to waste his time and my money on fools and foolery?"

"Thank me!" exclaimed Jack Spratte, hysterically, "me!—me! to whom you guv' the mitten!—me, who got the bag to hold!—me, whose nose was put out of jint!—me, whose young hopes was drownded in cold water almost before their eyes was opened!"

The "*adsum qui feci*" of the Latin poet was never more finely "done into English," though it may well be questioned whether the atrocious Spratte had ever heard of Nisus and Euryalus.

The excitement became intense—the crowd huddled around—the boys rushed from the pins to listen to the denouement—and one thirsty soul at the bar showed his interest in the matter, by hastily swallowing the contents of three other gentlemen's glasses, to fortify himself for the occasion, after which he also hurried to the centre.

"It was me that done it all!" continued Spratte, gesticulating spasmodically—"I know'd he'd break your heart!—I know'd he'd hook your money!—I know'd he'd keep always goin' out and never comin' home agin! If it hadn't been for me, he'd not have married you—but now I'm revenged—now I'm happy—now I'm—ha! ha! hugh!" and Jack Spratte sprung high into the air, and, on his return to earth, spun round three times, and, exhausted by emotion, fell prostrate, upsetting a table upon which stood three "brandies" and one whisky punch.

Mrs. Brownstout dropped her hands, and suffered the almost inanimate form of her husband to go lumbering to the earth, while she stood petrified with despair at this terrible revelation. Her heart was congealed, and every bystander was stricken with horror at Spratte's having been been such a "debaushed fish"—all were moved inwardly, except the utilitarian who had imbibed the other gentlemen's liquor, and he seized on the chance to move outwardly, that he might sneak away without discharging the dues for that which he had ordered himself.

There were no more ninepins that night—the moral influence was such that the boys put out the lights without being told to do so—if they had not, indeed, it is probable the lights would have gone out of themselves. Mr. and Mrs. Brownstout went home in a cab—they were too

much overcome to walk. Jack Spratte recovered by slow degrees—the three brandies and the whisky punch, in which he was immersed, probably saved his life—but Jack Spratte never smiled again, no matter how good the joke. His bosom was seared—his heart was like a dried cherry several seasons old, and so he became a drummer in the marines, delighting only in the beating of tattoo and reveille, as two of the most misanthropic of employments—the one sending men to bed, while the other forces them to get up. He was severe upon these points of war, and it was noticed that he was always a little before the time in the performance of each. Such are the spiteful effects of blighted affections, which give acerbity even to a musician! But Jack Spratte's revenge had failed—most signally failed. After the events of the ninepin alley, Brownstout was an altered man. He might justly be spoken of as a great moral re-action. Stung to the quick at having been made an instrument of revenge—a mere drumstick of malignity—he burnt all the tickets in his possession, "good," as they were, "for refreshments at the bar"—he returned the check apron pocket to his wife, though probably it would have been more acceptable if any thing had remained in it. The spoons, however, were past redemption; but what are spoons in comparison with matrimonial comfort—what are spoons, when one's husband works in the daytime and never goes out in the evenings? Mrs. Brownstout was a happy woman, and never, in fact, hinted at "spoons," unless she had cause to suspect that her husband's thoughts might perhaps be straying towards ninepins. That word always brought him straight, and she but rarely had occasion to say "spoons," except on the Fourth of July or about the Christmas holidays. As for the bibulous individual before alluded to, the poetic catastrophe to which he was an accidental witness, made him so dry that he has been

busy ever since in a vain endeavour to quench his thirst He thinks of hiring himself out as a dam to any moderate sized river, and would do so, if the navigation com pany were liberal enough to put a drop of something in the water, just to take the chill off and to correct its crudities.

And such is the end of "JACK SPRATTE'S REVENGE."

CORNER LOUNGERS.

There are men—many men—whose mental callipers grasp only a single idea—the sun of whose thought revolves about, warms and enlightens but one little world, that world being the contracted universe (for universe it is to them) of their own personal affairs and individual interests. From some congenital defect in their intellectual optics—as spectacles for the mind remain to be invented, and as the concave lens has not yet been adjusted to rectify the imperfect vision of the soul—they live within a narrow horizon, and browse, as it were, with a tether, having a certain circumference of grass, without the ability to take a mouthful beyond its limits. Nor, indeed, have they any desire for such epicurean adventure. They do not so much as wish to glance into any field which is not peculiarly their own. The clover which belongs to them, satisfies all their wants, and to disturb themselves at all, as to how other people make hay, is a stretch of ambition to which they never aspire. Armies may devour each other—navies may go down and submit their Paixhans artillery to the investigation of the grampus and other martial fishes,—empires may rock and reel, like Fourth of July revellers, in the days when the evidence of patriotism was to make the head heavier than the heels; but the species to which we refer, still open their shops with unshaken nerves, take their breakfast with undiminished appetite, and go about their business with no thought but that of making both ends meet. To bear a hand in the grand work of ameliorating the condition of the human race, is a matter, in their opinion, which qualifies one for the first vacancy in the lunatic asylum. They belong to no philanthropic associations to regulate the price of soap

"They literally are the pillars of the state. They prop up lamp-posts, patronize fire-plugs, and encourage the lindens of the street in their unpractised efforts to grow."—*Book* III, *page* 167.

in another hemisphere; nor have they ever entered into an organization to compel the employing shoemakers of the moon to give their apprentices half-holiday once a week. They are sure that "Convention" must be something relative to Bedlam, and that those who wish to reform everybody else, must stand greatly in need of some such operation themselves. An election, to them, is an annual nuisance—a periodical eruption, made necessary by a defective constitution, and all the meetings which go before, are, in their eyes, merely the premonitory symptom that disease is reaching a crisis. Processions and parades move their pity, and when they think at all about the turmoil of the outer world, it is only to wonder when the fools will have it "fixed" to their liking.

Far different from these is that disinterested body of men and boys who lounge at the corners of the way in a great metropolis; members of the human family who may be said to be always on hand and continually in circulation. They literally are the pillars of the state. They prop up lamp-posts—patronise fire-plugs, and encourage the lindens of the street in their unpractised efforts to grow. The luxuriant trees, which adorn the front of Independence Hall, outstrip all others in umbrageous beauty, because they, beyond all others, have been sustained by the kindness of loungers; and they now strive to return the compliment, by affording a canopy to intercept the rays of the sun, and to avert the falling shower, from the beloved friends who stand by them, have stood by them, and will continue to stand by them, in every sort of weather.

In ancient Rome, whenever that respectable republic got itself into a difficulty with those unreasonable people who were foolish enough to wish to regulate their own affairs, and when the storm grew loud and threatening, it was sometimes found necessary to intrust all things to the

discretion of a dictator, whose duty it was "to take care that the republic received no detriment." But, without the provisions of law—without the troubles and dangers which flowed from the Roman practice, we are happy in the possession of a host of such officers, unrecognised, it is true, but not the less efficient, whose chief employment and whose main delight it is, reckless of honour and emolument, to take care that nothing detrimental happens to the republic. Their regards are always upon it, in jealous supervision. They are no speculative overseers, who imperfectly attend to exterior affairs, by lounging in slippered ease in luxurious offices, disporting themselves over the newspapers of the day. They are not influenced by the mere report of scouts, or the sinister assertions of the interested; but make it their daily practice to hear with their own ears and to see with their own eyes. Nay, they push their zealous watchfulness so far, that they may often be seen in the exercise of their high functions, when other mortals, less gifted with discrimination, can discover nothing to excite their notice. When the pavier is at work in the highway, heaving the weighty rammer with most emphatic groan, not a pebble is driven to its place, that the genuine lounger has not marked in every stage of its progress. No gas-pipe is adjusted, without undergoing a similar scrutiny, and the sanctified spot where the pig was killed or the hound was run over, acquires such mysterious and fascinating importance in the lounger's estimation, that he will stand whole days in sombre contemplation of so distinguished a locality. Even the base of Pompey's statue, where great Cæsar fell, could not prove more attractive; and Rizzio's blood, which stains the floor of Holyrood, is not more dear to the antiquary than are the marks left by an overturned wagon, to the non-commissioned superintendents of the city. Indeed, they have been seen

congregated for hours around the house from which the tenants moved on the previous night, without complying with the vexatious ceremony of paying the rent—a feudal exaction perpetuated by landlords for the perplexity of the people. Should a masterless hat be found, or a drop of blood be discovered in the street, it forms a nucleus for a gathering. No matter how slight the cause may seem to the ordinary intellect, there are persons who look more deeply into things, and derive wisdom from circumstances apparently too trivial to deserve regard.

But they are secret, too. The perfect lounger, though prodigal of his presence, is a niggard with his words. It is his vocation to see, and not to speak. His inferences are locked within the recesses of his own breast. He is wary and diplomatic, and not like other individuals, to be sounded "from the lowest note to the top of his compass," by the curiosity of each passing stranger. He opposes no one in the acquisition of knowledge—he places no stumbling-blocks in the way; but, by his taciturnity, intimates that the results of his labours are not to be obtained for nothing. It is his motto that if you desire information, you must use the proper means to acquire it; for you have the same natural qualifications for the purpose as he.

That this characteristic belongs to the street lounger—we have nothing to say about the inferior class who operate solely within walls—is evident from the fact that it rarely happens in the course of the most inquisitive life, that any one, on approaching a crowd, can ascertain, by inquiry of its component members, why it has assembled. The question is either unheeded altogether, or else a supercilious glance is turned upon the querist, with a laconic response that the party does not know. Ostensibly, nobody knows a jot about the matter, except the fortunate few who form the inner circle, and, as it were,

hem in all knowledge. They who extricate themselves early from the interior pressure, and walk away, either with smiling faces, as if the joke were good, or with a solemn sadness of the brow, as if their sensibilities had been lacerated, even they "don't know!" None will tell, except perchance it be a luckless urchin not yet taught to economize his facts, or some unsophisticated girl with a market basket, who talks for talking's sake. But who believes that the initiated "don't know"—that the omnipresent lounger "don't know?" It is not to be believed. He does know; but from some as yet undetermined and unappreciated singularity of his nature, it is rather his pleasure to be looked upon as ignorant, than to "unlace his reputation" by proving false to so cardinal a point in the practice of his kind, as to be a mere bulletin for others' uses. What he knows, he knows—let that content you. He has employment for all he has acquired, which, to outward appearance, would be spoiled by participation; but where, or how, or when he proposes to use it, is a problem which remains to be solved.

Unawed by the state of the weather, these watchful sentinels are always abroad; and so far are they elevated above the influences of prevailing effeminacy, that they indulge so little in home delights as to induce many to believe that they dispense altogether with the enervating comforts of a fixed domicile. When their nature must needs "recuperate," it is supposed they "rotate" for repose, and that thus, by never couching themselves consecutively in the same nest, they catch abuses napping, by their sudden and unexpected appearance "so early in the morning."

But, whatever may be the private habits, entomologically or ornithologically speaking, of "the corner lounger," he is a self-evident proposition and an undeniable fact There may be doubts as to the existence of

other things—all circumstantial nature may be disputed; but he must be confessed. Go where you will, he is there, and as he is there to everybody, his there must be everywhere, paradoxical as it may seem. His visibility is co-existent with your presence, and it would require the pen of transcendentalism to explain the mysterious nature of his wonderful ubiquity. We have not language to pourtray the phenomena developed in this respect by a civic lounger of the superlative class; but, in homely phrase, if we may so express it, like a speck upon the eye itself, look where you will, he stands full blown before you. He is rarely seen in motion—never *in transitu;* but he is at your elbow when you depart, and when you have reached your end, the lounger is at the place in anticipation, leisurely drumming with his heels upon a post and bearing no traces of a forced march. By what magic process this is accomplished, no one can tell. There is no proof that he travels. There is no physical sign in his appearance, to induce a belief that he excels in locomotion, or has any taste for such active employment as would seem to be necessary for achieving such results; and so much are the scientific puzzled to account for the fact to which we have reference, that a paper is said to be in preparation for the "Philosophical Transactions," having for its object to determine "whether a corner lounger, in his distinctive and individual capacity, be one or many; or whether the specimen be not multitudinous, in an identical shape and image, so that in the same form and as one person, he is gifted with the capacity to be everywhere at once." Every nice observer will be inclined to receive the last hypothesis as the correct impression; for he must often have had abundant reason to conclude that the lounger is really thus, "as broad and general as the casing air"—a Monsieur Tonson who has always "come again."

There are, however, certain peculiarities in this matter which are also worthy of remark—little niceties in the case which deserve their comment. As each man is supposed to have his superintending star—his supervising genius, which, both in weal and wo, hovers about his footsteps or directs his course, so each individual has his lounging "John Jones"—his familiar from the spirit-land of loaferdom. We know him not, but in his palpable form—we have exchanged no word or kindness with him—he has no interest in our affairs, nor we in his—there is no earthly tie existing; but when we have once marked our coincident lounger, he is there for ever—our inevitable fate—the everlasting frontispiece in the volume of our experiences—our perpetual double, in sunshine or in rain. Let the fact once be presented to your sensorium that you rarely go to any place without seeing "that man," and your doom is sealed. You never will go anywhere without seeing him, either there or on your way there, from that time forth; and when you do not see him, be assured that there is abundant reason to doubt whether you are really yourself, and whether, notwithstanding appearances, you are not mistaken in the person—so that in shaving your apparent countenance, you may have shaved an impostor, and in drinking your wine, you may have been pouring refreshment down the throat of a rogue. When a man is without his shadow, what assurance is there that himself is he? But when one's reflex is present, he may, in some cases, be satisfied that money put in his own pocket, is not intrusted to the care of a peculator. And in this way is it that wisdom derives comfort from the phenomenon that we have attempted to explain.

Is the citizen martially inclined, and does he attend volunteer parades, to gratify the heroic longings of his soul by having his toes macerated by iron heels, his ribs

compressed by ruffian elbows, or his abdominal capacity astonished by the musket-but of the authoritative sentinel, who knocks the breath out of your body, while politely exclaiming "stand back, gentlemen; a little further, if you please!" There is his attendant lounger, in the best of possible places, and safely beyond the reach of the mob-repressing guard.

Is the foiled pickpocket borne triumphantly to office of Recorder, Alderman or Mayor? Look ye now and see. Within the rail of official function, close to magisterial dignity, there stands your ghost, your "bodach glas;" not antecedent or consequent, but instant. No need to wish, or call, or wonder at his absence. You are here, and he is—there—cause and effect, linked together by hooks of steel. 'Tis your *alter ego*—your t'other eye.

Do you attend the burial of a friend, and walk in gloom and silent sorrow? Dash aside your tears, and behold, leaning against that funeral tree which overshadows the sad procession, an evidence is apparent that even in grief your unknown coadjutor is true to his vocation. You will never be deserted—never!

Are you essentially humane, taking delight to see murder choked and homicide made breathless, that the world may become tender-hearted and averse to horrors by familiarity with Ketch's delectable countenance? "That man" is helping to support the rectangular superstructure which reforms men by the speedy dislocation of their vertebral column, and improves the age by the disjointing of necks. He and Ketch seem to be sworn brothers.

But fear not. Though this circumstance of yours be something that cannot be avoided, either by secresy respecting your movements—for he is an intuition—by rapidity of travel—for he is ubiquitous—or by cunning evasion—for he is instinctive—yet no harm appears ever to have arisen from this species of Chang and Engship—

from this disjunctive Siamese twinnery, if we may venture upon a terminological experiment, and coin a phrase to distinguish an unnamed idea. The "inevitable" may be sad in his expression; but he shows no sign of being mischievous in his soul, nor is his observation sarcastic in its conclusions. He is a student of humanity, ever at his book, but rather touched with melancholy at the lesson thus derived, than made misanthropic by a knowledge of our weaknesses and follies. Exulting beauty passes by him, and at the "rustling of silks and the creaking of shoes," which have betrayed so many hearts, he sighs to think that a bad cold or a misdirected bucket would soon reduce that joyousness to the most pitiable plight. He looks plaintively at the unheeding dog, who, ignorant of laws, and with muzzle at home, sports onward to the fell clutches of the sordid Sambo, to whom canine slaughter is a trade and profit; and he draws analogies between puppyhood and youthful prime, revelling in wild delights, and unwarned of "ketchers" till they are caught. The lounger is a lonely moralist, who has too much general sympathy to isolate affection by contracting his sphere of usefulness—too disinterested to narrow himself down to a pursuit of selfish aggrandizement—too full of heart to be cooped within the ribs of a trade, and too anxious about the general welfare ever to give rest to his anxious eye. He is the general guardian—the foster mother of us all; and perhaps it is our ignorance alone that regards him as being exclusive in his attentions; just as childhood thinks that a portrait watches all its movements, or as the moon seems marching above our heads wherever we go.

Such as we have described is Nicholas Nollikins—he with the breastpin—he who watches so intently the shaving, evolved and elaborated from its parent stick by the keen edge of his whittle. Though Nollikins appears to be cutting, and it is reasonable to suppose that he is

cutting, yet Nollikins is also thinking. In fact, he is a sage—not such as they stuff ducks withal, or liquidate into medicinal tea—but that sort of sage which has sagacity for its result, better far than ducks or teas. Nollikins, however, labours under a difficulty. He is reflective and observant, but not practical. He never comes to the application, for that word is particularly what he dislikes; and hence the deep river of his probable usefulness has its perfect navigation interrupted by a dam in the channel. His ships never come to port. Nollikins has in his time tried many trades; but none of them agreed with him, except the office of being midshipman to an oyster boat, and there were points even in this profession which were repugnant to his finer emotions. "Raking" on dry land is not perhaps so disagreeable; but let those who think that words are identical and synonymous, and represent the same thing at sea and ashore, try raking for oysters, as Nicholas Nollikins did for a whole season, and they will ever after have a correct appreciation of differences. When the boat returned to the wharf, Nicholas was at home. His taste for society could now be gratified. The delicate aspirations of his nature found food in the distribution of oysters, and his imagination had room to expand as he opened the bivalves. What a delightful compound of business and pleasure is that phase of the oyster trade which sells wholesale, but yet does not scorn the niceties of retail to the hungry wanderer! Benevolence and information are here combined—to talk and to eat—to question and to impart nourishment—to benefit both the *physique* and the *morale* at the same time—who would not be midshipman of an oyster boat—who could not live whole days at the wharf, under such circumstances? Nollikins could—Nollikins did—thrice happy Nollikins!

But the genial sky always has clouds in it—a spring

morning, be it as balmy as it may, is generally followed by a cloudy afternoon. When oysters are sold and eaten, it is a necessity, arising from the unfortunate state of things in this sublunary sphere, that you must go after additional oysters—that is, if you want more; for oysters, unlike the accommodating shad, have not yet learned to come up the river of themselves, that they may be caught at the very door. Few things, in the eating way, have that innate politeness so remarkable in the character of a shad. Had the shad been blessed with feet and hands, there cannot be a doubt but that it would complete its measure of complaisance by walking up the street and ringing at the bell, with a civil inquiry for the cook and the gridiron. It would come about half an hour before breakfast, and never defer its call till after tea. Commend us to the shad, as the best mannered fish that swims. Many men might go to school to the shad; and indeed, if our piscatory learning be not at fault, the shad do assemble in schools, to which cause possibly may be attributed the excellence of their training. Always bow with deference to a shad—it has travelled far to enjoy the pleasure of your acquaintance. The oyster, however, is churlish—it makes no free visitation, and upon this fact hinges the fate of Nicholas Nollikins. He could not abide the painful contrast which was brought home to his sensibilities, by the change from the wharf to the cove—from society to solitude—from the delicate play of the iron-handled knife, (so favourable to the exhibition of grace and skill,) to the heavy drag of rakes and tongs in the oyster bed; and he, therefore, concluded to resign his regular commission, and to obtain his living for the future by dabbling only in the fancy branches of human employment. When the boats come up, he has no objection to taking a place, for the time being, as salesman to the concern; and in this way, working only when urgent

necessity compels, and consuming the rest of his existence in the ornamentals of life, such as leaning against a post and speculating on the chances and changes of terrestrial affairs, our worthy Nicholas contrives to bite the sunny side from the peach, leaving the green core for those who are mean enough to be content with it.

Nicholas has a home, upon a desperate emergency; but he does not trouble it often with his presence, for reasons which he regards as perfectly adequate to excuse any delinquency in this respect, which calumnious tongues may think proper to lay to his charge.

"As for goin' home, Billy Bunkers," said he, one day, in confidence to the long lad with the short roundabout, who leans upon the opposite side of the lamp post; "as for goin' home, Billy, savin' and exceptin' when you can't help it, why it's perfectly redicklis. If people's opinyins could be made to agree, that would be one thing, and you might go home. But as these opinyins don't agree, why that's another thing, and it's best to clear out and keep out, jist as long as you kin. What's your sitivation when you do go home? There's the old man, and there's the old voman and the rest of them, hurtin' your feelins as bad as if they was killin' kittens with a brickbat. As soon as you're inside of the door, they sing out like good fellers, 'Eh, waggybone!—Ho! ho! lazyboots!—hellow, loafer!—ain't you most dead a workin' so hard?—t'aint good for your wholesome to be so all-fired industrious!' That's the way they keep a goin' on, aggravatin' you for everlastin'. They don't understand my complaint—they can't understand a man that's lookin' up to better things. I tell you, Billy," exclaimed Nicholas, with tears in his eyes, "when a feller's any sort of a feller, like you and me—"

"Yes," replied Billy, complacently; "we're the fellers—it takes us."

"When a feller's any sort of a feller, to be ketched at home is little better than bein' a mouse in a wire-trap. They poke sticks in your eye, squirt cold water on your nose, and show you to the cat. Common people, Billy—low, ornery, common people, can't make it out when natur's raised a gentleman in the family—a gentleman all complete, only the money's been forgot. If a man won't work all the time—day in and day out—if he smokes by the fire or whistles out of the winder, the very gals bump agin him and say 'get out of the way, loaf!' Now what I say is this—if people hasn't had genteel fotchin' up, you can no more expect 'em to behave as if they had been fotch up genteel, than you can make good cigars out of a broom handle."

"That are a fact," ejaculated Billy Bunkers, with emphasis; for Billy has experienced, in his time, treatment at home somewhat similar to that complained of by Nicholas Nollikins.

"But, Billy, my son, never mind, and keep not a lettin' on," continued Nollikins, and a beam of hope irradiated his otherwise saturnine countenance; "the world's a railroad and the cars is comin'—all we'll have to do is to jump in, chalked free. There will be a time—something must happen. Rich widders are about yet, though they are snapped up so fast. Rich widders, Billy, are 'special providences,' as my old boss used to say when I broke my nose in the entry, sent here like rafts to pick up deservin' chaps when they can't swim no longer. When you've bin down twy'st, Billy, and are jist off agin, then comes the widder a floatin' along. Why, splatterdocks is nothin' to it, and a widder is the best of all life-preservers, when a man is most a case, like you and me."

"Well, I'm not perticklar, not I, nor never was. I'll take a widder, for my part, if she's got the mint drops,

and never ask no questions. I'm not proud—never was harrystocratic—I drinks with anybody, and smokes all the cigars they give me. What's the use of bein' stuck up, stiffy? It's my principle that other folks are nearly as good as me, if they're not constables nor aldermen. I can't stand them sort."

"No, Billy," said Nollikins, with an encouraging smile, "no, Billy, such indiwidooals as them don't know human natur'—but, as I was goin' to say, if there happens to be a short crop of widders, why can't somebody leave us a fortin?—That will do as well, if not better. Now look here—what's easier than this? I'm standin' on the wharf—the rich man tries to go aboard of the steamboat—the niggers push him off the plank—in I jumps, ca-splash! The old gentleman isn't drownded; but he might have been drownded but for me, and if he had a bin, where's the use of his money then? So he gives me as much as I want now, and a great deal more when he defuncts riggler, accordin' to law and the practice of civilized nations. You see—that's the way the thing works. I'm at the wharf every day—can't afford to lose a chance, and I begin to wish the old chap would hurra about comin' along. What can keep him?"

"If it 'ud come to the same thing in the end," remarked Billy Bunkers, "I'd rather the niggers would push the old man's little boy into the water, if it's all the same to him. Them fat old fellers are so heavy when they're skeered, and hang on so—why, I might get drownded before I had time to go to bank with the check! But what's the use of waitin'? Couldn't we shove 'em in some warm afternoon, ourselves? Who'd know in the crowd?"

"I've thought of that, Bunkers, when a man was before me that looked like the right sort. I've often said to myself, 'My friend, how would you like to be washed

for nothin'?'—but, Billy, there might be mistakes—perhaps, when you got him out, he couldn't pay. What then?"

"Why, keep a puttin' new ones in to soak every day, till you do fish up the right one."

"It won't do, my friend—they'd smoke the joke—all the riff-raff in town would be pushin' old gentlemen into the river, and the elderly folks would have to give up travellin' by the steamboat. We must wait, I'm afeared, till the real thing happens. The right person will be sure to come along."

"I hope so; and so it happens quick, I don't much care whether it's the old man, or his little boy, or that rich widder, that gets a ducking. I'm not proud."

"And when it does happen," exclaimed Nollikins, swelling with a triumphant anticipation, "who but me, with more beard than a nannygoat, and a mile of gold chain, goin' up Chestnut street! Who but Nollikins, with his big dog!"

"Yes, and Billy Bunkers, with two big dogs, a chasin' the pigs into the chaney shops."

"Then you'll see me come the nonsense over the old folks—who's loafer now!—and my dog will bite their cat—who's ginger-pop and jam spruce beer, at this present writin', I'd like to know!"

And, in a transport of enthusiasm, Nollikins knocked the hat of Billy Bunkers, a shallow, dishlike castor, clear across the street.

Thus, wrapped in present dreams and future anticipations—a king that is to be—lives Nicholas Nollikins—the grand exemplar of the corner loungers. There he stations himself; for hope requires a boundless prospect and a clear look out, that, by whatever route fortune chooses to approach, she may have a prompt reception. Nicholas and his tribe exist but for to-morrow, and rely

firmly upon that poetic justice, which should reward those who wait patiently until the wheel of fortune turns up a prize. They feel, by the generous expansion of their souls, by their impatience of ignoble toil, by their aspirations after the beautiful and nice, that their present position in society is the result of accident and inadvertency, and that, if they are not false to the nature that is within them, the time must come when the mistake will be rectified, and "they shall walk in silk attire and siller hae to spare," which is not by any means the case at present. All that can be expected just now, is, that they should spare other people's "siller."

THE END.

STEREOTYPED BY L. JOHNSON,
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